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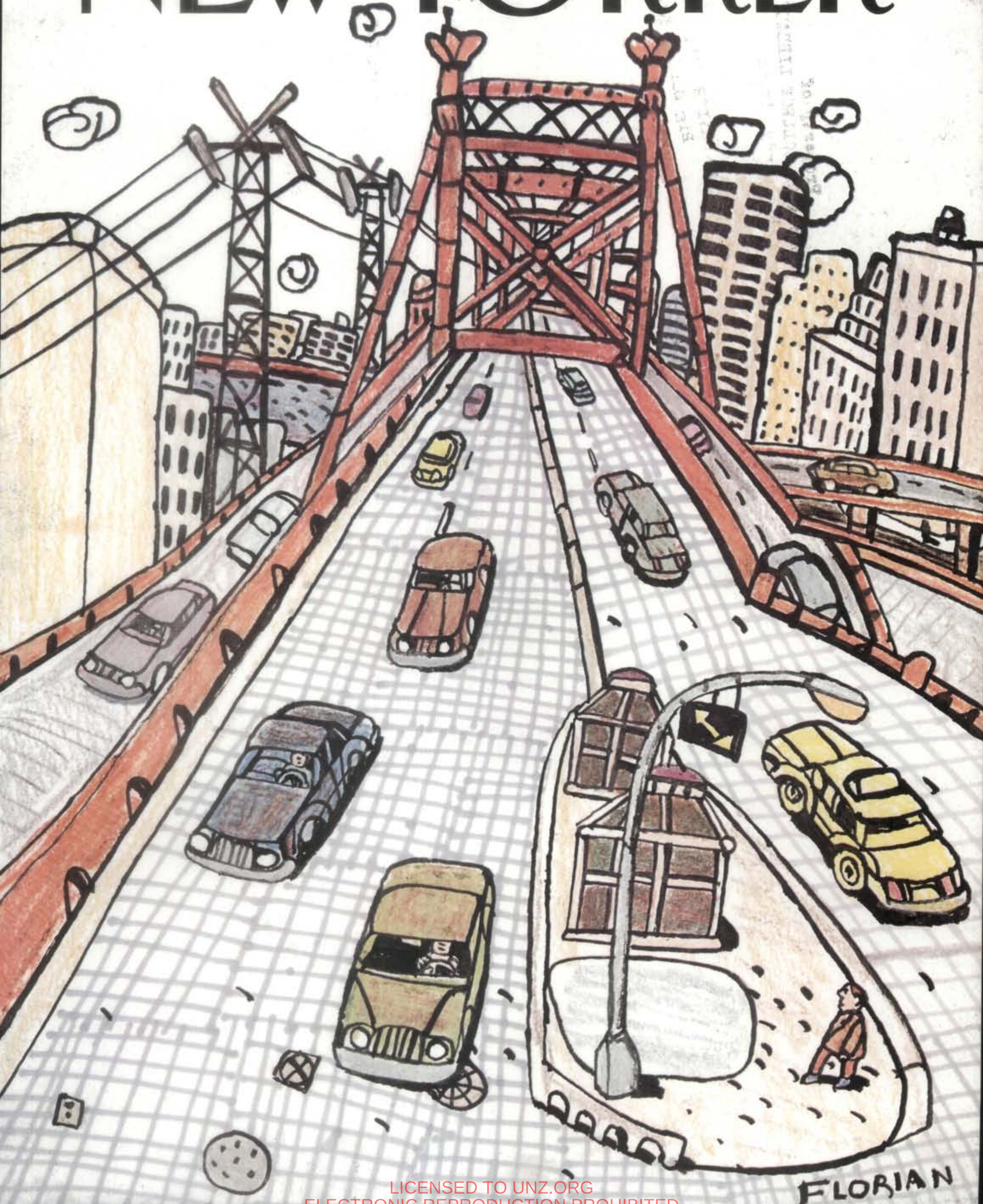

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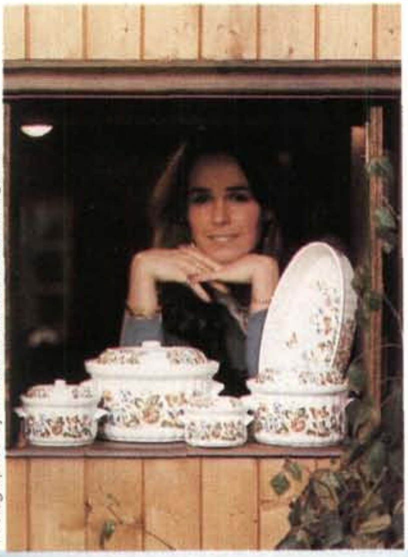

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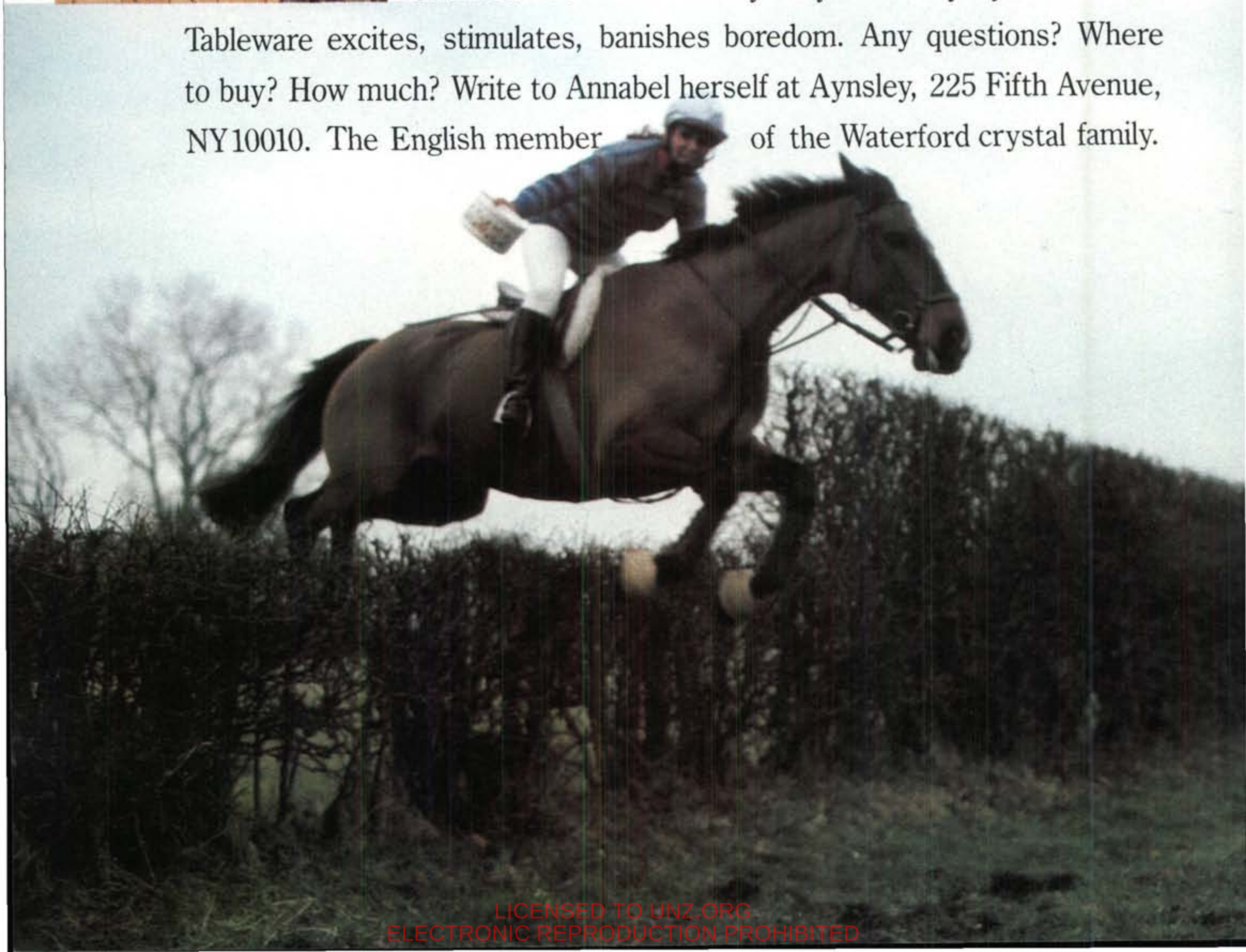

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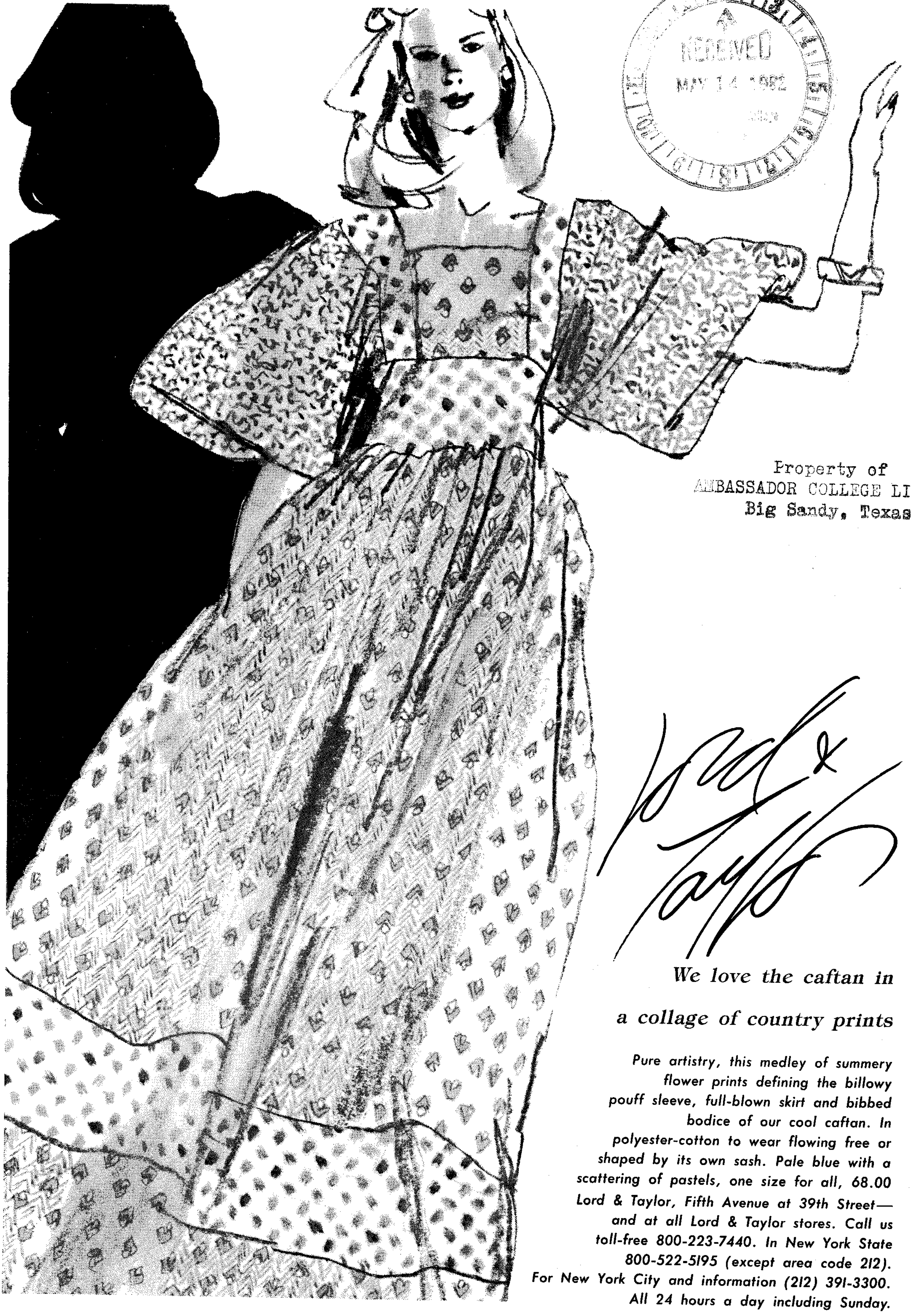

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Antigone—Joseph Chaikin's handsome, imaginative production is all but done in by a flat, tin-eared translation. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left *him* fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Chalk Garden—A very good revival of Enid Bagnold's imperishable comedy, with Constance Cummings, Irene Worth, and Donal Donnelly. John Stix was the director. (5/10/82) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Final performances of a festival of plays by authors aged eight to eighteen, presented by the Dramatists Guild Fund in association with the Company. "So What Are We Gonna Do Now?," by Juliet Garson; "The Bronx Zoo," by Lynnette M. Serrano; and "Half-Fare," by Shoshana Marchand: Wednesday and Thursday, May 12-13, at 8. . . . ¶ "Bluffing," by Peter Murphy; "The Rennings Children," by Kenneth Lonergan; "Present Tense," by John McNamara; and "It's Time for a Change," by Adam Berger: Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, May 16, at 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Crimes of the Heart—The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eminent Domain—Philip Bosco and Betty Miller head an admirable cast in a play that charges along in a vigorous, old-fashioned way until, at the climax (which takes place offstage), the plot implausibly unravels. The author is Percy Granger. (4/12/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—*Opening performances* of a festival of fifteen one-act plays, running through Monday, June 21. "Fog," by Conrad Bromberg; "Appearances," by Tina Howe; "The Undefeated Rhumba Champ," by Charles Leipart; and "The Forest Lawn Diet," by James G. Richardson: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 12-13; Saturday evening, May 15; Sunday matinée, May 16; Friday evening, May 21; and Saturday matinée, May 22. . . . ¶ "The Fisher Wedding," by Carol Hall; "The Fortress of Solitude," by Jeffrey M. Jones; "Goodbye, Howard," by Romulus Linney; and "The Self-Begotten," by John Wellman: Friday evening, May 14; Saturday matinée, May 15; Sunday and Monday evenings, May 16-17; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 19-20; and Saturday evening, May 22. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 247-4982.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1970 musical **Applause** (book by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Charles Strouse, and lyrics by Lee Adams) will be the last offering of the season. Opens on Thursday, May 13, and will run through Sunday, June 6. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Gardenia—John Guare's play about a Civil War nurse named Lydie Breeze, whose utopian commune on Nantucket fails for a variety of reasons, is very well acted by Jobeth Williams, Sam Waterston, Edward Herrmann, and James Woods. Karel Reisz directed. (5/10/82) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays,

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31
"TIMETABLE" . . . . *James Munves* 36
"NOTHING LIKE IT" . . . . *Laura Furman* 38
"COMING BACK IN THE SPRING" (POEM) . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 42
A REPORTER AT LARGE (CHINA—PART II) . . . . *John Hersey* 46
THE SPORTING SCENE (GOLF) . . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 75
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 110
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 116
FURTHER EVENTS . . . . *Nicholas Kenyon* 122
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 128
BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 135
BRIEFLY NOTED 138

COVER: *Douglas Florian*

DRAWINGS: *Donald Reilly, Robert Mankoff, Lee Lorenz, Edward Frascino, Charles Barsotti, Charles Addams, Charles Saxon, Tom Funk, James Stevenson, Henry Martin, Arnie Levin, Jack Ziegler, Leo Cullum, J. B. Handelsman, Dana Fradon, Everett Opie, Edward Koren*

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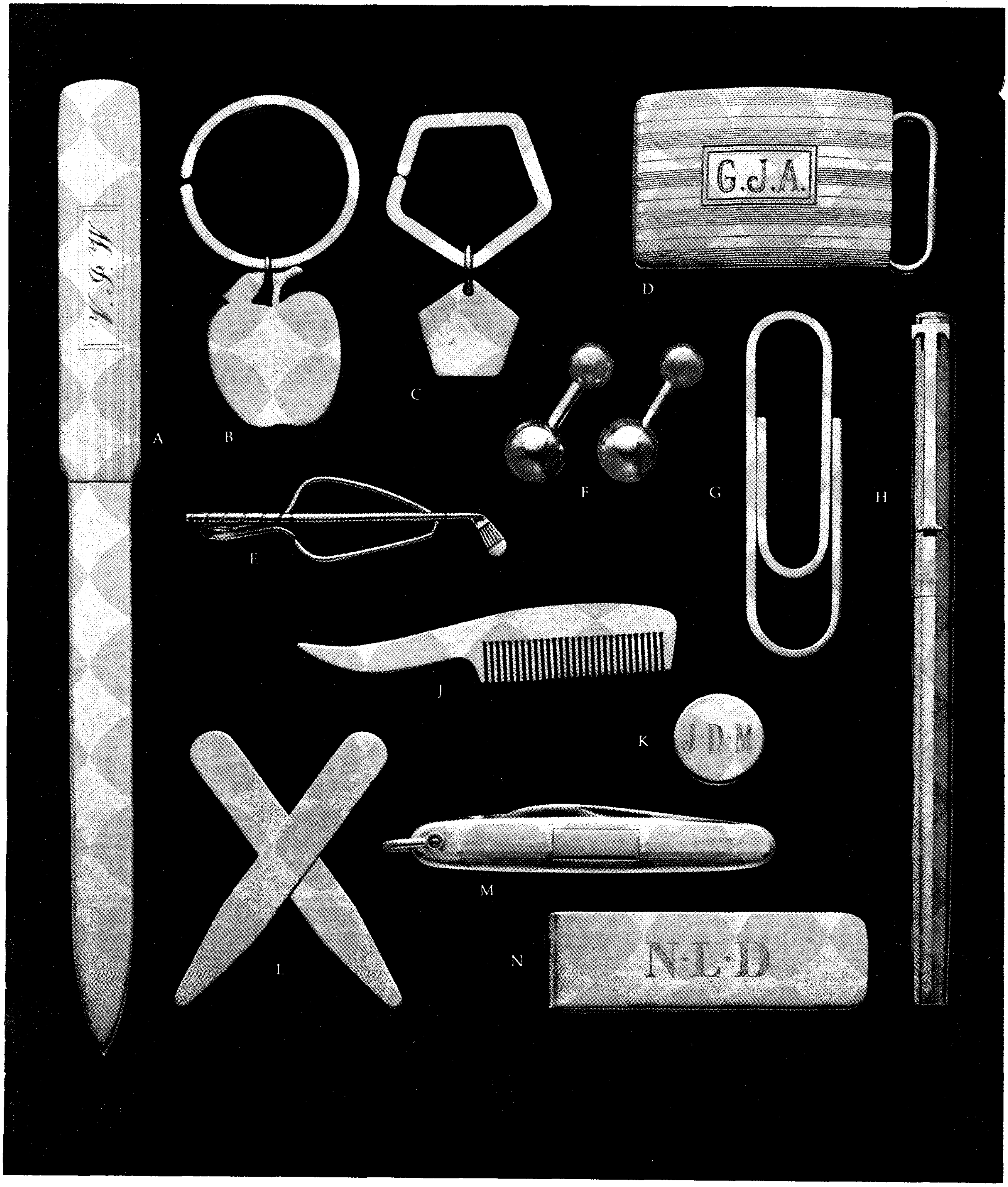

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Geniuses—A comedy by Jonathan Reynolds, with Joanne Camp, David Garrison, Michael Gross, Thomas Ikeda, Kurt Knudson, and David Rasche. Preview Wednesday, May 12. Opens officially on Thursday, May 13. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Goose and Tomtom—This production of a new play by David Rabe has been disavowed by Mr. Rabe, and with reason. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

The Hothouse—A Pinter play, written in 1958 and first produced in London two years ago. Vintage Pinter, whatever its date, and with the benefit of an exceptionally attractive production. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

How I Got That Story—Don Scardino plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and shrewdly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Is There Life After High School?—A brave little musical about the bittersweetness of everyone's high-school memories. The subject matter is much older than the cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thursday, May 20.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Johann Strauss's **A NIGHT IN VENICE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Livingstone and Sechele—A British play by David Pownall, with Mike Champagne and Afemo Omilami. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Wednesday, May 19, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Mass Appeal—A worldly, self-satisfied, middle-aged priest and an idealistic young seminarian seek to find common ground, not altogether in vain. Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe make up the small cast, and they suffice. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 16.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—Athol Fugard's deft if unnecessarily didactic play about the immorality of apartheid. Formidably well acted under the author's direction. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Medea—The ancient, up-to-the-minute tragedy by Euripides is a stirring production that stars Zoe Caldwell. Robert Whitehead directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army Camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Nine—A musical starring Raul Julia, with direction by Tommy Tune. Arthur Kopit wrote the book and Maury Yeston did the music and lyrics. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Othello—A well-acted and unusually handsome production of Shakespeare's sure-fire thriller, starring James Earl Jones and Christopher Plummer. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Performing Garage—The first presentation in a retrospective of works by the Wooster Group since 1978 is **NAYATT SCHOOL.** (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Poor Little Lambs—A musical romp about the Whiffenpoofs of Yale. Many songs in the wonderful score are by distinguished alumni (among them Cole Porter, '13), and they are very well sung by the company. There is also a great deal of funny, dirty talk. A silly plot almost sinks the show but doesn't. With Miles Chapin as a memorable Whiff. (3/29/82) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Red and Blue—A play by the artist Michael Hurson. Opens Wednesday, May 12. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Roads to Home—These three related one acters by Horton Foote are set in Texas i the twenties, and in each of them a woma camouflages her deep distress with a spate o social chatter. Since Mr. Foote's writing is o high quality, the results are very sad an very funny. (Manhattan Punch Line, sevent floor, 260 W. 41st St. 921-1455. Wednesda through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7 Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Close Sunday, May 16.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You an **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," th second of Christopher Durang's brace of one acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her smal pupils until she is given her comeuppance b four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessma dreams that he is on a stage and forced t perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrew and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does ver well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, an Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; an Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Three Acts of Recognition—A play by the German writer Botho Strauss, translated by Sophie Wilkins. (4/19/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday May 16.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starrin Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexua hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82 (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., a Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

The Unseen Hand—A revival of Sam Shepard' astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 an 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3 Closes Sunday, May 16.)

Waltz of the Stork—A so-called "comedy wit music," written, directed, and acted by Melvin Van Peebles, whose talent, energy, an attractiveness are everywhere apparent bu who has plainly undertaken more than an one man should. (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Pete Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level with the possibility that Mozart's early deat was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival' indignant repudiation of God. Frank Langella plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Dennis Boutsikaris plays the hapless Mozart; and Suzanne Lederer plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 16.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich and James N. Stephens. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday,

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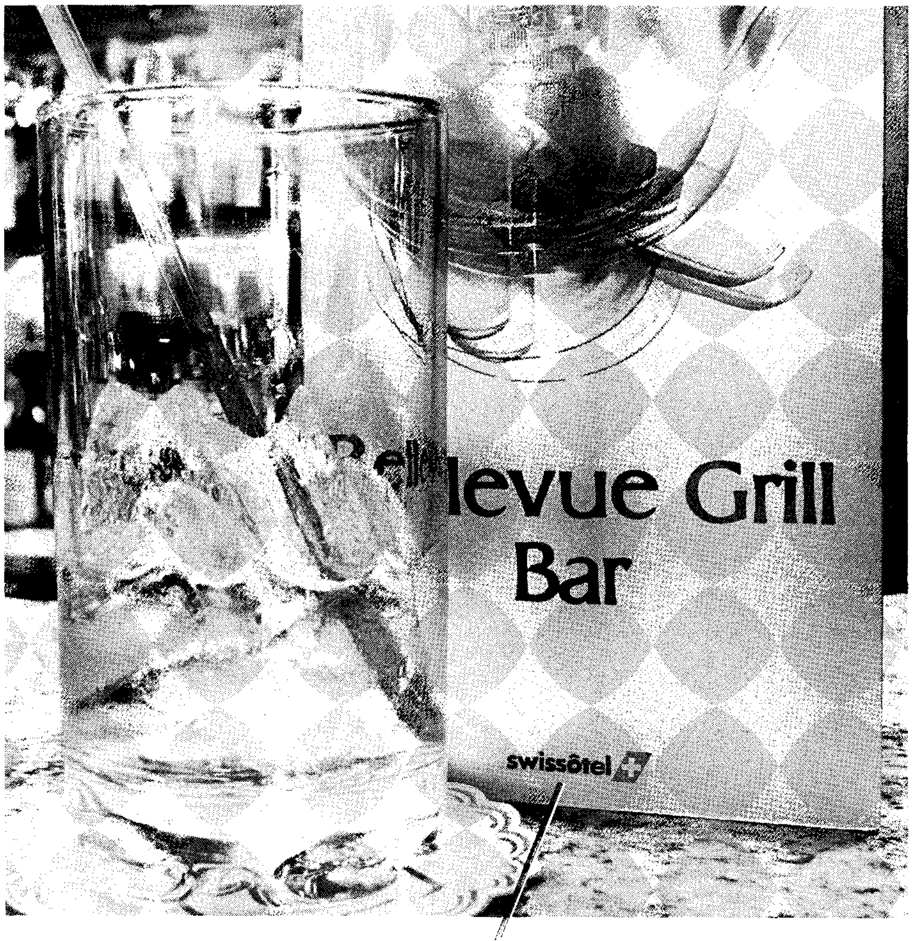

The drink list of the Grill Bar at the Bellevue Palace in Berne (where businessmen, political figures, and artists from everywhere foregather along with the local burgesses) now bears a small Swissôtel emblem. Even the details are meant to show that this hotel, majestic not by Swiss standards alone, is a Swissôtel; the only others are the Hotel Président in Geneva, the Hotel International in Zurich, and the Drake in New York. Which goes to show that Swissôtel is a group of houses as typical and as good as possible rather than a chain of as many uniform hotels as possible.

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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

May 16.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,168 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **KEY EXCHANGE:** A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 16.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays, except May 18, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gary Sandy, Kaye Ballard, Patrick Cassidy, George Rose, Tony Azito, and Maureen McGovern in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Maurice Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—The hundred-and-twelfth edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 31.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. The Rockettes whistle in the dark. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Mondays and Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

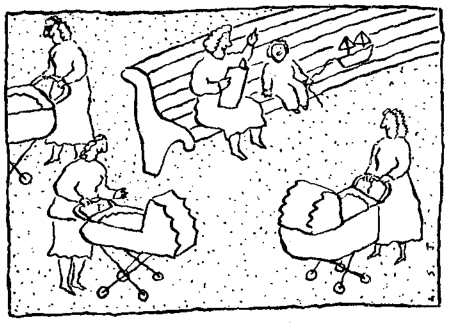
MANTEO SICILIAN MARIONETTE THEATRE—"An Adventure of Orlando Furioso." (Education Hall, American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, May 16, at noon, 2, and 4. For information about tickets, call 836-7644.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays through Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

BENEFIT PERFORMANCE—Tony Tanner in his one-man show "Diaghilev." The beneficiary is the Joffrey Ballet. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Monday, May 17, at 8.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 12: "Calcium Light Night," "Pas de Deux," "Piano Pieces," and "The Magic Flute." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 13: "Irish Fantasy," "Square Dance," and "Union Jack," . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 14: "Mozartiana," "Piano Pieces," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 15: "Mozartiana," "Piano Pieces," and "The Magic Flute." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 15: "Ballade," "Pas de Deux," "The Magic Flute," and "The Four Temperaments. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 16: "The Fo Temperaments," "Calcium Light Night, "Sonatine," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 16: "Mozartiana, "Gershwin Concerto," and "Union Jack." . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 18: "The Goldbe Variations" and "Gershwin Concerto." . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 19: "The Gol berg Variations" and "Souvenir de Florence. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 20: "The Mag Flute," "Souvenir de Florence," and "T Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 2 "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Opus 19/T Dreamer," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 22: "The Goldbe Variations" and "Gershwin Concerto." . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 22: "Le Tombea de Couperin," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," an "Gershwin Concerto." (New York Stat Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesda through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at Through Sunday, July 4.)

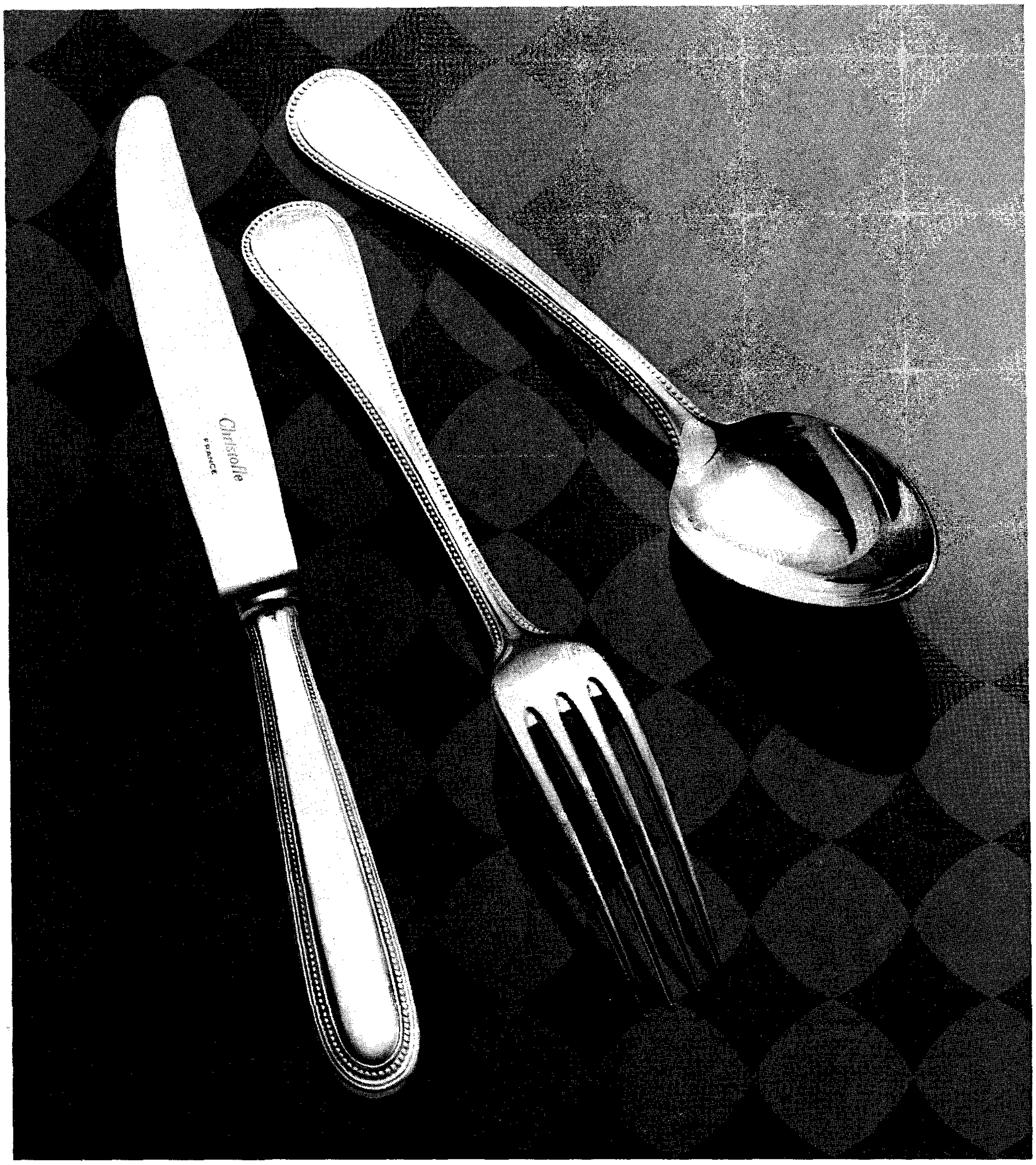


AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday matiné May 12: "La Sonnambula," "Sphinx," an "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Wednesday eve ning, May 12: "Les Rendezvous," "Pillar Fire," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Thursda evening, May 13: "Great Galloping Got schalk," "The Wild Boy," and "Raymonda. . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 14: "Les Rende vous" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday matiné May 15: "Jardin Animé," "Flower Festiv Pas de Deux," and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturda evening, May 15: "Sphinx" and "Giselle." . . ¶ Monday evening, May 17: "Les Rende vous," "The Wild Boy," "Other Dances," an "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Tuesday eve ning, May 18: "Theme and Variations, "Duets" (company première), and "Carmen. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 47 3030.) . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 1 "Airs," "La Sonnambula," and "Fancy Free. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 19: "Them and Variations," "Pillar of Fire," "L Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes t Shove." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 2 "The Kingdom of the Shades" from "L Bayadère," "Other Dances," "Configura tions," and "Carmen." . . . ¶ Friday evenin May 21: "Great Galloping Gottschalk," "Pa de Deux," "Configurations," and "The Kin dom of the Shades" from "La Bayadère." . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 22: "Jardin Animé, "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Pillar Fire," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturda evening, May 22: "La Sonnambula, "Duets," "Pas de Deux," and "Carmen. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Eve nings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturda June 12.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Wednesda evening, May 12: "The Lark Ascending, "Treading," "The River," and "Memoria. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 13: "Lan scape," "Spectrum," and "Concerto in F. . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 14: "Streams, "Fontessa and Friends," and "Phases." . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 15: "Night Creature," "Treading," "The Still Point," an "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Ma 15: "Landscape," "Spectrum," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 16: "Th Lark Ascending," "Treading," "Fontessa an Friends," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunda evening, May 16: "The River," "Spectrum, and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Tuesday evenin May 18: "Streams," "Spectrum," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Ma 19: "Landscape," "Sonnets," "Pigs & Fishes, and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday evenin May 20: "Night Creature," "Treading, "Fontessa and Friends," and "Memoria." . . ¶ Friday evening, May 21: "Blues Suite, "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," an "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 22 "Streams," "Sonnets," "Pigs & Fishes," an "Phases." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 22 "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "Th Still Point," and "Revelations." (City Center 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays throug Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Throug Sunday, May 23.)

DAN WAGONER AND DANCERS—A two-week engagement. Thursday, May 13, at 8, and Sunday, May 16, at 3:30: "Summer Rambo,"

The Elegant Alternative



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

“Stop Stars” (New York première), and “Spiked Sonata.” . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 14-15; Tuesday, May 18; and Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 8; and Sunday, May 23, at 3:30: “Otjibwa Ango” (première) and “Spiked Sonata.” . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 19-20, at 8: “A Play, with Images and Walls,” “Lila’s Garden Ox,” and “Spiked Sonata.” (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. For tickets, call 929-1018.)

Daniel Nagrin—A program of solo works. (Studio Theatre, 555 Broadway, between Prince and Spring Sts. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077. Through Saturday, May 22.)

Jerry Ames Tap Dance Company—In a single performance. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, May 16, at 7:30.)

Paul Sanasardo Dance Company—Three premières—“The Blue Window,” “Miniatures,” and “The Abiding Void.” (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, May 19, at 6:45; Thursday and Friday, May 20-21, at 8; and Saturday, May 22, at 2 and 8.)

Mary Anthony Dance Theatre—Thursday, May 20, at 8; Saturday, May 22, at 3; and Sunday, May 23, at 7:30: “Suite for Percussion,” “In the Beginning,” “Threnody,” and two new works. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, May 23, at 3: “Tides,” “Quartet for the End of Time,” “Seascape,” “Steps in Time,” and two new works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. For information about tickets, call 674-8191.)

Douglas Dunn and Dancers—Presenting the première of “Game Tree,” in the first three of six performances. (St. Mark’s In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8112. Thursday through Saturday, May 20-22, at 8:30.)

AAK (Korean Court Music and Dance)—A troupe of twenty-five dancers and musicians. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Friday through Monday, May 21-24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 288-6400, Ext. 286.)

Yasuko Nagamine—In a performance of “Musume Dojoji.” (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, May 21, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Singer **dakota staton** will sing uptempo blues-tinged numbers and ballads on Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, with her trio; on Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, pianist **john hicks** will lead a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this room. The back wall is graced with a four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. Guitarist **charlie byrd,** whose sets usually cover classical, pop, and jazz, performs through Sunday, May 16; on Monday, May 17, pianist **don friedman** will back up Daniella, a singer; and on Tuesday, May 18, trombonists **kai winding** and **curtis fuller** will arrive with their bebop quintet. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and, what’s more, the shows usually begin on time. Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, the **roches,** a harmonizing folk trio; Sunday, May 16, the Individuals and the Jitterz; Monday and Tuesday, May 17-18, British folk-rock duo Richard and Linda Thompson; Thursday, May 20, **chubby checker;** and Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, high-wire trumpeter **maynard ferguson** and his orchestra. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Bradley’s, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile all-star music. Bassist **ron carter** can be heard through Saturday, May 15, working with a pianist; on Sunday, May 16, **larry willis** and **ron mc clure** will play some piano-bass duets; and Thursday through Saturday, May 20-22, pianist **tommy flanagan** will be on hand with bassist **red mitchell.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe’s, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **jimmy lyon,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He’s here from ten-thirty to two Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

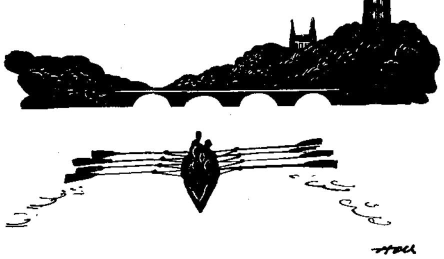
Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and *carnaval* music. The club is open nightly, except Monday, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**bucky pizzarelli,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**bobby short** is back in the Café Carlyle with his seamless infield, bassist **beverly peer** and drummer **robbie scott.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **barbara carroll,** a singer and pianist who sometimes gets a look of wild delight on her face while she’s at her nimble work, can be heard from nine-thirty every night but Sunday in the Bemelmans Bar.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ellis larkins,** a diffident performer and a delicate, elegant pianist, does a whole gang of abbreviated sets between eight and midnight nightly except Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, May 12, the Fuzztones, the Vipers, the Bagdads, and the Times; Thursday, May 13, Crucial Truth Scream, and Squirm; Friday, May 14, the Gun Club and the Cosmopolitans; and Saturday, May 15, the Swinging Madisons, the Blenders, and Linda Hudes Power Trio. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty Monday is showcase night.



City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots when it’s raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays **alberta hunter** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo with her trio. Sundays through Tuesdays now belong to singer and bassist **arvell shaw’s** trio. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare along with pitchers of beer. The schedule Wednesday, May 12, John Roberts & Tony Barrand; Thursday, May 13, a jam session Saturday, May 15, Tom Adams and the Double Eagle Band; Sunday, May 16, guitarists Tucker Smallwood and Joey George; Wednesday, May 19, Martyn Wyndham-Reade; and Saturday, May 22, the Cranberry Lake Jug Band. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty Thursdays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen and Sundays at nine.

Eddie Condon’s, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan’s below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, May 16, Ray Alexander’s quintet will begin work at about nine-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday’s, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—In the **horace silver quintet,** Silver’s piano isn’t merely a percussion instrument, it’s virtually a rhythm section. Oh, there’s a bassist and a drummer, but Silver carries and sets most of the rhythms. He bends over the keys and rocks back and forth furiously; his comping is intense. And if any of his talented young soloists should falter or pause he jumps right in and helps them out, letting them bounce off his ideas. Horace Silver plays some of the most rhythmic, most energetic, and prettiest jazz around, and he’s been doing so for nearly thirty years. Through Sunday, May 16. On Tuesday, May 18, conga wizard **mongo santamaria** will bring in his Latin-jazz band. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City: Wednesday, May 12, Delores Kean and Real Union; Thursday, May 13, country-pop singer and banjoist **john hartford;** Friday, May 14, fireball guitarist **norman blake;** Saturday, May 15, singer and bassist **rick danko;** Wednesday, May 19, Silly Wizard; Thursday, May 20, Robin Flower; Friday, May 21, Tom Chapin; and Saturday, May 22, Robin Williamson. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins at eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday, May 12, Tina Fabrik; Thursday through Saturday, May 13-15, **platinum hook,** a Motown-inspired soul combo; Sunday, May 16, a benefit for the jazz radio station WBGO-FM, with **dexter gordon, woody shaw, arthur blythe,** and other musicians (beginning at four); Monday, May 17, bassist **bob cunningham** and pianist **bross townsend,** with vocalist Eve Smith; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 18-19, singer Miles Jaye; and

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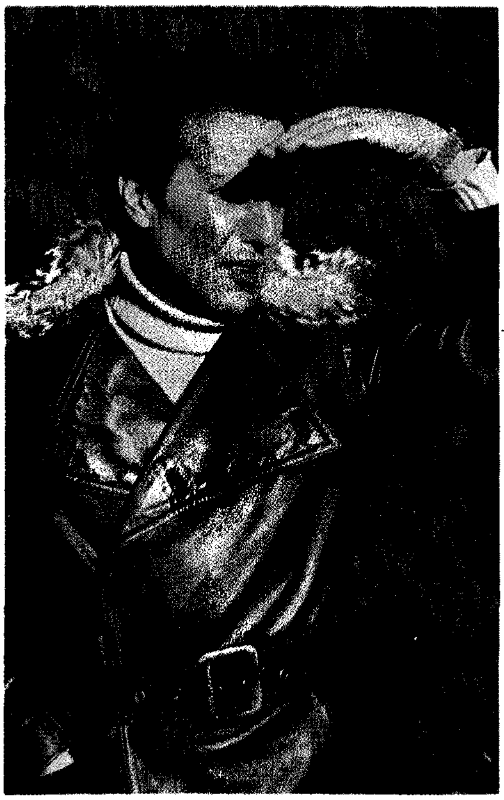

Frederick Forsyth is not a prolific writer.

In fact, in the past twelve years he has completed just four full-length novels.

And yet *The Day of the Jackal, The Odessa File, The Dogs of War* and *The Devil's Alternative* have all become instant best-sellers around the world.

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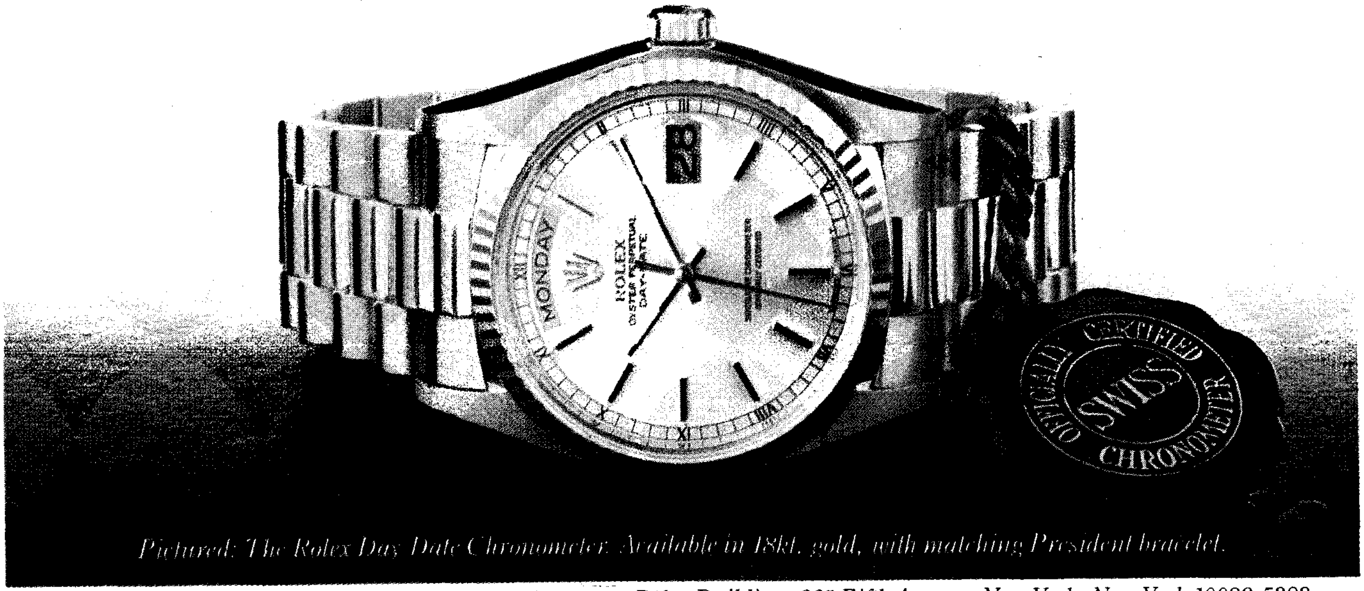

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Thursday through Saturday, May 20-22, singer Marion Cowings. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven, twelve-thirty, and two. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesday through Sunday, May 12-16, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman; and on Wednesday, May 19, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** pianist **DON FRIEDMAN,** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** will claim the Wednesday-through-Sunday slot for a few weeks. These groups play from ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except Sundays, when **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern. Vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** directs a trio through Saturday, May 15; on Tuesday, May 18, the Mike Le Donne trio will take over. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano from seven to eleven.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to one. Chuck Folds is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. A group called Jersey Bounce swings into spring on Wednesdays (except May 19). Thursdays are the property of a young octet, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—tenor saxophonist **ION MUNIZ,** bassist **SERGIO BRANDÃO,** guitarist **DATCHA,** percussionists **CYRO BAPTISTA, DUDUCA FONSECA, TONI NOGUEIRA,** and **JORGE SILVA,** and trombonist **DAVID SACKS** (can you guess which band member isn't Brazilian?)—which plays satisfyingly wild sambas. Fridays and Saturdays, **SUN RA,** his **ARKESTRA,** and his dancers celebrate the dance music of Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington. Music from about eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about one in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. Closed Thursday, May 13.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist **LOU LEVY** and bassist **BILL TAKAS** have settled in to perform Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play some bouncing, bluesy jazz duets. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Part of the schedule: Wednesday, May 12, Nashville fiddling legend **VASSAR CLEMENTS;** Thursday, May 13, the **HEPTONES,** a reggae group; Sunday, May 16, Humble Pie; Monday, May 17, blues-harp dynamo **JAMES COTTON;** Tuesday, May 18, country-pop singer Terri Gibbs; Wednesday, May 19, the **FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS,** a wonderful blues-rock quartet from the Bluebonnet state itself; and Thursday, May 20, singer Wayne Messey. Dining.

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Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Pianist **STEVE KUHN,** vocalist **SHEILA JORDAN,** bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** and drummer **BOB MOSES** are here through Saturday, May 15; on Monday and Tuesday, May 17-18, tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD** will head a quartet—pianist **AL DAILEY,** bassist **RUFUS REID,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB;** and on Wednesday, May 19, **SPHERE,** another very fine quartet, this one made up of drummer **BEN RILEY,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** and tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE,** will move in. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singer's room in this restaurant of many rooms (take a right, then a left to get to it) is presenting **JOE WILLIAMS,** the wonderful ex-Basie blues singer who also does convincing ballads and whose stage presence is strikingly confident and commanding. Shows run Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

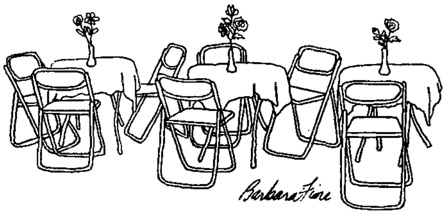
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DAVE FRISHBERG** plays piano and sings, in his laid-back fifties-hip voice, tunes he wrote—"Who's on First," "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," and others; through Saturday, May 15. Shirley Horn will begin singing here on Tuesday, May 18. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, is not interplanted with tulips and sweet alyssum; it is this R. & B. and jazz club. The lineup: Wednesday, May 12, Nitesprite; Thursday, May 13, the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL;** Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, guitarist **ERIC GALE'S** reggae band; Monday, May 17, French Toast; Tuesday, May 18, comedian Charlie Barnett; Wednesday, May 19, Thom Rotella; Thursday, May 20, Wareika, a reggae outfit; and Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA.** Sundays belong to String Fever, a swing band. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The schedule: Wednesday, May 12, High Times; Friday, May 14, the Strangers; Tuesday, May 18, Fountainhead; Wednesday, May 19, B. Willie Smith; and Thursday through Saturday, May 20-22, Robert Hunter. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a bouncy dance septet under the direction of the sagacious trumpeter **SY OLIVER,** who was a singer and the chief arranger for the Jimmy Lunceford band in the thirties. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.



Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, ice-cream-parlor, curled-cast-iron chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, May 12, will be devoted to the free-funk music of **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER,** a unique electric guitarist—dig his thumb strumming—and a former sideman with Ornette Coleman. His listeners may wonder if his band is playing avant-garde jazz, R. & B. energy music, rock-and-roll space music, or African-American party-time music, but, judging from the response to Ulmer's music on the dance floor, it doesn't seem to matter what it's called. The rest of the schedule: Thursday through Saturday, May 13-15, Haircut One Hundred; Sunday and Monday, May 16-17, **DAVE EDMUNDS** and **NRBQ** (at eleven on Sunday and at nine on Monday); Tuesday, May 18, Tim Scott & the Knights and the Drongoes; Thursday, May 20, Robert Gordon; and Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, Huey Lewis & the News. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute honors Frank Loesser. Bobby Morse, Lynne Thigpen, Liz Callaway, and Regina O'Malley perform his songs. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The players: Wednesday, May 12, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE;** Thursday through Sunday, May 13-16, trumpeter Tom Browne; Tuesday, May 18, Peter Warren; and Wednesday through Sunday, May 19-23, pianist-composer **CARLA BLEY'S** band.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, nicely appointed room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, will be devoted to duets by super bassist **RON CARTER** and his longtime pianist colleague, **CEDAR WALTON.** Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. **AHMAD JAMAL,** a popular, controversial pianist—some people think of him as gushy and rhapsodic, and Miles Davis has called him a genius—performs through Saturday, May 15; Sunday and Monday, May 16-17, will be claimed by the Robert Watson sextet; and on Tuesday, May 18, trumpeter **TED CURSON** and alto saxophonist **CHRIS WOODS** will co-pilot a quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Singer-pianist **CHARLES BROWN** doesn't look anywhere near old enough to have had a hit record in 1945, but he is—the song was "Driftin' Blues," which he recorded as a member of the Three Blazers, an L.A. trio. He sings a sophisticated, lounge variety of rhythm and blues (he was most likely influenced by *the* singer-pianist of the day, Nat King Cole), but his piano playing is laced with intense, drubbed, overkill blues chords. He is personable as all get out, and the trio that backs him up (also called the Three Blazers) is one of those classic blues

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

units—guitar, organ, and drums—and features guitarist **BILLY BUTLER**, who recorded "Honky Tonk" with Bill Doggett in 1956 and who can still play beautiful sliding chords. Charles Brown and the Three Blazers are here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Tuesday nights, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS**, a basic-blue soul nonet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin sometime after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine for exuberant audiences; on Monday, May 17, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** and **MACHITO** will lead their bands, as a guest soloist, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW**, sits in. Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his world-famous basement club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Flame-throwing tenor saxophonist (and bassoonist, too) **ILLINOIS JACQUET** heads up a quintet that features showboating bassist **SLAM STEWART** through Sunday, May 16; on Tuesday, May 18, tenor saxophonist **JOHNNY GRIFFIN**, whose solos are the urgent, vigorous kind that ex-big-band soloists tend to play, will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass lighting fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Hank Johnson is the pianist; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Tim Regusis has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. **BENNY WATERS**, who was a member of the reed section in the bands of Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, and Jimmie Lunceford several decades back—he's just turned eighty—is here leading a quartet nightly. Waters' tone sounds full and confident, and sometimes he plays three solos—one on alto sax, one on tenor, and one on clarinet—in the course of a single tune. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. Bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI**, a subtle, relaxed, long-standing partnership, work from a mixed-bag set list—jazz, classical, rock. Bertoncini's classical playing is moving and appears effortless; Moore's solos and backup lines remain as astounding as ever. They perform Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty. Gene Bertoncini plays solo guitar on Sundays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

MOTÖRHEAD, KROKUS, and **FIST**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. For information about tickets, call 977-9020. Friday, May 14, at 8.

VON FREEMAN QUARTET—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 9:30.

SARAH VAUGHAN—With the Wynton Marsalis quintet. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, May 15, at 8.)

SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '88—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, May 15, at 8 and 11:30.

THE JAM—Palladium. Saturday, May 15, and Tuesday, May 18, at 8.

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PAQUITO D'RIVERA QUINTET—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, May 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Sylvia Syms, Johnny Hartman, Yolande Bavan, and Barbara Carroll. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, May 22, at 8.)

YEHORAM GAON AND HANNA ARONI—Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, May 22, at 9:30, and Sunday, May 23, at 2:30.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 13, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Jason Forsythe sextet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Bill Hardman–Junior Cook quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 16, at 3: Guanabara. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 16, at 10 and midnight: Taksim. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Tex Allen quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Billy Harper quintet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Pete Seeger and F. D. Kirkpatrick performing on behalf of B. J.'s Kids, an upper West Side day-care center. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Tuesday, May 18, at 7.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

CAROL ANTHONY—Massive barns, cell-like interiors, and portraits of women done in craypas and enamel. Through May 29. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

ROY CARRUTHERS—Drawings, prints, and sculptures characterized by figures and objects with elongated parts. Through Saturday, May 22. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

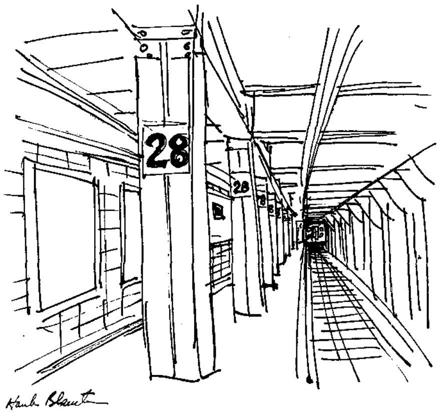
ROBERT CUMMING—Realist drawings in black and white, plus silhouettes and photographs. First one-man show in New York. Through June 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

NIKI DE SAINT PHALLE—New sculptures, including colored-light works outlining figures from mythology. Through June 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Paintings in which abstract designs are incised into crusty, cementlike surfaces. Through June 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

JUAN DOWNEY—A videotape nearly a half hour long (and shown continuously) and thirteen drawings, all referring to Velázquez's "Las Meninas" or "Rokeby Venus." Through June 5. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

CAROLE EISNER—Abstract paintings. Through May 28. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)



CHAIM GROSS—Early and recent direct carvings in wood and stone. Through June 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MICHAEL HEIZER—Six sculptures, each divided into three separate units. Through June 19. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

JENNINE HOUGH—Oil paintings of imaginary landscapes filled with wildflowers. Through May 28. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

DARRYL HUGHTO—Abstract paintings distinguished by wide, contrived cracks in their thick acrylic surfaces, exposing the unprimed canvas below. Through May 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

KEITH JACOBSHAGEN—Broad views of Midwestern landscapes on paper and board. Through June 2. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ALEXEJ JAWLENSKY (1864-1941)—Twelve portrait heads in oil, spanning the years 1906 to 1930. Through May 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

ROCKWELL KENT (1882-1971)—Drawings for an edition of "Moby Dick," lithographs, and wood engravings. Through May 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closes at 4:30.)

SANDRA MACKINTOSH—Collages in which designs for elegant, useless machines are decorated with snippets of foreign moneys—Chinese, Greek, Vietnamese, Korean, Japanese, German. Through May 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

MARINO MARINI (1901-80)—Aquatints and lithographs. Through May 29. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

CARL-HENNING PEDERSEN—Recent oils by a Cobra elder. Through Saturday, May 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

FRANCIS PICABIA (1879-1953)—A small show of paintings and drawings. Through May 29. (Adler-Castillo, 58 E. 79th St.)

REEVE SCHLEY III—Beach scenes—New Jersey, the Vineyard, Nantucket—done in crisp, almost stylized watercolors, plus one oil. Through Saturday, May 15. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PAUL SIGNAC (1863-1935)—Watercolors and drawings, several of them preparatory sketches for major works. Through Saturday, May 15. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **EINSTEIN**, 243 E. 82nd St.: Large-format drawings by Daniel Morper, Mary Joan Waid, Lucy Sallick, and others. Through May 28. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century Americans and Europeans, among them Agnes Martin, Balthus, and Jackson Pollock. Through June 3. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Wayne Thiebaud (portraits and San Francisco landscapes), Gordon Cook (still-life paintings), and David Beck (a painted construction of a symphony orchestra, seen at eye level, which performs at the turn of a handle). Through May 28. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of nearly a hundred early-nineteenth-century French paintings and drawings. Both neoclassic and Romantic masters (David, Delacroix, and Ingres among them) are represented, as are some lesser-known artists (Fragonard's son and sister-in-law). Through May 28. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

SCULPTURE—At **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: A show of more than seventy-five American works, ranging from carved-pine representations of "Comedy" and "Tragedy" done in 1808 by William Rush to a 1938 model for a bronze outdoor sculpture by Paul Manship, and including works by Frederic Remington, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Elie Nadelman. Through June 4. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Works in clay by East Coast artists—Mary Frank, Daisy Youngblood, James Walsh, and others. Through June 1.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ELIE ABRAHAMI—Imaginative watercolors of, among other things, strange medieval fleets,

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ONLY FROM THE MIND OF MINOLTA

by an Iranian who was educated while a prisoner in Israel and now lives in Paris. Through June 2. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Pat Adams—Large, energetic abstractions, plus smaller works on paper in which bits of eggshell or ground glass or mica are incorporated. Through Saturday, May 22. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Abe Ajay—Constructions and related collages. Through Saturday, May 22. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Fernando Botero—Sculptures (bronze and painted epoxy) in a style very much in keeping with his paintings. Through May 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—A selection of watercolors representing the seasons. Through May 28. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

David Cantine—Abstract paintings, chiefly of disc shapes. Through June 5. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Crozier—Small paintings of flowering mullein and other aspects of the Virginia landscape. Through May 29. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Alan D'Arcangelo / José de Rivera—Hard-edge landscape paintings, dated 1975-82, reflecting man's incursions into nature. / A stainless-steel sculpture. Through June 5. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Anne Dunn—Colored-ink drawings of studio still-lifes and South of France landscapes. Through May 28. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lawrence Fane—One large welded-steel sculpture and several bronzes and polyester-resin works by an artist whose inspiration comes from rock formations. Through Saturday, May 22. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester—Large watercolors of flowers—water lilies, amaryllis, lotuses. Through May 28. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ilse Getz—Collages, constructions, and paintings, mostly of window shutters or baroque doorways, inspired by the architecture of Key West and inland Connecticut. Through May 28. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Gundelfinger—Large paintings of the woodlands around the Delaware Water Gap, seen through a blue haze. Through Saturday, May 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Hoyland—Recent abstract acrylics on canvas by a British artist. Through May 29. (Jacobson Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

William King—Two huge figures cut out of thick aluminum plate and provided with cast-aluminum faces and hands. There are also photographs of some of his larger outdoor sculptures. Through Thursday, May 20. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Fred Meyer—A bronze of Fred Astaire in tails and other sculptures. Through Saturday, May 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Lizbeth Mitty—A sense of domesticity permeates the interiors painted by this young realist. Through June 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Murray—The artist has coaxed various shades of blue from aluminum and bronze sculptures, with either a patina or a stain. Through May 29. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Alice Neel—Paintings (not one of them a portrait) from the past fifty years—still-lifes, cityscapes, landscapes, interiors. Through June 5. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Dona Nelson—Semi-abstract paintings, nearly all depicting the sea in various moods. Some are in oil on canvas and some in enamel on Masonite. Through Saturday, May 22. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

John Obuck—Three-dimensional works using canvas, wood, and Plexiglas. Through Saturday, May 22. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Beverly Pepper / Kenneth Noland—Sculptures in cast ductile metal; single shafts up to ten feet tall and smaller pieces. Through Saturday, May 22. / Monotypes with chevron patterns. Through May 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Archie Rand / Leatrice Rose—Briskly painted figures, alone or in groups, nearly always with a musical instrument in the picture. / Works on paper, mostly of still-lifes in the kitchen. Through May 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Felix Ruvolo and Emerson Woelffer—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the fifties. Through June 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Martin Schongauer (1450-91)—Eighteen engravings. Through May 28. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Don Shields—Exuberant abstract paintings with figures discernible here and there. Through Saturday, May 22. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Maria Simonds-Gooding—Carved-and-painted plaster applied in low relief to board. Through May 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Harry Soviak—Bright watercolors with vases as the central motif, plus silhouettes of vases made of stainless steel and mounted on pedestals. Through Saturday, May 22. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

James Surls—Grotesque flowers, monsters, and approximately human figures constructed of twisted, sun-dried branches of wood. Through June 4. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Works on paper in mixed mediums by a Spanish abstractionist who often leans heavily on bright red and dead black. Through June 5. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—A coiled black leather belt, a sneaker, a snapshot of two girls, and a flower make up a mammoth still-life—nearly ten feet high and twenty feet long—which is among the new paintings in this exhibit. Through May 29. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, and Richard Serra showing new work. Through June 12. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Allan Adams / Arie Galles—A dozen small wooden tables supporting raw-wood carvings of everyday objects—a telephone, say, or a beer bottle, a folded cloth, a basket of fruit. / Lattice-like constructions of lacquered aluminum strips that reflect soft-colored patterns on the white wall against which they hang. Through Saturday, May 22. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Conrad Atkinson—Photographs, collages, and other works by a British polemist who addresses subjects such as nuclear power and pollution. Through June 5. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ During the same period, sound works by Jud Fine, Hannah Wilke, and others can be heard (with headphones).

Richard Ballard—Large charcoal and oil drawings of odalisques; first one-man show in New York. Through May 29. (Birksted, 152 Mercer St. Opens at 12:30 on Saturdays.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Two large-scale works in a variety of mediums. Through June 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Richard Beckett—Painted wall constructions and drawings. Through Saturday, May 22. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Marco Gastini / Dennis Roth—Varied works by an artist from Turin. / Color photographs. Through Saturday, May 22. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Alain Kirili—Tall, thin, hand-forged iron sculptures whose shapes convey a sense of movement. Through Saturday, May 22. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Norman Laliberté—Boxed collages and large wall hangings of painted unstretched canvas. Through May 30. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

Charles Luce—Five sculptures, one a wall installation presenting a visual puzzle whose parts include a painted wall, words on canvas, an axe, a white dress shirt. For viewers who require additional background material, a reference library of working drawings is provided. Through May 26. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Knox Martin—New abstract works on paper. Through May 26. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Susan Michod—Large paintings reinforced by compatible tableaux on the floor in front of them—for example, a desert scene on canvas fronted by a three-dimensional field of cacti and snakes. Through Saturday, May 22. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Marion Ranyak—Paintings of house plants and landscapes. Through May 26. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Alan Saret—Sculptured tangles of wire, ranging from gossamer nickel or copper to bulky lead cables, some of the pieces resembling tumbleweed and some of them hanging from the ceiling. Through Saturday, May 22. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Keith Sonnier—Sculptures. An operating pay phone and a television set are joined on aluminum posts in one of the electronic pieces. Bamboo works are in evidence also. Through Saturday, May 22. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Gary Stephan—Abstract paintings and sculptures. Through May 26. (Boone, 417 and 420 West Broadway.)

Jim Sullivan—Two large oils of cavorting dragons done in heavy impasto are prominent among works in this show, which also includes figures and dogs. Through June 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Christopher Wilmarth—Drawings in pastels and charcoal, paintings, and sculptures, plus a book of etchings, all inspired by poems of Mallarmé. Through May 29. (Studio for the First Amendment, 144 Wooster St.)

Jack Youngerman—A two-gallery show of new sculptural wall pieces—brightly painted swirls of synthetic foam ranging from a couple of feet to twelve feet in diameter. The larger pieces are on view in the Washburn Gallery at 113 Greene Street, and the smaller ones at the uptown gallery, at 42 E. 57th Street. Through June 4.

Group Shows—At the **55 Mercer Street Gallery:** Constructions in clay and in plaster and fabric by Grace Bakst Wapner, figurative paintings and collages by Joan Gillman Negron, and freestanding screens and other works by Gloria Greenberg. Through Saturday, May 15. . . . **Hutchinson,** 138 Greene St.: Small-scale realist paintings by Sherman Drexler, Jim Richmond, and David Rohn. Through May 29. . . . **Landmark,** 469 Broome St.: Two figurative paintings each (one from 1962 and one from 1982) by Sideo Fromboluti, Paul Georges, Lester Johnson, and Nicholas Marsicano. Through May 26. (Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Francis Cunningham—Paintings of figures, dated 1971-82, by a realist. Through May 29. (New Brooklyn School Gallery, 13-15 Laight St., at Varick and Canal Sts. Opens at noon Mondays through Fridays, at 11 Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **Bromm,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: One work apiece by Rosemarie Castoro, Roger Cutforth, Jody Pinto, Frank Young, and five others. Through Saturday, May 15. . . . **Federal Hall National Memorial,** 26 Wall St.: The Whitney Downtown Museum has two shows here, one of eighteen drawings, paintings, and photographs that refer to movies, newspapers, or advertising. Artists include Thomas Lawson and Cindy Sherman. The other show consists of forty-one videotapes that use music. Through June 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **GREY ART GALLERY,** New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: "John James Audubon & His Sons," a hundred oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints; some of them are by Audubon's associate Joseph Bartholomew Kidd. Through June 5. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; and Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Early works by five artists: Lynda Benglis, Joan Brown, Luis Jimenez, Gary Stephan, and Lawrence Weiner. Through June 3. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

THOMAS BARROW / PAUL BERGER—Manipulated prints, some incorporating stencilled phrases. / Recent works: related images cut from photographs and assembled together, as in a collage. Through Saturday, May 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROGER CORBEAU—Photographs taken on movie sets, 1932-82. Through June 25. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

ROY DECARAVA—A retrospective of photographs, some of which have been printed by him for the first time for this exhibit. Through June 5. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

EARL DOTTER—Documentary photographs of mill workers, coal miners, and other laborers taken throughout the United States. Through June 11. (Gallery 1199, at 310 W. 43rd St. Open until 8, Mondays through Fridays.)

LEE FRIEDLANDER / JOHN PFAHL—"Factory Valleys": landscapes and portraits taken in and around the industrial regions of Ohio and Pennsylvania. / Dye-transfer prints of landscapes, plus other works. Through Saturday, May 22. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

DAVID HEIDEN—Black-and-white prints of the Khao I Dang Holding Center for Kampucheans, in Thailand, where the photographer was a volunteer physician in the spring of 1980. Through June 15. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Daily, 9 to 5.)

FLORENCE HENRI—Photomontages from the late twenties and early thirties, while she was enrolled at the Bauhaus. Through May 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

FRED KORTH—Thirty-five photographs from the thirties and forties by this industrial photographer whose work has been seen in *Fortune, National Geographic, Look,* and other magazines. Through Friday, May 21. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

DIANORA NICCOLINI—Photographs of male nudes. Through Thursday, May 20. (Alternate Space, downstairs at 431 West Broadway.)

CHRIS STEIN / JOHN COPLANS—Photographs of Debbie Harry and the band Blondie. Through Saturday, May 15. / Large photographs of parades. Through June 5. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

EZRA STOLLER—Photographs of the ancient temples of Angkor Wat and Bayon, taken when the photographer went to Cambodia in 1959. Through June 9. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROUP SHOW—Color photographs by more than sixty artists, among them Jan Groover, Lucas Samaras, Stephen Shore, and Apollo II. Through Sunday, May 16. (Goddard-Riverside Community Center, 647 Columbus Ave., at 91st St. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 5 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Forty-four watercolors and drawings of Boston Public Garden from the sketchbook of Maurice Prendergast, exhibited separately in their original sequence. . . . ¶ Thirty-one seventeenth-century Dutch paintings on loan from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edward William Carter. Through June 20. . . . ¶ A show of fifth- to tenth-century artifacts that

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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were buried in the deserts of Central Asia for a thousand years and unearthed by German archeologists in the late nineteenth century—primarily religious paintings, clay and wood figures, and manuscripts, but also some frescoes retrieved from temples at Kizil, showing scenes from the life of Buddha. On loan from the West Berlin State Museums. *Through June 20.* . . . ¶ The hundredth anniversary of George Bellows' birth is the occasion for a show of his lithographs (including many of the best-known boxing scenes), as well as a few paintings and drawings. Through July 4. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of about a hundred early paintings and drawings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through June 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of diverse works by seven contemporary Italian artists: Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Nino Longobardi, Luigi Ontani, Giuseppe Penone, Vettor Pisani, and Gilberto Zorio. . . . ¶ Jack Tworkov: An exhibit of paintings and works on paper from the past fifteen years. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through June 20.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of the video artist Nam June Paik, whose latest piece consists of a pyramid of forty-eight television sets showing various Paik tapes. Through June 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit devoted to abstract drawings; thirty-two artists are represented, including Weber, Gorky, Albers, and Rockburne. Through July 11. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty figurative paintings from the past two decades by nearly two dozen artists—Alice Neel, Alfred Leslie, Julian Schnabel, and David Salle among them. Through June 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and thirty intaglio prints by Richard Diebenkorn, done from 1949 to 1980. Through June 6. . . . ¶ An installation combining paint and string on a gallery wall, by Patrick Ireland. Through July 5. . . . ¶ Alberto Burri's multipanelled abstract painting entitled "The Voyage." Through July 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Fifty Oriental rugs collected by the members of the Hajji Baba Club. Through June 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of seventy-five bronzes, jades, ceramics, sculptures, and paintings from the Yale University Art Gallery. The earliest piece, from the Shang dynasty, is a bronze pole top with two addorsed heads—one animal, one human. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A show of Americana and other items from the Library Company of Philadelphia, the oldest library collection in the United States. Among the offerings are Thomas Jefferson's own copy of his 1774 book "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," with the page turned to his handwritten notes; a draft of the Constitution, with notes in the hand of delegate John Dickinson; and an autograph manuscript of Dr. Benjamin Rush's "Lecture of Diseases of the Mind." Through June 17. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of works by Shikō Munakata (1903-75), whose set of twelve woodblock prints entitled "The Ten Great Disciples of Buddha" is complemented by landscapes and calligraphy in ink. Through June 20. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books has, among more than a hundred examples, a copy of Molière's "Oeuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and trial proofs. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection of theatre drawings, a recent gift to the library. . . . ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." (Open daily except Mondays. *Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to* 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All three shows through July 31.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The architecture of New York over the years is the subject of a show of photographs, drawings, paintings, and prints. An 1885 watercolor study, by Jacob Wrey Mould, carries the title "The Central Park Lawn Tennis Club and Ladies Cottage." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

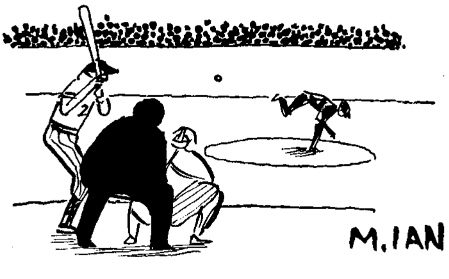
Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Mineo Aayamaguchi (performance), Thursday, May 13, at 8:30; Sanja Ivekovíc & Dalibor Martinis (performance), Tuesday, May 18, at 8:30; Valerie Bechtol & Judith Keller (performance), Thursday, May 20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Contemporary handmade books by East European artists, through June 19.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Scott Johnson (music), Friday, May 14, at 8:30; Richard Teitelbaum (music), Saturday, May 15, at 8:30; Michael Marton (documentary video), Sunday, May 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of monochromatic drawings by Mark Innerst, through May 29.

P.S. I, 46-01 21st St. Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show, entitled "Space Invaders," *consists of eight large-scale installa*tions. Through May 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at *92nd St. 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert* Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)



OPERA

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. 288-1485. Wednesday, May 12, and Friday, May 14, at 8; Sunday, May 16, at 3; Wednesday, May 19, and Friday, May 21, at 8; and Sunday, May 23, at 3.)

Bel Canto Opera—Frederick S. Roffman conducting the final performances of Victor Herbert's operetta "The Enchantress." (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 16, at 3. *Tickets at the door on the days of the perfor*mances.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in an English translation by Mark Herman and Ronnie Apter. Staged by Brian O'Connor, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting a program of music by Vivaldi, Richard Strauss, Glière, and Ravel, with Philip Myers, horn; Charles Rex, violin; and Joseph Robinson, oboe. The final performance of the regular season. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 12, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting. **Avery Fisher Hall:** Tuesday, May 18, at 8, a performance of Beethoven's Third and Fifth Symphonies. . . . **Carnegie Hall:** Wednesday, May 19, at 8, a Debussy-Saint-Saëns-Berlioz program, with Israela Margalit, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 8, an all-Dvořák program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 8, a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Hildegard Behrens, soprano; Dunja Vejzovic, mezzo-soprano; Peter Dvorsky, tenor; John Paul Bogart, bass; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus.

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Rohan Joseph directing two performances of a Bruckner-Mozart-Beethoven program, with Eleonor Bergquist, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Philip Creech, tenor; James Courtney, bass; and the Oratorio Society of New York. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, May 17, and Monday, May 24, at 8.)

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 2:30. A limited number of free tickets are available; for information, call 757-7722, Ext. 29.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—George Manahan conducting, with David Runnion, cello, and Joanne Frediani, flute. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Telemann program. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, May 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 15, at 8, and Sunday, May 16, at 3.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting an all-French program, with Grayson Hirst, tenor, and Harold Gomberg, oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 17, at 8.)

New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra—George Manahan conducting an all-Gershwin program, with the Marian McPartland trio. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 21, at 8.)

Pomerium Musices—Alexander Blachly directing a program entitled "Heinrich Isaac: Musical Wizard of the Renaissance." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 12, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Wood-

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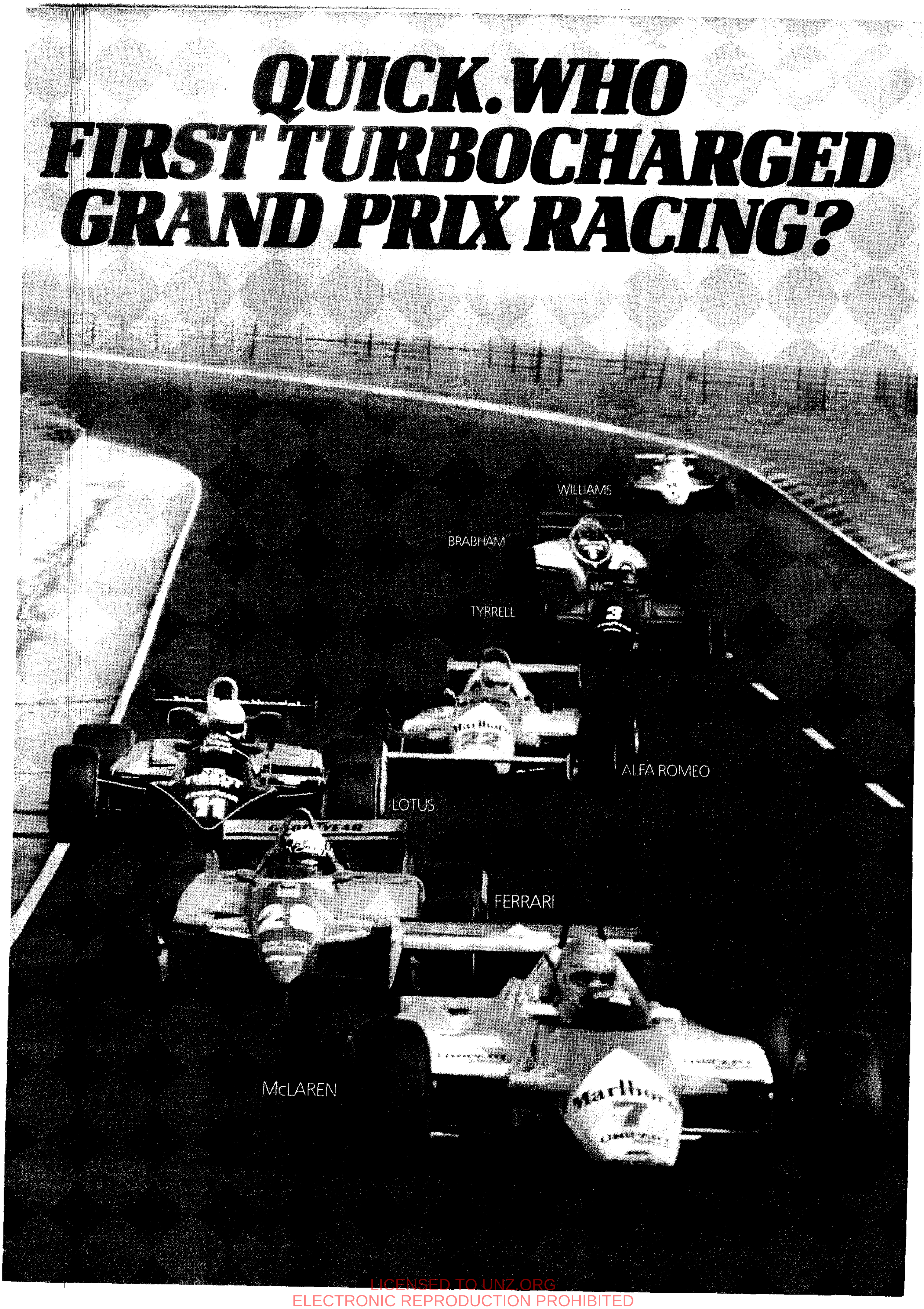
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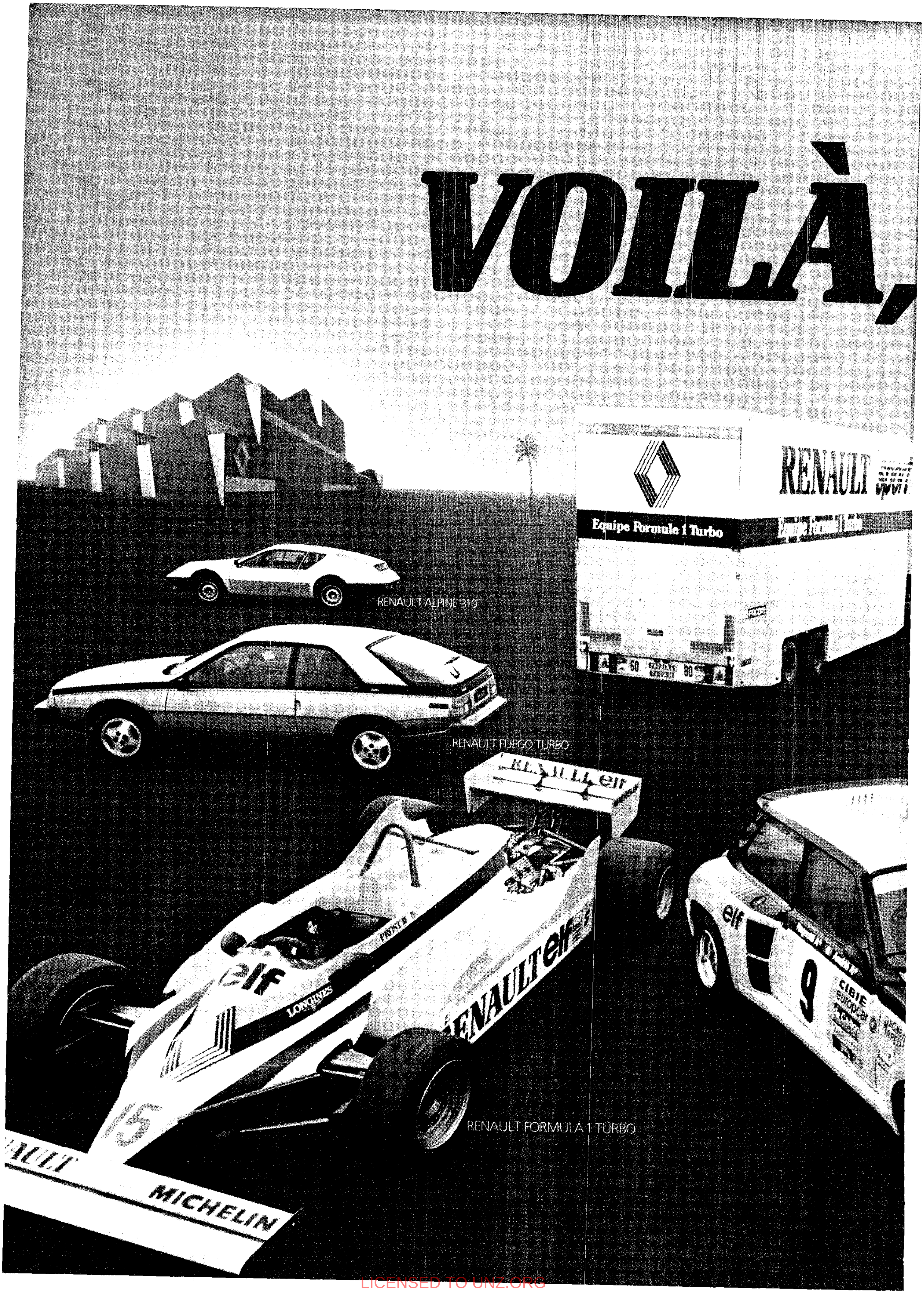
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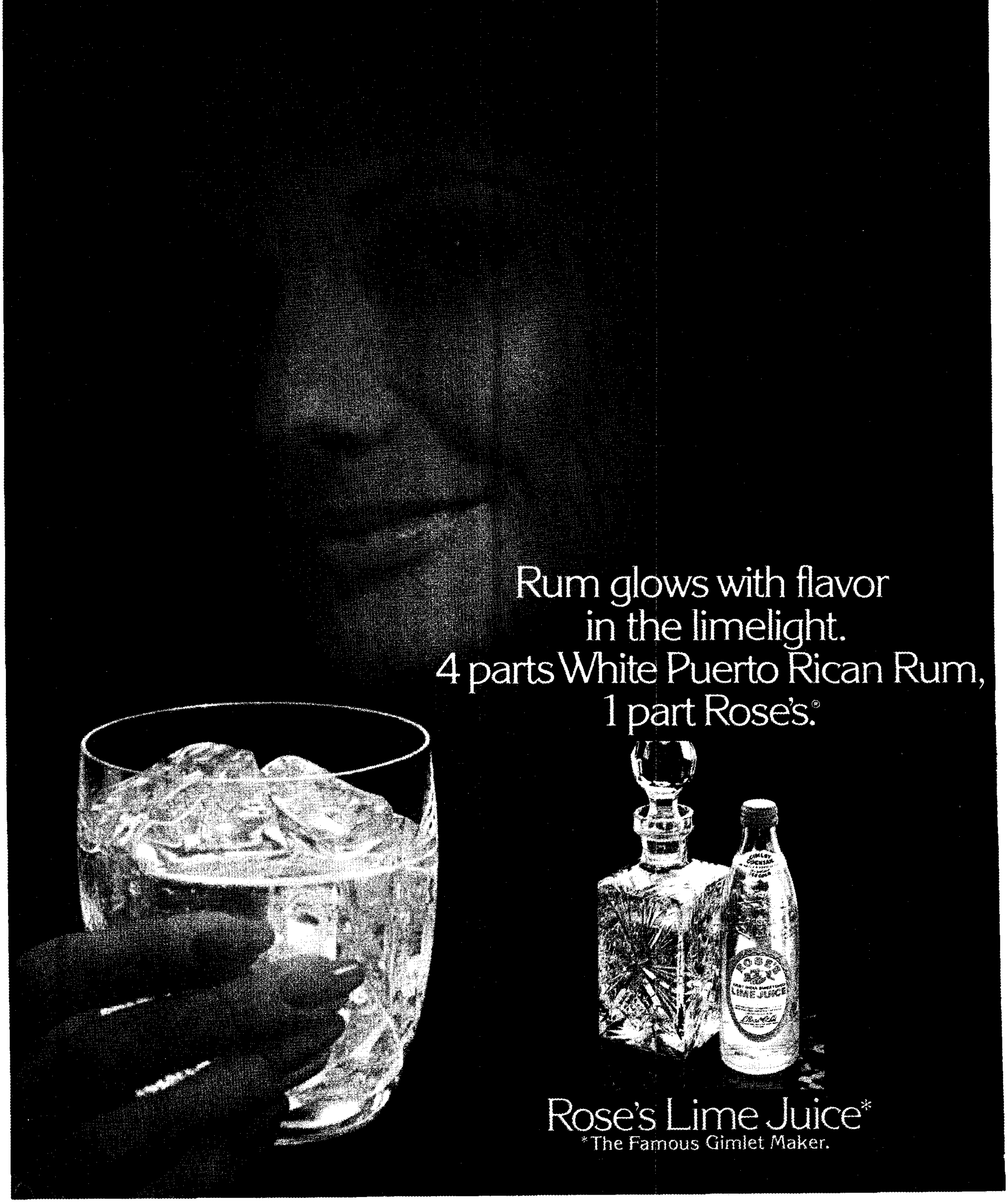

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side directing an all-Brahms program, featuring his Requiem, with Jo Ann Pickens, soprano, and James Dietsch, baritone, and his "Alto Rhapsody," with Glenda Maurice, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Beverley Rinaldi, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; William McGraw, baritone; and Andrew Wentzel, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 15, at 8.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing a program that includes a performance of Pierre de la Rue's Requiem. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Sunday, May 16, at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Clara Longstreth and Dennis Williams directing. (Broadway Presbyterian Church, Broadway at 114th St. Wednesday, May 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

Victoria de los Angeles—In a program of Spanish Renaissance music. With Joseph Iadone, lutenist; Susan Iadone, recorders and viola de gamba; and others. (Medieval Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949. Wednesday, May 12, at 8.)

William Brown—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 12, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 12, at 8.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Three of the concerts in a series of six presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 13; Tuesday, May 18; and Thursday, May 20, all at 8.)

Portland String Quartet—Chamber music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, May 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Joseph Rutkowski—Clarinet, in a program of Slavic and German music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 14, at 8.)

Mannes Ensemble for Contemporary Music—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, May 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Gordon Gottlieb and Jay Gottlieb—Percussion and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 15, at 9.)

Music Before 1800—The final concert of the season will be performed by the New York Consort of Viols and the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, May 16, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Beethoven Society—An all-Beethoven program, performed by Lilian Kallir, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; and Leslie Parnas, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 16, at 3.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 16, at 3.)

Tokyo String Quartet—A program including the première of a quartet by Benjamin Lees. With Ruth Laredo, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 16, at 8.)

Madison Trio—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 16, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—The second of two programs under the over-all title "Connections with the Past," this one with Susan Jolles, harp, and Jerry Kirkbride, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 17, at 8.)

Mannes Percussion Ensemble—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, May 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

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William Parker—Baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 18, at 8.)

Capricorn—*A program of vocal and instrumental* music by Schubert. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, May 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—A program of music by Berio, Doniger, Fennelly, Lieberman, and others, performed by Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; James Primosch, piano; Clifton Hardison, percussion; and others. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Thursday, May 20, at 8. Tickets at the door *on the night of the concert.*)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin and piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, May 21, at 8.)

Seta Karakashian von Bartesch—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 21, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with six guest instrumentalists. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, May 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

Emanuel Ax and Yoko Ax—In a program of music for two pianos and for one piano, four hands. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 22, at 8.)

Chinese Music Ensemble of New York—A program of traditional and contemporary Chinese music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 22, at 9.)

MISCELLANY

Homage to Emily Dickinson—A program of solo, ensemble, choral, and danced settings of the poet's work. Seven composers are represented. The performers include Catherine Aks and Cynthia Richards Hewes, sopranos; Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano; Constantine Cassolas and Paul Sperry, tenors; the West Side Madrigalists; and the Felice Lesser Dance Theatre. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 20, at 8.)

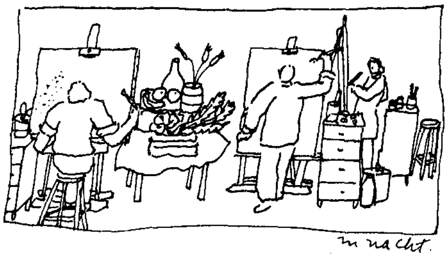
SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Wednesday, May 12, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Thursday, May 13, at 7:35; Friday, May 14, at 8:05; Saturday, May 15, at 7:35; and Sunday, May 16, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Monday through Wednesday, May 17-19, at 7:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 8.

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. Sunday, May 16.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup Finals: Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Tuesday, May 18, and Saturday, May 22, at 8:05, if necessary.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1, and Sunday at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Roseben Handicap, Saturday, May 15. . . . **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, May 19, through Monday, Aug. 2. The Shuvee Handicap, Wednesday, May 19, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 22. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1.10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.. Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. . . **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 15.



Soccer—Cosmos vs. Chicago. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, May 16, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 16. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov 20. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—At the **LOEB STUDENT CENTER:** May Swenson reading from her own works. (Room 310, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, May 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . **92ND STREET Y:** W. S. Merwin reading from his own works, Monday, May 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Miroslav Holub reading from his own works, Wednesday, May 19, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.) . . . **DONNELL LIBRARY AUDITORIUM:** Maxine Kumin reading from her own works. (20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, May 20, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Lectures—The last in a series of lectures under the over-all title of "The Lady Jazz Singers." Thursday, May 13, at 8: Larry Carr speaking about Ethel Waters. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 8: Bobby Short speaking about Ivie Anderson. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the lectures.)

Walking Tour—"East Sixties: Mansions and Clubhouses," *a conducted tour sponsored by* the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 16, starting at Hunter College, Park Ave. between 68th and 69th Sts., at 1:30. For information about tickets, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, May 12-13, at 10:15 and 2: Prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 10:15: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 15. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 7: Modern and contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-4781. Exhibition starts Friday, May 14. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, immediately following the above sale: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-4781. Exhibition starts Friday, May 14. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Friday, May 14, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, May 15, at 2: International furniture, silver, porcelain, bronzes, rugs, and decorations—all from the Victorian era. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 18, at 2: Paperweights. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 13. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 19, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental miniatures and manuscripts and Islamic works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 15. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 19-20, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 15. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 19, at 7: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 546-1128. Exhibition starts Friday, May 14. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 2: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 14. . . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 10: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, May 14. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Monday, May 17, at 11: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints and posters. Exhibition starts Friday, May 14. . . . ¶ Monday, May 17, at 2: American and European paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, May 14. . . . ¶ Monday, May 17, at 7: Works by Marcel Vertès.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"La Commare Secca" ("The Grim Reaper;" 1962; directed by Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 13: "Deathtrap" (†) and "Ordinary People" (†).
From May 14: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 13: "Death Valley" (Dick Richards), with Paul Le Mat and Catherine Hicks.
From May 14: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 20: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).
From May 21: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 13: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.
From May 14: "The House Where Evil Dwells" (Kevin Connor), with Edward Albert and Susan George.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 2: Through May 20: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt. From May 21: "Annie" (John Huston), with Albert Finney and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 3: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 13: "Cat People" (†).
From May 14: "Richard Pryor Live in Concert" (1979).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Memoirs of a French Whore" (1979; Daniel Duval), with Miou-Miou and Maria Schneider. X-rated.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through May 20: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.
From May 21: "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Amateur" (Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

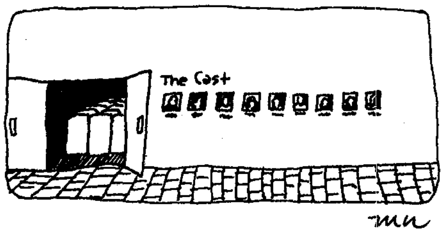
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.
Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Deathtrap" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Mephisto" (†).
Theatre 2: "Too Far to Go" (Fielder Cook), with Michael Moriarty and Blythe Danner.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay. From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura. May 14-20: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay. From May 21: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates.
Theatre 2: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through May 20: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
From May 21: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through May 13: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.
From May 14: "The Lucky Star" (Max Fischer), with Rod Steiger and Louise Fletcher.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 13: "Ragtime" (†).
From May 14: "On Golden Pond" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 20: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay.
From May 21: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through May 20: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt. From May 21: "Annie" (John Huston), with Albert Finney and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 2: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 13: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
From May 14: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek. From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Death Valley" (Dick Richards), with Paul Le Mat and Catherine Hicks. From May 14: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through May 18: "The Women's Independent Film Festival," a week-long series including thirty-six films from around the world. Call theatre for film titles and time schedules. From May 19: "Eijanaika" (directed by Shohei Imamura; in Japanese), with Shigeru Izumiya.
Theatre 2: May 12: "An Actor's Revenge" (1963; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese); and "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" (†). May 13-15: "Phantom India, Parts 4-7" (1972; Louis Malle). May 16-17: "La Salamandre" (†) and "Raven's End" (†). May 18-19: "Xala" (1975; Ousmane Sembène; a Senegalese film, in French); and "Vidas Secas" (Nelson Pereira dos Santos). May 20-22: "Effi Briest" (†) and "A Free Woman" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierre Rafferty).
Theatre 2: "Quest for Fire" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through May 20 (tentative): "Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers. From May 21: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.
Theatre 2: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay. From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Three Brothers" (†). From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian".
Theatre 3: Through May 13: "Missing" (†). From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian."
Theatre 4: "Roommates" (Chuck Vincent).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
May 12: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "Who Has Seen the Wind" (1977; Allan King; a Canadian film), with José Ferrer.
May 13-14: "Beauty and the Beast" (†) and "Ashes and Diamonds" (†).
May 15: "Ashes and Diamonds" (†); and "The Spirit of the Beehive."
May 16: "Once Upon a Time" (Girish Karnad); and "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
May 17: "Once Upon a Time;" and "The Spirit of the Beehive."
May 18: "Once Upon a Time;" and "Ashes and Diamonds" (†).
May 19: "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and "The Spirit of the Beehive."
May 20: "Ashes and Diamonds" (†); and "Who Has Seen the Wind."
From May 21: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 20: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
From May 21: "Let There Be Rock" (Eric Dionysius and Eric Mistler), with AC/DC.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Missing" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Genocide" (Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Smash Palace" (Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Quest for Fire" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano" (1977; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian). From May 14: "Marianne and Juliane" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe.
Theatre 2: "The Meadow" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Isabella Rossellini and Michele Placido.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: Through May 20: "A Slap in the

Face" (Genrikh Malyan; a Russian film, in Armenian). From May 21: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren. From May 14: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates. From May 14: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through May 13: "Deathtrap" (†). From May 14: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through May 13: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek. From May 14: "Super Fuzz" (Sergio Corbucci), with Terence Hill and Ernest Borgnine.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "Reds" (†). May 14-20: "Richard Pryor Live in Concert" (1979). From May 21: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.
Theatre 2: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through May 20: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay. From May 21: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates. From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 3: Through May 13: "Roommates" (Chuck Vincent). From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian."
Theatre 4: Through May 13: "Three Brothers" (†). From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Amateur" (directed by Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer.
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 13: "On Golden Pond" (†). From May 14: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer.
Theatre 4: Through May 13: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek. May 14-20: "Richard Pryor Live in Concert" (1979). From May 21: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.
Theatre 5: Through May 13: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland. From May 14: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay.
Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through May 20: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.
From May 21: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through May 20: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†). From May 21: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.
Theatre 3: "Silent Rage" (Michael Miller), with Chuck Norris; and "Game of Death" (1979; Robert Clouse), with Bruce Lee, Gig Young, Dean Jagger, and Colleen Camp.
Theatre 4: "Reds" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through May 20: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.
From May 21: "Annie" (John Huston), with Albert Finney and Carol Burnett.

Loews State I and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt.
Theatre 2: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through May 13: "Cat People" (†).
From May 14: "Super Fuzz" (Sergio Corbucci), with Terence Hill and Ernest Borgnine.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through May 13: "Dr. Butcher, M.D."
From May 14: "The Nesting," with Robin Graves.

Rivoli I and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay. From May 14: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Death Valley" (Dick Richards), with Paul Le Mat and Catherine Hicks. May 14-20: "Conan the Barbarian." From May 21: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama I and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "Amin, the Rise and Fall" (Sharad Patel). From May 14: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro.
Theatre 2: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates.

R.K.O. Century National Twin I and 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer. From May 14: "The House Where Evil Dwells" (Kevin Connor), with Edward Albert and Susan George.
Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 18: "Soldier Girls" (directed by Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill), a documentary.
From May 19: "Race d'Ep (Homosexual Century)" (1979; Lionel Soukaz and Guy Hocquenghem).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 12: "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, Marion Lorne, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Les Bonnes Femmes" (1960; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Bernadette Lafont, Clotilde Joana, Stéphane Audran, and Lucile Saint-Simon.
May 13: "Images" (1972; Robert Altman), with Susannah York, René Auberjonois, Marcel Bozzuffi, and Hugh Millais; and "Drive, He Said" (1971; Jack Nicholson), with William Tepper and Karen Black.
May 14-15: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.
May 16: "The Age of the Medici, Parts I and II" (1973; Roberto Rossellini).
May 17: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (1966; Roberto Rossellini; in French), with Philippe Erlanger; and "The Age of the Medici, Part III" (1973; Roberto Rossellini).
May 18: "The Ballad of Orin" (1979; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Shima Iwashita; and "Sandakan 8" (†).
May 19: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "La Femme Infidèle" (1960; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet.
May 20: "Shock Corridor" (†); and "The Criminal" ("The Concrete Jungle;" 1960; Joseph Losey), with Stanley Baker and Sam Wanamaker.

May 21-22: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "I Vitelloni" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 12: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and, at 8 P.M. only, "Moon of Israel" (1924; Michael Curtiz; a German silent film).
May 13: "Scholar Gerber" (1981; Wolfgang Gluck; an Austrian film, in German); and "Julia" (1977; Fred Zinnemann), with Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jason Robards.
May 14: "Blind Owl" (1979; Mansur Madavi; an Austrian film, in German); and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.
May 15: "Exit—Don't Panic" (1980; Franz Novotny; an Austrian film, in German); and "The Merry Widow" (1925; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Mae Murray and John Gilbert.
May 16-18: "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
May 19-20: "As If It Were Yesterday" (1982; Myriam Abramowicz and Esther Hoffenberg), a documentary.
May 21-22: "The Mackintosh Man" (†) and "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 13: "The Wedding Party" (1966; Brian De Palma), with Charles Pfluger; and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.
May 14-15: "The Night Porter" (1974; Liliana Cavani), with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling; and "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.
May 16-18: "War and Peace, Part 2" (1968; Sergei Bondarchuk; in Russian).
May 19-20: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini; and "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.
May 21-22: "Catch-22" (†) and "If . . ." (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
May 12: "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.
May 13 at 8: A program of clips from films and a discussion by Vito Russo, author of "The Celluloid Closet."
May 14-15: "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, Julie Harris, and Robert Forster; and "The Sergeant" (1968; John Flynn), with Rod Steiger and John Phillip Law.
May 16-17: "From Russia with Love" (1964; Terence Young), with Sean Connery; and "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru.
May 18: "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready; and "A Perfect Couple" (1979; Robert Altman), with Marta Heflin and Paul Dooley.
May 19-20: "The Fox" (1968; Mark Rydell), with Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea, and Anne Heywood; and "Therese and Isabelle" (1968; Radley Metzger; in French), with Essy Persson and Anna Gael.
May 21-22: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder.

Hollywood Twin Cinema I, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 15: "Morning Glory" (1933; Lowell Sherman), with Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou; and "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn.
May 16-18: "Heaven Can Wait" (1978; Warren Beatty and Buck Henry), with Beatty, Julie Christie, James Mason, and Charles

Grodin; and "Shampoo" (1975; Hal Ashby), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.

May 19-22: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 15: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "The Go-Between" (1971; Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton.

May 16-18: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale; and "Coming Home" (1978; Hal Ashby), with Jane Fonda, Jon Voight, and Bruce Dern.

May 19-22: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Alan Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "Man with Bogart's Face" ("Sam Marlow, Private Eye;" 1980; Robert Day), with Robert Sacchi, Franco Nero, Michele Phillips, and Olivia Hussey.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 12: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "On the Avenue" (1937; Roy Del Ruth), with Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, and Dick Powell.

May 13-15: "Desk Set" (1957; Walter Lang), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Blondell, and Gig Young; and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.

May 16-17: "The Black Swan" (1942; Henry King), with Maureen O'Hara, Tyrone Power, George Sanders, and Anthony Quinn; and "Stanley and Livingstone" (1939; Henry King), with Spencer Tracy, Nancy Kelly, and Richard Greene.

May 18-19: "Mother Wore Tights" (1947; Walter Lang), with Betty Grable and Dan Dailey; and "With a Song in My Heart" (1952; Walter Lang), with Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne, and Thelma Ritter.

May 20-22: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake; and "I Was a Male War Bride" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 12: "Rembrandt" (1936; Alexander Korda), with Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Gertrude Lawrence; and "The Man on the Eiffel Tower" (1948; Burgess Meredith), with Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Meredith.

May 13: "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; "The Blue Gardenia" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.

May 14-15: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

May 16: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

May 17: "Gloria" (1980; John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; and "Crime in the Streets" (1956; Donald Siegel), with James Whitmore, John Cassavetes, Sal Mineo, and Mary Rydell.

May 18: "Last Summer" (†) and "David and Lisa" (†).

May 19: "The Betsy" (†); and "I Stand Condemned" (1936; Anthony Asquith), with Herry Baur and Laurence Olivier.

May 20: "My Name Is Julia Ross" (1945; Joseph H. Lewis), with Nina Foch, George Macready, and Dame May Whitty; "So Dark the Night" (1947; Joseph H. Lewis), with Steven Geray, Ann Codee, and Micheline Cheirel; and "Guest in the House" (1945; John Brahm), with Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy.

May 21-22: "Camouflage" (1977; Krzysztoff Zanussi; in Polish); and "Story of Sin" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in Polish).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 12: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck, Burt Lancaster, and Ann Richards.

May 13: "The Pink Panther" (1964; Blake Edwards), with David Niven, Peter Sellers, Robert Wagner, and Capucine; and "A Shot in the Dark" (1964; Blake Edwards), with Peter Sellers and Elke Sommer.

May 14-15: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

May 16: "Rain" (1932; Lewis Milestone), with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan, and Beulah Bondi; and "Of Human Bondage" (†).

May 17: "Jewel Robbery" (1932; William Dieterle), with William Powell and Kay Francis; and "One Way Passage" (1932; Tay Garnett), with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon.

May 18: "Casino Royale" (1967), with Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress, David Niven, and Woody Allen; and "The Mouse That Roared" (†).

May 19: "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (1939; Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Field, and John Carradine; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938; William Nigh), with Boris Karloff and Grant Withers.

May 20: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "Klute" (†).

May 21-22: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (†); and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Criterion Theatres.)

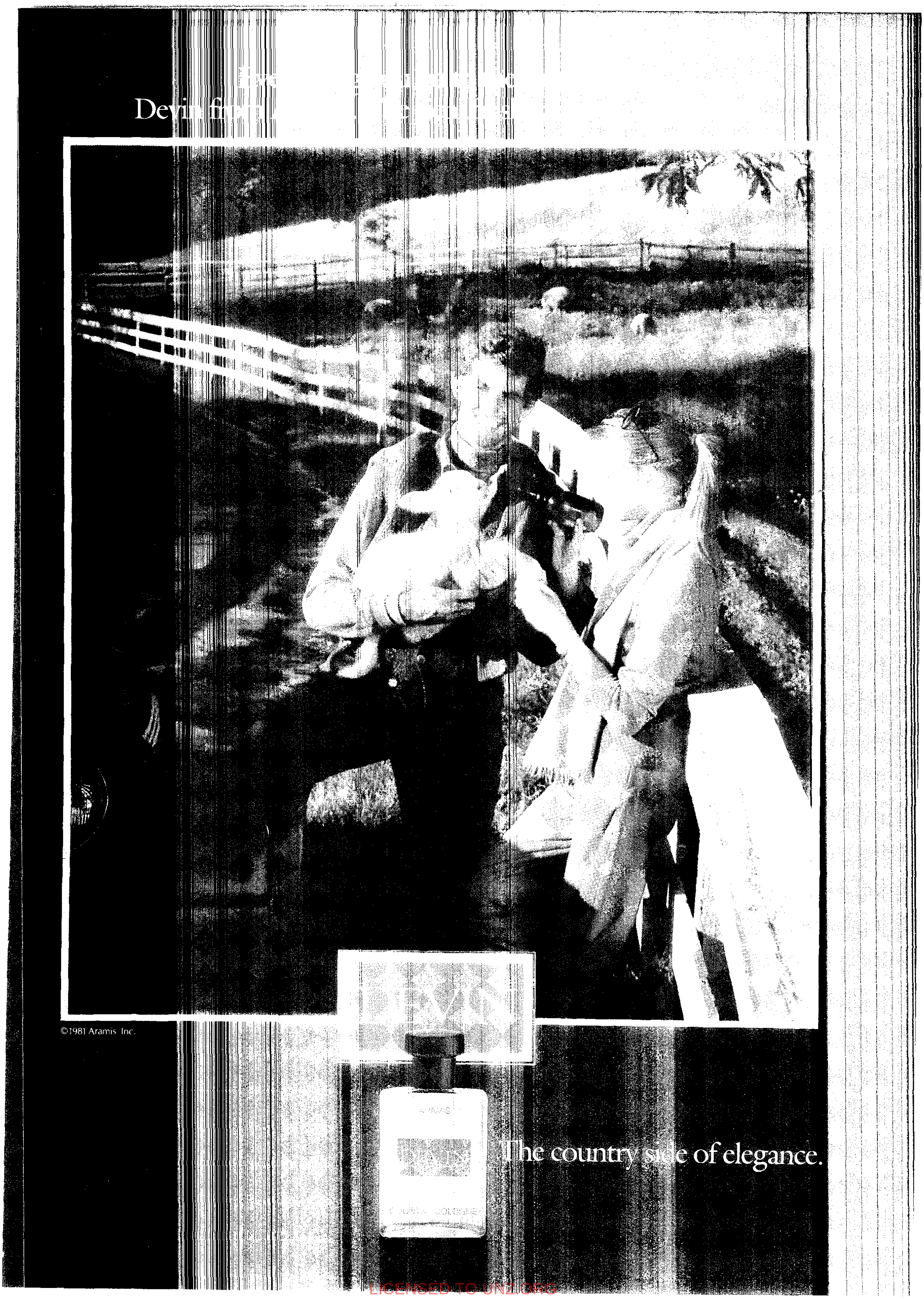
Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing a patriot of the Warsaw uprising. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: farsighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Guild; May 13-15, May 18, and May 20.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie (he wrote and directed it) is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. As a child escapes from everyday family life into the magic of a storybook, so, in the film, Beauty's farm, with its Vermeer simplicity, fades in intensity as we are caught up in the Gustave Doré extravagance of the Beast's enchanted landscape. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice to him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. (When shown the film, Greta Garbo is reported to have said at the end, "Give me back my Beast.") The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André as the father, Michel Auclair as the brother, and Mila Parély as a sister. Alekan was the cinematographer; Georges Auric wrote the score; Bérard did the décor and costumes. (A running account of the making of the picture—anxieties, physical ailments, mistakes and all—is given in Cocteau's entertaining 1950 book "Diary of a Film.") In French. (Guild; May 13-14, May 16, and May 19.)

The Betsy (1978)—The director, Daniel Petrie, aims low and misses his target—maybe through taste and halfheartedness as much as ineptitude. This adaptation of Harold Robbins' novel about three generations of a Detroit automobile dynasty lacks the juicy vulgarity of soul which Robbins requires—it's so tranquil it's like a reverie on the clichés of the genre. As the superabundantly sexed patriarch of the family, Laurence Olivier keeps on acting after everyone else has given up. He must be doing it for himself—for the sheer love of testing himself as an actor. His energy blasts through the film's largo style; it's a personal triumph. With Tommy Lee Jones, Robert Duvall, Katharine Ross, Jane Alexander, Lesley-Anne Down, Joseph Wiseman, and Paul Rudd. Cinematography by Mario Tose. (Thalia; May 19.)

Catch-22 (1970)—Mike Nichols' third picture was this hugely ambitious failure. He gave Joseph Heller's Second World War novel—a black comedy about the insanity of military life—a grandiloquent staging, with Terry Southern-style caricatures out of "Dr. Strangelove" and Fellini-style episodes set in Rome, and the picture got so heavy and messagy that the ironies were buried. There's a beautiful flight-tower sequence early on, and there are startling effects and good revue touches here and there, but the picture goes on and on, as if it were determined to impress us. It goes on so long that it cancels itself out, even out of people's memories; it was long awaited and then forgotten almost instantly. With Alan Arkin as Yossarian, Jon Voight, Richard Benjamin, Art Garfunkel, Buck Henry (who also wrote the script), Martin Balsam, Orson Welles, Robert Balaban, Paula Prentiss, Martin Sheen, Jack Gilford, Peter Bonerz, Charles Grodin, Tony Perkins, Bob Newhart, and, in a particularly offensive scene, Marcel Dalio. The acting of some of the high-ranking officers is so gross that at times one thinks the moral must be that as soon as your rank reaches major, you're a monster. Cinematography by David Watkin. (Cinema Village; May 21-22.)

Cat People—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture (it's set in New Orleans) is meant to be poetic and "legendary." It has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous (especially in the orange-colored primal-dream sequences), yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing, because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. Just when a scene begins to hold some interest, Schrader cuts away from it; the crucial things seem to be happening between the scenes. The film is comatose; you're brought into it only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby that's a total reworking of the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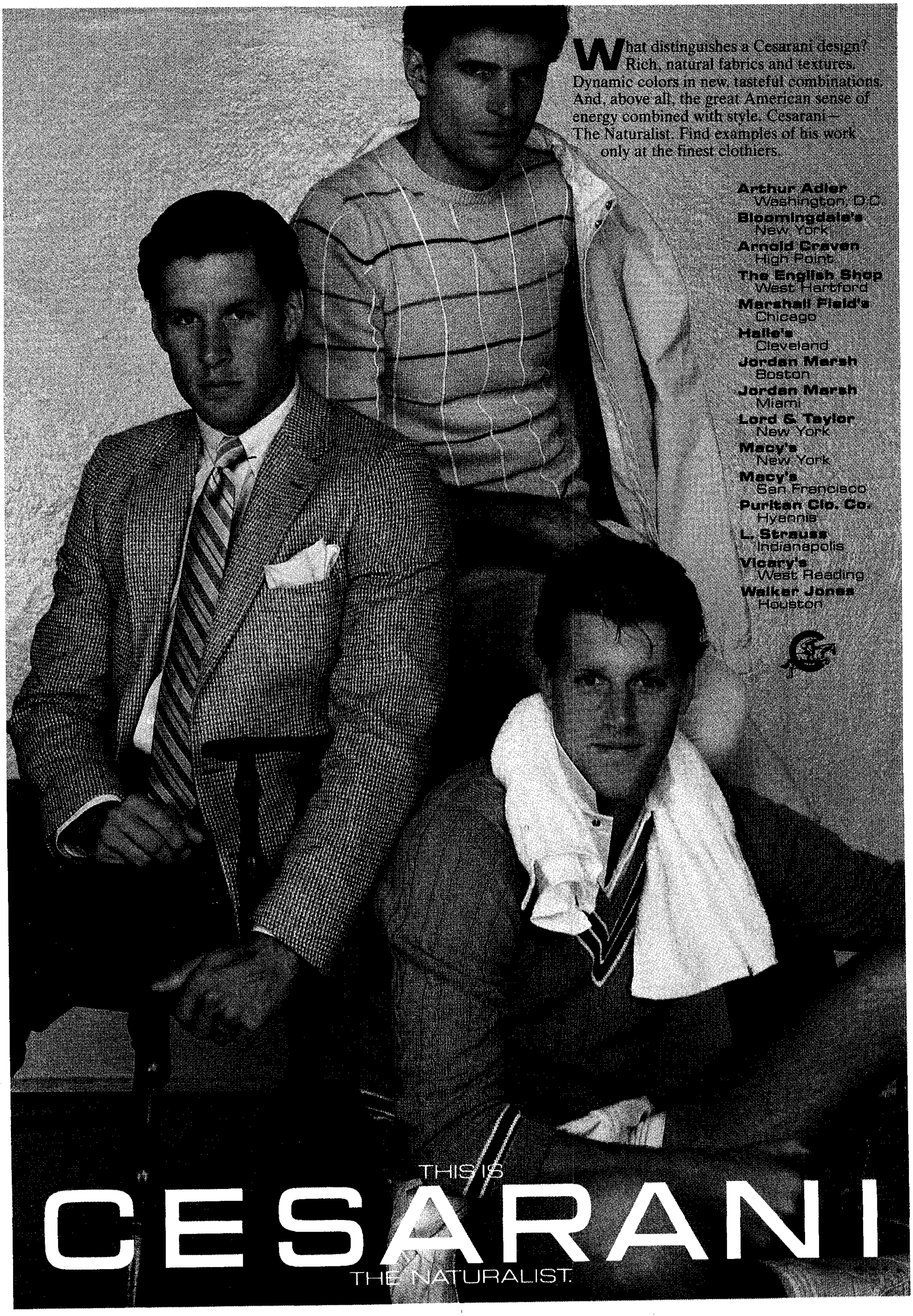

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much simpler 1942 film of the same title. (5/3/82) (34th St. East, and Movieland; through May 13.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, Lincoln Plaza, and Criterion Theatres.)

David and Lisa (1962)—Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin play the mentally sick teen-agers who help each other. Directed by Frank Perry. (Thalia; May 18.)

Deathtrap—This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there must be at least one or two of them. A once successful playwright (Michael Caine), who specializes in thrillers, plans to murder a former student (Christopher Reeve) and steal his flawless play, "Deathtrap." The director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, have decided to make the movie version of Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile vision of life, and at the end the staging and editing are so quick and muddled that you can't be sure what's happening. With Dyan Cannon, Irene Worth, and Henry Jones. (4/5/82) (D. W. Griffith . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through May 13.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Coronet.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Effi Briest (1974)—The most polished of all the films by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, set in a small German town stamped with the Prussian determination of the Bismarck period. Effi is played by Hanna Schygulla, a member of Fassbinder's phenomenal acting troupe. Here she plays a girl of seventeen who is married off to a baron with a face like a knife edge (Wolfgang Schenck). After Effi has been his wife for a while, the general agreement is that the baron would have done better to have married her mother, whom he courted "twenty years ago." Not much of a start for a teen-ager. Fassbinder has an interesting attitude toward Effi, whose beauty and vivacity he communicates, but he also knows that she is ambitious in puny ways that run along the track of Prussian convention. In German. (Film Forum; May 20-22.)

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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

A Free Woman (1974)—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless," this film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (Film Forum; May 20-22.)

If . . . (1969)—At first, and for a considerable stretch, this Lindsay Anderson film appears to be a clinical exposé of the horrible organized bedlam inflicted on English boys in the name of a gentleman's education. The movie is especially fixated on the cruelties that the students perpetrate against each other, with lingering attention to scenes of juvenile sadism and flogging and homoeroticism. Then it turns into an epic on student revolt. You can read the signals all right—the poster of Ché and the student hero's forbidden mustache and his playing the "Missa Luba." But the style of the film is constricted and charged with ambivalent feelings. Can it be meant to be a story of the revolutionary spirit of the young when it's so full of bile about youth? Anderson devotes most of his energy to the meanness of the students. And it's really not a rebellion of the young that he shows us but a rebellion of a self-chosen few—three boys (and a girl picked up along the way) who set fire to the school on Speech Day and start sniping at those who flee the fire, including the rest of the young. Their way of destroying the prison is to kill the inmates. The conspirators are apparently cleaning out the whole mess—killing everybody, because nobody's fit to live. The last shot is a glamorous and apparently approving closeup of the hero as he fires away, like Robert Taylor aiming at "the Japs" at the end of "Bataan." There are so many muddy undercurrents in this film that even the best sequences are often baffling, and the ways in which Anderson tries to illustrate the desire for freedom don't carry any conviction. It's a bewildering film. With Malcolm McDowell. Written by David Sherwin; cinematography by Miroslav Ondricek. (Cinema Village; May 21-22.)

I Was a Male War Bride (1949)—Somebody must have thought it would be funny to put Cary Grant in skirts and a horsehair wig. The whole thing is one of those awful transvestite jokes that never has the grace to go off-color; it all stays at the chortling wholesome-family-picture level. Ann Sheridan plays the WAC lieutenant whom Grant (a French Army captain) marries; the gimmick is that she's stationed in Occupied Germany (where the film was made), and the only Army regulation under which he can accompany her back to the U.S. is the one concerning the immigration of war brides. The concept requires Sheridan to be bossy and butch (it's one of her least pleasant performances), and Grant is never so beefy and clumsy as when he's in drag. He doesn't play a woman; he just threatens to, flirting with the idea and giggling over it. Howard Hawks directed, but his pacing is off, and everything seems forced. The screenplay is by Charles Lederer, Leonard Spigelgass, and Hagar Wilde, from a book by Henri Rochard. (Grant plays Henri Rochard.) There are no subsidiary roles of any consequence; with Ken Tobey, Robert Stevenson, and William Self. (Regency; May 20-22.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as Bree, an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder-melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties—it has the lurking figures, the withheld information, the standard gimmick of getting the heroine to go off alone so she can be menaced by the big-shot sadistic sex fiend, and so on. And there's no conviction in Pakula's use of those devices; they're hokum—the shadows and crazy camera angles are as silly as a fright wig. But at the center is a study of Bree's temperament and drives, and here the picture is modern. The life surrounding Bree's profession frightens her, but the work itself has peculiar compensations—she enjoys her power over her customers. She's maternal and provocative with them, confident and contemptuously cool. She's a different girl alone—huddled in bed in her disorderly room. The suspense plot involves the ways in which prostitutes attract the forces that destroy them. Bree's knowledge that as a prostitute she has nowhere to go but down and her mixed-up efforts to escape make her one of the strongest women characters to reach the screen. And Fonda is very exciting to watch: the closest closeup never reveals a false thought and, seen on the movie streets a block away, she's Bree, not Jane Fonda, walking toward us. With Donald Sutherland, Charles Cioffi, Roy Scheider, Dorothy Tristan, Rita Gam, Richard Shull, and Anthony Holland. Written by Andy and Dave Lewis; cinematography by Gordon Willis; edited by Carl Lerner; music by Michael Small. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 20.)

Last Summer (1969)—Directed by Frank Perry, written by Eleanor Perry. A fable about the decline into adult barbarism of three illustra-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tive and well-heeled sixteen-year-olds horsing around on what looks like Fire Island. Preachy and trite. (Thalia; May 18.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean (1972)—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for slaughter with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this logy, thick-skinned movie from a brutal, jokey script by John Milius, whose imagination appears to have been fed by John Ford, Kurosawa, and a heavy dose of Jodorowsky's "El Topo." The big scenes don't grow out of anything, and there are no characters—just mannerisms. Newman, his voice lowered to a gruff, nonmusical level, sounds like Huston; hiding in a beard throughout, he goes in for a lot of beer drinking. With Stacy Keach, who has a funny bit as a wild albino, and Ava Gardner as Lily Langtry, and Jacqueline Bisset, Roddy McDowall, Anthony Perkins, Tab Hunter, Victoria Principal, Ned Beatty, Anthony Zerbe, and Huston. (The 1940 Gary Cooper movie "The Westerner" also dealt with Roy Bean, who was played by Walter Brennan.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21-22.)

The Mackintosh Man (1973)—A marking-time piece of work directed by John Huston—a spy-and-prison-break thriller written by Walter Hill from a book by Desmond Bagley. Beautifully acted by Harry Andrews, Ian Bannen, Roland Culver, Michael Hordern, and James Mason. Set in Ireland and Malta. Dominique Sanda looks ravishing and speaks English as if it were a frog in her throat. Paul Newman is the good guy, shuttling between an excellent Australian accent, a natural American one, and an adopted high-nosed English one. The plot is full of holes, and the chief puzzle is really why Huston should have directed it. A case of a great man taking his ease, perhaps. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21-22.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—This Hitchcock thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, Nova Pilbeam as the kidnapped child, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has the director's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but Hitchcock seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes (a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version, which he made in 1955, in color, with James Stewart and Doris Day). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 21-22.)

Mephisto—With Klaus Maria Brandauer, directed by István Szabó. A Hungarian film, in German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Missing—Costa-Gavras has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (Festival. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 13.)

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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

The Mouse That Roared (1959)—This is the English comedy in which Peter Sellers—playing a field marshal, an imposingly big-bosomed grand duchess, and the Prime Minister of Grand Fenwick—made his first big impression on American moviegoers. It's about a minuscule mythical country that declares war on the United States, expecting to be quickly defeated and thus eligible for the cash benefits of rehabilitation. Twenty Grand Fenwickians, dressed in armor and toting bows and arrows, set sail for New York in a ramshackle tug. That's about as far as the comedy gets. The film abandons its small, amusing idea and goes off on a wearying tangent about a scientist (David Kossoff) with a big bomb and an ingénue daughter (Jean Seberg), but it was hugely and inexplicably popular. Leo McKern and William Hartnell are in the cast. Jack Arnold directed; from a novel by Leonard Wibberley, adapted by Roger Macdougall and Stanley Mann. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 18.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Remade by Edmund Goulding in 1946, with Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker, and by Henry Hathaway in 1964, with Laurence Harvey and Kim Novak.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 16.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Criterion Theatres; through May 13. . . . ¶ 72nd Street Playhouse; starting May 14.)

Ordinary People (1980)—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. From time to time, the father, with a nervous tic of a smile, tries to make contact with his son and urges him to see the psychiatrist recommended by the hospital where he was treated after a recent suicide attempt. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but the movie is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially; Alvin Sargent's adaptation of the popular Judith Guest novel is heavy on psychobabble. The joker about this movie is that the audience weeps for the unloving Wasp-witch mother, who cares only for appearances and who can't change because of the pride and the privacy she was trained in; she seems the gallant last standard-bearer for the Wasp family ethic, and the picture somehow turns into a nosegay for Wasp repression. With Judd Hirsch as the idealized warm, friendly Jewish psychiatrist, Elizabeth McGovern as the son's girlfriend, and Meg Mundy as the grandmother. (10/13/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 13.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one takes place in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Film Forum; May 12.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly close-ups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka,

who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Waverly, and Loews Paramount.)

Ragtime—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York City Police Commissioner, and Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (72nd Street East; through May 13.)

Raven's End (1964)—Bo Widerberg's simple, unromanticized film (made long before "Elvira Madigan"), re-creating the thirties in Sweden. The picture is about a poor family, headed by an ex-salesman full of hopeless airs. The human detail of the film, with its visual asides and spurts of conviviality, is a bit like Renoir's. In Swedish. (Film Forum; May 16-17.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the movie-making is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Embassy. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through May 13.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. The vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (New Yorker. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Embassy; through May 20.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Film Forum; May 16-17.)

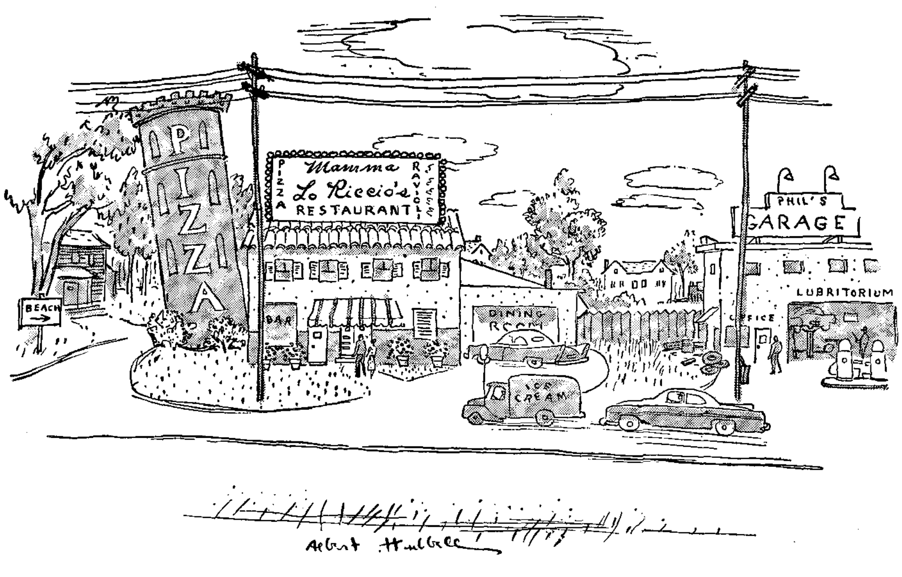
Sandakan 8 (1974)—A marvel of a Japanese film, directed by Kei Kumai, about a young, Westernized woman historian who stumbles into a moving friendship with an old woman who was shipped to Borneo at the age of thirteen to become a prostitute. The old woman lives now in a shack, with innumerable cats, and the visit of the young woman gives her as much gaiety in her privation as we often find in Beckett's last-ditch and oddly festive situations. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 18.)

Shock Corridor (1963)—An action-packed film, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, that has acquired a considerable reputation. The hero is a reporter who has himself committed to a mental institution so he can investigate a murder there; his experiences include being attacked by a gang of nymphomaniacs, being put in a straitjacket, losing the power of speech, being subjected to shock therapy, etc. He gets a Pulitzer Prize, and he goes mad. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 20.)

Three Brothers—Three Italian brothers who have emigrated to the cities go back south to their father's farm in the Apulia region for their mother's funeral. Directed by Francesco Rosi, from a script he wrote with Tonino Guerra, the film might be said to be an inquiry into the terrorist chaos of the nation—yet it's set in the old father's world, where the cycle of nature is what matters. The old man (Charles Vanel, at eighty-nine) has lived his life without ever needing to worry about terrorism, crime, chaos; the sons' thoughts and fantasies all come out of their anxieties. Working with his long-time cinematographer, Pasqualino De Santis, Rosi keeps you in a state of emotional exaltation. A simple image—such as that of the old man just walking—has the kind of resonance that most directors never achieve. Though the actors who play the brothers—Philippe Noiret, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Michele Placido—are less than exciting, while you're watching this film it envelopes you. In Italian. (3/22/82) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through May 13.)

Victor/Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. The picture is at its yeastiest in the slapstick embellishments of the preparatory sequences; when the infuriatingly sane and distant Julie Andrews finally gets into men's clothes, there's nothing remotely funny about it. And you don't believe that she could successfully impersonate a woman on the stage. Edwards pulls laughs, though. He does it with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston brings an unholy glee to his work. He plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. (This is yet another movie in which a girl's best friend is a homosexual.) James Garner, with a mustache and acting like a funny, scowly Clark Gable, is a nightclub owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards ties tin cans to her tail—he makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (Ziegfeld; through May 20. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema 68th St. Playhouse, and Guild; starting May 21.)

I Vitelloni (1953; originally released in the United States as "The Young and the Passionate;" an idiomatic translation of the title would be something like "Adolescent Slobs")—Frustrated small-town boys with big ideas, the central characters are sons of indulgent, middle-class families, who cadge off their parents, loaf, and dream of women, riches and glory. Their energies are wasted in idiotic pursuits; whatever dreams or ideals they have are pathetically childish or rotten. The director, Federico Fellini, observes the farce of their lives without condescension; his tone is satirical, yet warm and accepting—the distinctive Fellini tone, in his first fully confident piece of direction. Americans have argued that the actors are too old for their roles; Europeans reply that this misses the point—that it is not the actors but the characters they portray who are indeed too old for the parasitical lives they lead. (The Italian film historian Mario Gromo described them as "eternal adolescents, even though approaching thirty—and when they reach it, it makes them more slothful.") The group suggests an American wolf pack. There is Fausto the flirt (Franco Fabrizi), who will become another unhappy, middle-class family man; plump, ludicrous Alberto the buffoon (Alberto Sordi, Fellini's "White Sheik" of the previous year, and before that a music-hall actor who first achieved recognition as the dubbed voice of Oliver Hardy); Leopoldo the poet (Leopoldo Trieste), whose naïve artistic illusions wilt when he is propositioned by an ancient homosexual actor; and Moraldo (Franco Interlenghi, who a few years earlier had been one of De Sica's two great child stars in "Shoe Shine"). Fellini's autobiographical hero, he is the only one who finds the guts to say goodbye to this futile provincial life. There was, as yet, no indication that the road Moraldo took would lead to the corruption of "La Dolce Vita." Screenplay by Fellini and Ennio Flaiano; score by Nino Rota. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 21-22.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A STORY is making the rounds in Florida. In an oceanfront town somewhere between Daytona Beach and Key West, a builder was selling apartments from plans. When the structure rose and the lucky beachcombers moved into their carpeted chambers, they discovered that the beach they had paid good money to frequent was in shade the whole day long. Shadows cast by other condominiums, rising by fits and starts at oblique angles, blotted out the sun. Incredulous, faithful, clutching their plastic tubes of suntan lotion, they raced (so the story goes) down to the beach at every hour between dawn and dusk, unable to take in the blanketing gloom. Eventually, their lawyers' phones began to ring. The story struck home as we went walking through midtown last week. So many new buildings are going up, so many ill-fitting geometric shapes squeezed into every possible cranny, that even the construction workers look confused. We'd bet that some who started working on one East Side monolith are now unwittingly working on another, so complex are the mazes of street fencing, underpasses, overwalks, alleyways, and tunnels that connect or disconnect one giant glass prism and the next. While walls are being torn asunder, the city continues its constricted life by walking around great heaps of strewn debris. Since most of the side streets in midtown are already dim ravines of concrete, stone, and marble, we pray for the tenants of Mr. Trump, Mr. Helmsley, Mr. Tishman, Mr. LeFrak, and Others. May they never wake up some morning and find themselves completely in the dark.

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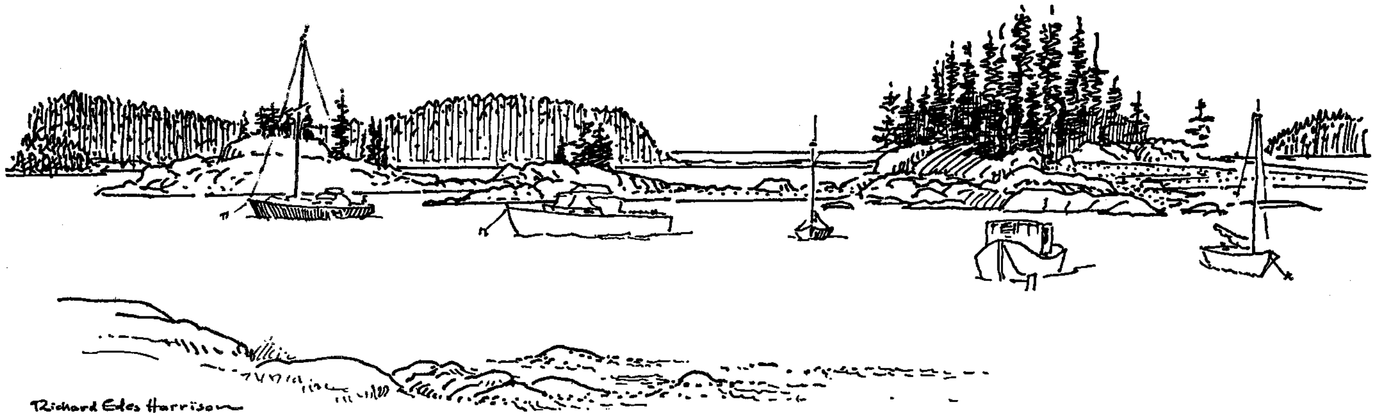
Award

JOSEPH SHELDORFER, the community-affairs officer for the Fifth Precinct, which includes parts of SoHo, the Bowery, Chinatown, and Little Italy, said to us moments before a buffet dinner held to announce the precinct's Cop of the Year, "Each month, or most months, the community-council board gives an award to the Cop of the Month for a spectacular deed or arrest. Then you have this ceremony sometime in the following year where the board picks one of the people as a standard, if you will, and calls him Cop of the Year, or her Cop of the Year. At this point, the cop doesn't know he or she has won yet. It will be a complete surprise."

The dinner and the ceremony were held in a large room in the basement of the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association Building, at 62 Mott Street—a plain, low-ceilinged room with brown-and-yellow walls free of any decoration except a red-and-white Fire Department sign governing occupancy. Seated on folding chairs on a dais were the president of the Chinese Benevolent Association, a position that carries with it the title mayor of Chinatown; the past president of the association and mayor of Chinatown; the chairman, vice-chairman, treasurer, and recording secretary of the Fifth Precinct community council; three members of the City Council; an emissary of Senator Alfonse D'Amato; the commanding officer of the precinct, the assistant chief of police of the southern part of Manhattan, and the deputy chief of police of Manhattan; the Manhattan borough president; and the presidents of Toy Sun and Lung Sing, two Chinese community organizations.

Officer Sheldorfer again: "As well as the singular deed, what's counted in Cop of the Year is the performance for the entire twelve months, day in and day out. Does he do a good job? Is he the solid type of guy you would want on your team? A backup type who will sacrifice to cut off a bridge to block an escape and also take your mundane calls? Most of the people you will see



standing up tonight have a lot of ribbons on their chests because they're active-type people. Not all, but mostly. You *could* get a cop in here who's an empty suit—you know, in any industry you get your empty suits, your guy who does the minimal to get the maximal, a person who will slip and slide. This type of cop *could* be Cop of the Year, it's con*ceiv*able, but not likely."

Fifteen men and one woman had been nominated (no one for May, two each for September, November, and December, and three for October). They sat nervously facing the dais. Officer Sheldorfer gave them a fast briefing on procedure. "Cop of the Year walks past me and up these stairs to the microphone," he said.

The ceremony began with the pledge of allegiance, directed toward a flag at the edge of the dais. Then the sixteen nominees, standing abreast and facing the audience, were introduced, and their achievements described, by the commanding officer of the precinct. As each one's name was announced, he or she took a step forward. There were four Roberts, two Josephs, and two Johns, and the others were David, Douglas, Leonard, Michael, Nancy, Ronald, Barry, and Norberto. All of them stared bashfully at their feet or at a point in the distance just slightly above the heads of the audience.

Some of the achievements:

"He observed three males acting suspiciously and leaving the area in an auto. They took off, he pursued them, they threw ten bags of heroin out the window, and he arrested them for possession of heroin. They were heavily armed."

"He observed two males acting suspiciously, continued to keep them under observation with his partner, saw them enter a building and leave carrying packages, placed them under observation again, checked in the building and ascertained they had three thousand dollars of stolen merchandise with them, and arrested them."

"He was having lunch in a restaurant, like a coffee shop, and saw five males trotting down the block. He pursued them and caught up to them, and they had the proceeds of a robbery of a woman."

"She responded to a robbery call and on entering the building found the perpetrators holding hostages, and subsequently talked them out of it, and the money and jewelry were recovered and fourteen persons locked in a freight elevator were released. No shots fired."

The head of the community council, a tall, handsome, dark-haired woman named Rosemary McGrath, announced the Cop of the Year: John Loguercio. Officer Sheldorfer later distributed a press release, which said, in part, "During his time in the 5th Precinct, John has made many outstanding arrests, many of them resulting in Police Department Awards. He has received nine (9) Excellent Police awards, three (3) Meritorious awards and one (1) Honorable mention. Some of the deeds he was awarded recognition for are the following: a) rescuing a man from a burning building, b) capturing six (6) burglars without firing any shots, c) for chasing and capturing a robbery suspect. The most memorable includes John being fired upon by a man with a shotgun from a moving van."

John was presented with a proclamation and a plaque, and read a short speech of thanks, which had been handed to him on his way to the dais by Officer Sheldorfer. All the officers then lined up to form a wedge, with the Cop of the Year at the point, and were photographed, while the audience lined up for a buffet of fried noodles, beef fun, pork fun, chicken fun, and Chinese pancakes made from sugar, flour, and water.

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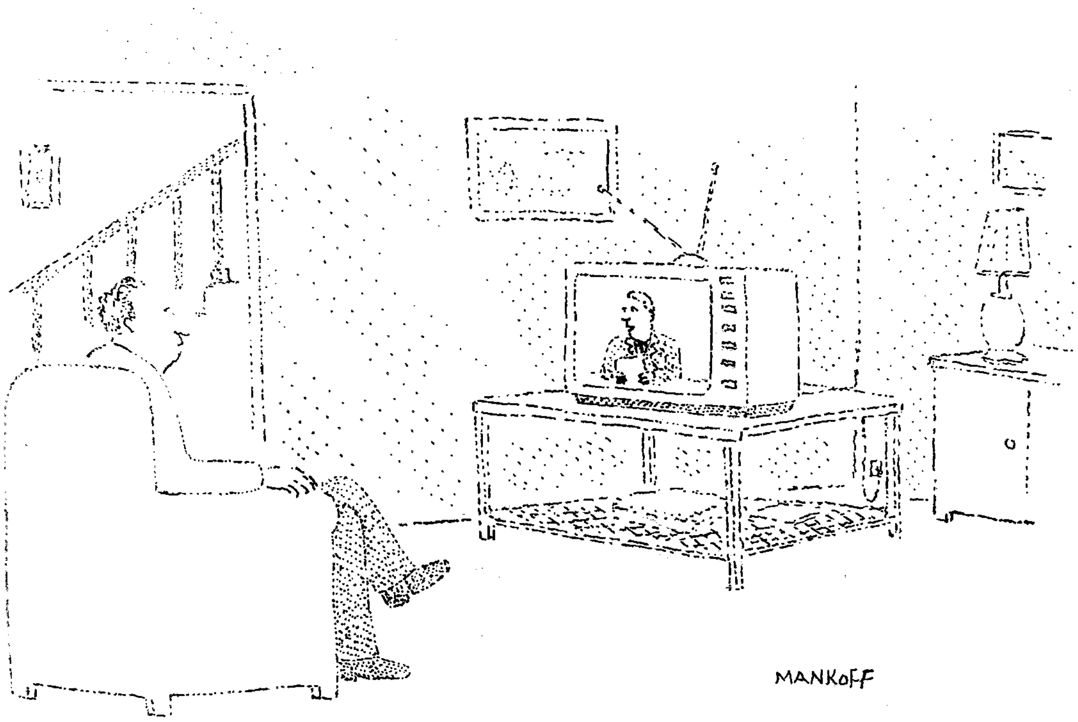
Sculptures

WHAT is probably the most complicated and spectacular outdoor metal sculpture in New York stands at the edge of the old New York Central railroad yards on the Hudson River in the Sixties. From West End Avenue, it looks like a zeppelin that has crashed or a collapsed roller coaster. It is actually the steel-beam and corrugated-iron remnants of a three-hundred-foot-long, forty-foot-high pier that burned down half a dozen years ago, leaving a rusty skeleton listing into the river. We went



"Final, revised government figures for the fourth quarter of 1981 now indicate that the Yankees, not the Dodgers, won the World Series."

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to take a closer look one morning last week. Having entered the yards at the south end, near the Con Edison plant, we climbed over one of several long concrete unloading platforms and then headed north under the elevated West Side Highway. There was a steady hum of cars, and an occasional *ba-bump* as they passed over a certain joint or pothole overhead. Along the waterfront were low mountains of trash—chunks of concrete, cardboard boxes, bags of garbage, pieces of lumber and wallboard, torn-out windows, and dirt—with weeds and tall saplings growing out of them. The pier itself was huge, rust-colored, and ghostly. Seagulls flew across its dark geometry. After a while, we turned back. A tall man in a down jacket and cowboy boots was sweeping one of the platforms. He gave us a friendly wave, and we talked to him for a bit. He told us he had worked in the area for the last ten years. "That old pier was beautiful inside," he said. "It had old-fashioned offices, and all the rigging for the ships. It's too bad it's gone." He looked out at the river. "Farther up the shore there," he said, pointing north, "is what's left of a floating bridge they used in moving freight cars from barges onto the shore. They raised or lowered the bridge according to the tide. I used to make balsa-wood models of it and sell them at flea markets. I've probably sold fifty of them over the years. Part of that bridge is still standing. Want to take a look?"

A few minutes later, we were climbing around on the remnants of the old floating bridge, stepping over holes and jumping from beam to beam. It was a mysterious mixture of elements—mining operation, railroad trestle, and ferry slip. There were enormous wheels and winches; pipes, cables, girders; small huts, railings, charred timbers, smokestacks, stairs; and train tracks descending into the water. "This was a wonderful place," the man said. "When I was a kid, I used to hang out here with my friends. Now it's all burned and falling apart, but it's still beautiful. About once a week, a van drives up here, and a bunch of people get out—Japanese, I think—and they all start taking pictures of this."

Pros and Cons

IN our attachment to and affection for the written word, we try to keep up with the various technologies that store and do other things with our own words and billions of others. Not long ago, for instance, we ventured into a conference at the Hilton called Micrographics and the Videodisc, Video Challenge, and joined a bunch of conservative-suited young men and women who all had faraway looks in their eyes and who had been sent there by such companies as Bell Laboratories, General Dynamics, Eastman Kodak, I.B.M., the Micrographic Products Division of 3M, Bokförlaget Bra Böcker (Swedish), and Dow Jones; by information outfits with names like Demand Data Enterprises, Micro Color International, Microradiographics, Inc., and Informatics, Inc.; and by the American Museum of Natural History. We concentrated hard as we listened to presentations of papers entitled "Optical vs. Magnetic and Micrographic Reporting: Where Are We Today?" and "Text, Video, and Audio Possibilities of the Videodisc."

During a break, we picked up a copy of a magazine called *Videodisc/Videotex*, which, together with a magazine called *Microform Review*, sponsored the conference, and in it we studied a "Glossary of Terms," starting with "AEDS," or Association for Educational Data Systems, 1201 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 ("Professional organization dedicated to the exchange of ideas about the relationship of computer technology and education"); going on to "Display Terminal" ("A terminal which displays information on a screen rather than putting it onto paper"), "Micrographics" ("Techniques associated with the production, handling, and use of microforms"), "Random Access Memory (RAM)" ("Semiconductor memory circuits used for the storage of data and programs in word processing systems, computer systems, and related information-processing devices"), "Read-Only-Memory (ROM)" ("Semiconductor memory circuits that contain *prewritten* programs or data. The content of ROM circuits is permanent while the content of RAM circuits is volatile"), "Software" ("A set of programs, procedures, and documents concerned with the operation of a data processing system"), and "Updatable Microfiche System" ("A system that permits the addition or deletion of micro-images"); and winding up with "Word Processing" ("A system for organizing people, procedures, and automated equipment to transfer information more efficiently from a spoken or recorded form to a written form").

After listening to a report entitled "The Analysis of Book Images for Conversion to Videodisc," we had a brief, illuminating chat with an enthusiastic young man named Alan Meckler, who is the publisher of both *Microform Review* and *Videodisc/Videotex*.

"All I wanted to do here was explore the threat that videodisc might pose to microfilm or microfiche," Mr. Meckler said cheerfully. "In other words, are they going to be replaced by the videodisc? My opinion is that videodisc will be useful for education and training purposes. You can't ignore the fact that you can store the entire contents of the Encyclopædia Britannica on a disc. And it never wears out. Because nothing *touches* the disc. You can pour ketchup on it, and it will still work. So it looks as though we'd have to admit that videodisc is a threat, but right now it still makes sense to store information micrographically. The great future of videodisc is for teaching. There are two basic videodisc systems in the picture—I'm not trying to be funny—and RCA's system, with grooves and a needle, can't do as much, I *think*, as the system being put out by Sony, Pioneer, and others. Their system has a teeny laser beam instead of a needle to get the images onto the TV screen. With this system, you can jump around to any frame you select of the thousands available, and it takes you no longer than four or five seconds. Wouldn't you say that system gives you more options?"

"Well, sure," we said.

Mr. Meckler looked delighted. "Also, this system has two separate soundtracks," he said. "In training a class, it's nice sometimes to have talking and background music going on at the same time."

"Then how come videodisc isn't an all-out threat?" we asked.

"Money," Mr. Meckler said, still exuberant. "Who can afford to buy an eight-hundred-dollar player? You?"

"No chance," we said.

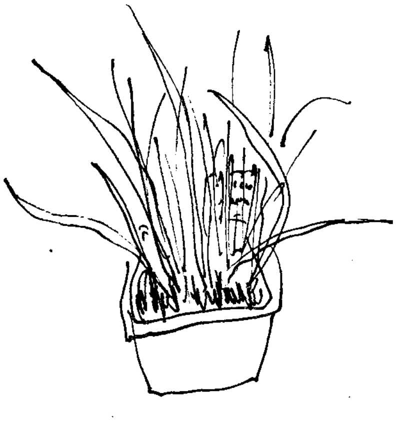
"Not at this point, anyway," Mr. Meckler said. "Sears, Roebuck had an experimental program recently to put its catalogue on videodiscs, which it gave out to player-owners in two test areas—Washington, D.C., and Cincinnati. Did you know that Sears spends millions of dollars a year on its *printed* catalogue? As you'll learn here, there's the digital optical videodisc, which is a mass-memory device for the storage of data, and the analogue optical videodisc, which stores pictures, moving as well as still. Of course, with the latter the assumption is that people are going to buy videodisc players for their homes as well as for teaching and training purposes. If you stick around, you'll hear a lot of pros and cons."

We stuck around, and were inundated by an intimidating vocabulary: "the morphology of a page" (printed pages wear out); "grooved and grooveless capacitative videodiscs" (discs using the needle and the laser beam); "soft copy and hard copy" (words on a television screen and words on a piece of paper in hand); and a lot more. Then somebody said that the concept of the library hadn't changed very much in seven thousand years. No discussion, no challenge. Somebody else stood up and asked a speaker if any studies had been made of whether videodisc players were causing people to have headaches, the way microfilm machines do. No answer. A speaker suddenly dropped all his technical jargon and offered the opinion that "a microfilm reader is about as cuddly as an alligator." He then grinned at everybody and said, "Books, whatever happens, will always be with us." At that, Mr. Meckler, more cheerful than ever, led everybody at the conference in energetic applause. We were cheered up, too.

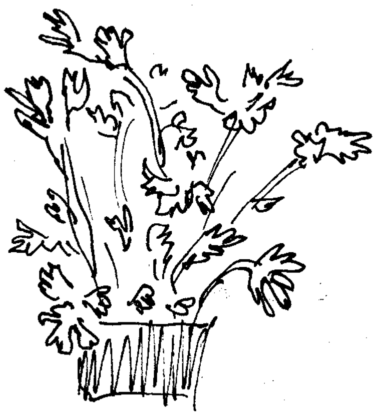
First Garden

A CITY friend who has rented a house in the country has sent us the following communication about his first garden:

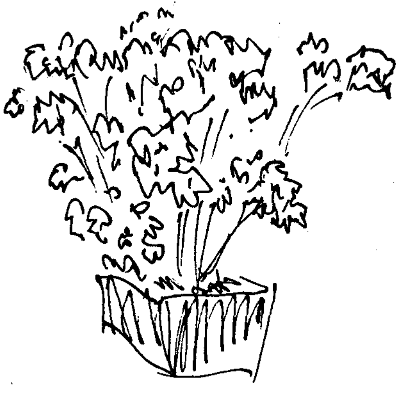
One mild, sunny morning a few weeks ago, I bought a shovel and dug a garden—approximately two feet by five feet—against the east wall of the house, near the back door. The next day, there was torrential rain, and, shortly after that, a tremendous snow. I never got to plant anything. Yesterday, however—April 30th—was a sweetheart of a day, with dazzling sunlight, leaves unfolding, temperature scrambling upward, and I went directly to the local nursery. I meant business. I went into the vegetable-and-herb department: vast and pleasant greenhouse with earth underfoot and moisture dripping from the panels overhead. It smelled good. There were hundreds of plants in small plastic or cardboard pots, all of them already growing successfully. I studied them at leisure. Nobody demanded, "May I help you?" The only person who spoke to me was a middle-aged woman who wanted to know when hollyhocks bloom. (I passed.) The first plants I saw were yellow sweet Spanish onion (*Illus. A*), celery (*Illus. B*), and parsley (*Illus. C*)—all good but



Illus. A

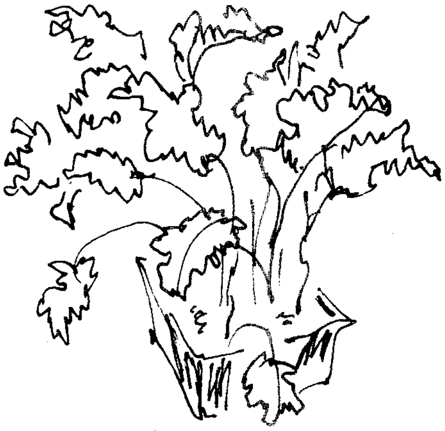


Illus. B

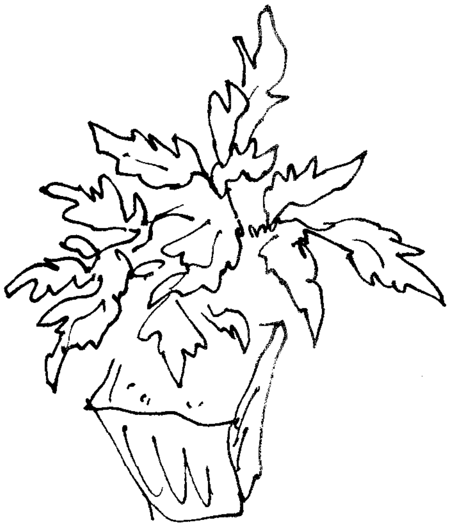


Illus. C

not central enough for a major role in my garden at this point. Brussels sprouts looked fine but are not, in my book, a genuine comestible. Ditto for kale (*Illus. D*). Moved on to broccoli and cauliflower, both with paddle-shaped leaves, then to lettuce. Some variety of lettuce seemed imperative, but there were so many kinds—such as ruby, buttercrunch (forget *that;* name too cute), romaine, and several icebergs—that I decided not to make an immediate decision. Cucumbers and zucchini were both appealing, as were Big Boy tomatoes (*Illus. E*)—in fact, just what I was looking for. Then I saw a sign saying not to plant any of these until after May 15th; danger of frost. O.K. I can wait. Patience an important quality for man of soil.

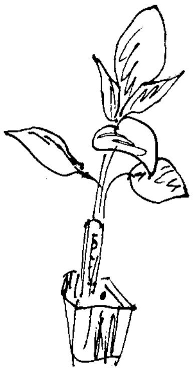


Illus. D

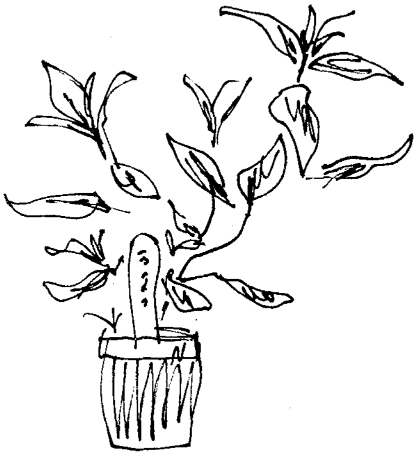


Illus. E

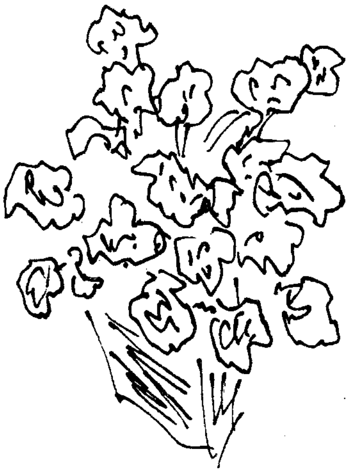
Moved on to herbs. "Herbs Can Be Planted Now," said a sign. Well, all right! Tarragon, rosemary, and oregano looked possible, as did Jerusalem artichoke (*Illus. F*). Small plastic labels stuck in the soil described what particular services each herb offered. Lemon verbena (*Illus. G*) performs well in cool drinks, perfumes, and fruit salad. Golden feverfew purifies the atmosphere. (Assume they don't really mean *the* atmosphere; big job for small herb.) Passed over hyssop, sorrel, and Corsican mint. Garlic chives looked zany, as did horseradish. Catnip Mussini and horehound (*Illus. H*) seemed a bit bland, especially compared with bee balm, an overachiever (teas, perfumes; decorative and medicinal), and with the lovable lovage (*Illus. I*), whose leaves are good for soups, fish, salads, and sauces, and whose seeds are just the thing for cakes, candies, meat pies, and stews. It was, finally, sweet woodruff (*Illus. J*)—a pyrotechnical explosion rocketing in all directions and exploding in tiny white flowers—that proved irresistible. Also, it is used in May wine, and tomorrow would be May 1st. I gathered it up, selected three Great Lakes head lettuces ("Excellent in Salads"), bought one trowel (*Illus. K*), for $2.29, and went home to plant.



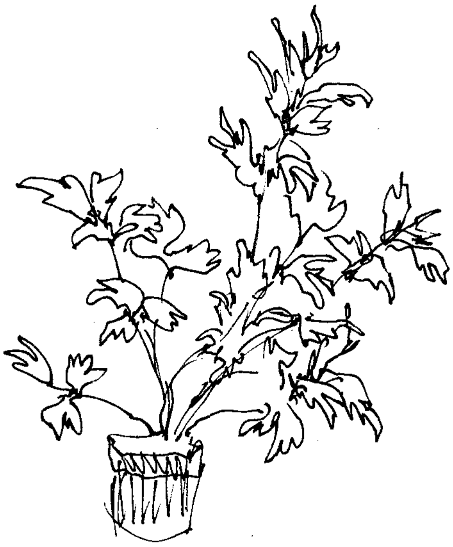
Illus. F



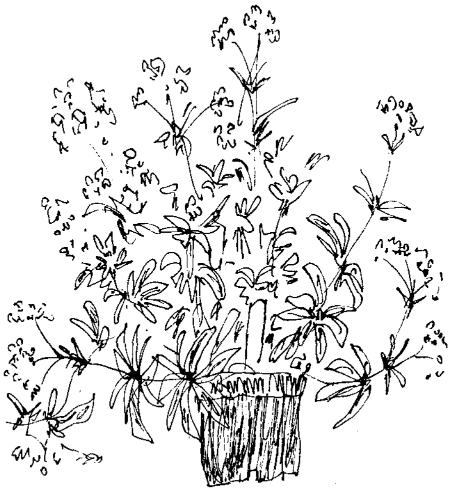
Illus. G



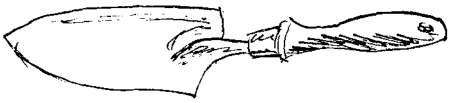
Illus. H



Illus. I



Illus. J



Illus. K

TIMETABLE

Broadway-7th Ave. Local ❶, M Metropolitan Transportation Authority New York City Transit Authority

Van Cortlandt Park-Harlem-Lincoln Center-Coliseum-Times Square Madison Square Garden-Chelsea-Greenwich Village-World Trade Center-South Ferry

Train Number	167	7	3	4761	1674	74	16	61	47	241616	761	4	161
Train Name	The Millard Fillmore	The Van Arsdale Special	The Mayor Koch	The Nelson Rockefeller	The Michael Quill	The Robert Moses	The Theodore Kheel	The Abraham Beame	The Robert Wagner	The William O'Dwyer	The John V. Lindsay	The Wabash Cannonball	The Peter Stuyvesant
Type of Service	💡 💨 ◫	🌓 ◧ ☃	🛌 🌵 🔊	💡 ≋	◧ 💨 🌑 🩹	🌑 ☃ ■	🛌 🌓 🌵 ◧	💡 ☃ ◫ 🗑	🔊 🌓 ◧ ≋	🛌 💡 🌵 🩹	☃ 💨 💡 ≋	◧ 🌓 🩹	💡 ◫ ≋
242 St. Van Cortlandt Park	6:14	6:16	6:26	㉘ 6:29	6:34	6:39	㊶ 6:44	6:54	7:01	7:07	7:13	7:18	(69) 7:40
238 St.	6:16	6:17	㉓ 6:42	6:55	6:56	6:58	7:00	7:01	7:03	7:09	7:15	7:20	7:42
231 St.	6:18	6:18	6:43	6:57	6:58	7:00	7:03	(52) 7:04	7:05	7:11	7:17	7:22	7:46
225 St. Conrail (Marble Hill)	6:21	6:21	6:44	6:59	7:00	7:02	㊷ 7:05	7:31	7:32	7:51	7:52	7:53	7:54
215 St. Baker Field	①												
207 St.	6:25	⑯ 6:25	6:45	7:02	7:03	7:05	7:32	7:34	7:51	(59) 7:53	7:54	(66) 7:55	8:10
Dyckman St. The Cloisters	② 6:38	6:38	㉗ 6:47	7:04	7:05	7:07	7:34	7:36	7:53	7:55	7:57	7:58	8:42
191 St.	6:39	6:39	6:48	㉚ 7:07	7:08	7:10	7:37	7:39	7:55	7:58	8:01	8:02	9:46
181 St. High Bridge Park	6:40	6:41	6:49	7:10	㉝ 7:11	7:12	7:39	7:41	7:58	8:00	8:04	8:05	11:54
168 St. ⊕	6:41	⑰ 6:47	㉗ 6:50	7:14	7:15	㉗ 7:16	㊸ 7:42	7:44	8:00	8:03	8:08	8:09	**4:10**
157 St. Acad. of Arts & Ltrs.	6:42	6:48	6:51	㉚ 7:17	7:18	7:19	7:44	7:46	8:03	8:05	8:12	8:13	(70) 0:42
145 St. Harlem	6:44	6:49	6:52	7:20	7:21	7:22	8:05	8:06	8:07	8:08	8:16	8:17	
137 St. City College	⑤ 6:46	6:50	6:53	㉚ 7:23	7:23	7:24	8:07	8:08	8:11	(60) 8:14	8:20	8:21	
125 St.	6:48	6:51	6:54	7:26	㉞ 7:26	7:28	㊼ 8:09	8:11	8:14	8:42	8:44	(67) 8:45	
116 St. Columbia University	6:50	⑱ 7:00	7:01	7:29	7:29	7:31	㊼ 8:10	㊼ 8:34	8:35	8:44	8:48	11:44	
110 St.	⑥ 7:01	7:01	7:02	7:31	㉘ 7:31	7:33	8:11	8:35	(55) 8:36	8:47	8:49	11:47	
103 St.	7:02	7:02	7:03	㉚ 7:34	㉝ 8:19	8:20	㊼ 8:22	(53) 8:37	(56) 8:38	8:50	㉚ 9:13	11:49	
96 St. Reservoir	7:03	7:03	7:04	7:38	8:22	8:25	㊼ 8:29	8:39	8:40	8:52	㉗ 9:17	11:51	
86 St.	7:04	7:07	㉘ 7:08	7:42	8:26	8:28	㊼ 8:30	8:40	8:44	8:54	9:21	11:53	
79 St. Boat Basin	7:08	7:17	7:18	㉚ 7:46	8:30	8:33	㊽ 8:34	8:41	8:46	8:57	9:25	11:55	
72 St.	7:10	7:19	7:21	7:48	8:32	8:35	㊼ 8:37	8:44	8:49	㉟ 8:59	9:29	11:57	
66 St. Lincoln Center	7:12	7:21	7:24	7:51	8:35	8:37	8:39	8:46	8:51	9:01	9:33	(68) 11:59	
59 St. Columbus Circle ⊕	7:14	7:23	7:27	7:58	8:38	8:39	8:42	8:48	9:10	9:12	9:37	**12:01**	
50 St.	7:16	7:25	7:30	㉛ 8:05	8:41	8:42	8:45	8:51	9:59	10:02	(62) 10:05	**12:03**	
42 St. Times Square ⊕	7:18	㉒ 7:27	㉒ 7:33	8:15	㊴ 8:44	8:45	8:47	8:54	10:01	10:05	10:08	**12:05**	
34 St. Penn. Sta. Mad. Sq. Gd.	7:21	7:29	7:36	8:17	8:46	8:48	㊾ 8:51	8:55	10:04	(61) 10:08	10:12	**12:07**	
28 St.	⑪ 7:24	7:31	7:39	8:19	8:48	8:50	8:55	8:59	(67) 10:07	10:26	10:28	**12:09**	
23 St. Chelsea	7:28	7:33	7:42	8:21	8:51	8:53	㊿ 8:56	9:02	10:25	10:28	(63) 10:32	**12:11**	
18 St.	7:33	7:35	7:45	8:23	8:53	8:55	8:58	9:04	10:28	10:31	10:35	**12:13**	
14 St. ⊕	7:39	7:39	㉘ 7:48	8:25	8:55	8:58	㊼ 9:01	9:06	10:31	10:33	⑮ 10:39	**12:15**	
Christopher St. Sheridan Sq.	⑭ 7:46	7:59	8:00	8:27	8:58	9:00	(51) 10:19	10:21	⑤ 10:48	10:52	⑮ 10:54	㉗ **12:17**	
Houston St. SoHo	7:52	8:01	8:03	㉜ 8:29	㉝ 9:00	㊵ 10:19	10:22	10:23	(58) 10:50	10:54	⑮ 10:57	**12:19**	
Canal St.	8:01	8:03	㉘ 8:06	8:31	9:03	10:22	10:23	10:24	10:53	10:57	⑮ 11:00	**12:21**	
Franklin St. Tribeca	⑮ 8:11	8:12	㉙ 8:13	8:33	9:05	10:24	10:25	10:26	10:55	10:59	⑮ 11:03	**12:23**	
Chambers St.	⑮ 8:22	⑮ 8:31	8:32	8:35	9:07	10:27	10:28	㉘ 10:29	10:57	11:02	⑮ 11:04	**12:25**	
Cortlandt St. World Trade Ctr.	⑮ 8:34	8:34	㉘ 8:35	㉘ 8:37	9:09	10:30	10:31	(64) 10:33	11:00	11:04	(64) 11:08	**12:27**	
Rector St.	8:47	8:54	㉘ 8:56	8:57	9:18	10:33	10:34	(64) 10:36	11:03	11:25	11:26	**12:29**	
South Ferry	9:01	9:02	9:05	9:06	9:24	10:35	10:36	(64) 10:38	11:24	11:28	11:58	**12:31**	

General Symbols and Abbreviations

⊕ Transfer point.	☃ Air-conditioning.	🌑 Non-illuminated.	◧ One door opens.	🔊 Noisy.	A.M.
≋ Heated.	🌵 No air-conditioning.	🌓 Gloomy.	■ No doors open.	🩹 Repaired.	**P.M.**
💨 Fresh air.	💡 Illuminated.	◫ Both doors open.	🛌 Sleeper.	🗑 Garbage.	

Reference Marks

(1) Station closed for redecoration. Watch for Grand Reopening and Tag Sale.

(2) If Motorman Doerffler's grandmother, Mrs. Masefield, brought the popovers to the 207th Street Station on time, the Millard Fillmore will arrive at 6:27.

(5) Stops Tuesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

(6) If the 110th Street men's rest room is relatively pristine, Motorman Doerffler will stop to shave. Add 11 minutes.

(11) Inadvisable to read fine print in sales contracts between here and 18th Street, due to uncertain voltage.

(14) Passengers for 14th, 18th, and 28th Streets change at South Ferry to uptown local.

(15) Men working on tracks.

(16) Motorman Diaz, having left his own train and walked through the Millard Fillmore to discern cause of delay, has been added to Mrs. Masefield's popover list.

(17) Motorman Diaz doesn't like to leave without at least one passenger. Add 0-37 minutes.

(18) Optional delay during spring term to permit Motorman Diaz to drop off papers when due for his English Lit. course, "Metaphysics to Modern Melancholy: Donne, Plath, et al."

(22) Train will not stop from Mar. 1, 1979, to May 31, 1982: station fumigation.

(23) If sun is shining, Motorman Lobutto will remove black spray paint from front window. Add 19 minutes.

(27) Doesn't stop on weekdays.

(28) Incomprehensible public-address announcement. Translation: "Slight delay due to unavoidable conditions."

(29) If Motorman Lobutto desires replacement, he will phone MTA from dentist's office on William Street. Add 4-15 minutes.

(30) Stops except Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays.

(31) 10 min. layover for fruit delivery.

(32) 7 min. optional delay to investigate enigmatic hum in rear car.

(33) P.A. announcement: Express stops only below 168th Street.

(34) P.A. announcement: Local stops only below 14th Street.

(35) Flood.

(39) P.A. announcement: No stops between Times Square and 96th Street.

(40) When Motorman Jamahl does not attend NYU dendrology laboratory, subtract 78 minutes; applies also to succeeding stops.

(41) Run cancelled if wind-chill factor drops below 0° F.

(42) If Motorman Pennyroyal on duty, a 25 min. layover while he coordinates faulty watch with Conrail Engineer DiBiasi's.

(43) Add 20 minutes in months containing an "r." Passengers who detrained from the Michael Quill on the understanding it would make express stops only, and were unable to board the Robert Moses, may make written application for fare restitution to MTA if pending (4/11/79) legislation (N.Y. Assembly No. J-5541) does not pass in current session or is vetoed by Gov. Carey.

(47) Does not stop here during months lacking letter "r."

(48) Passengers for destinations between 86th and 137th Streets should change at 72nd Street to uptown local.

(49) Passengers for destinations between 145th and 242nd Streets should have changed at Times Square for uptown local.

(50) P.A. announcement: (incomprehensible).

(51) Chorus and crowd-extra parts for "Acis and Galatea" occasionally available at Actors Playhouse, Sheridan Sq., for those who prefer not continuing to their destinations.

(52) May not stop: bees in station.

(53) 19 min. delay on odd-numbered weekdays, when crew walks tracks to 96th Street in search of Motorman Sproat's lost wrench.

(54) Omit.

(55) Does not stop Tuesdays, Christmas, Easter Sunday, Memorial Day.

(56) 22 min. delay on even-numbered weekdays, when crew walks tracks back to 110th Street in search of Sproat's wrench (see 53).

(57) Summer only.

(58) Add 34 minutes when Outward Bound work crew is on tracks.

(59) Express to 34th Street on Wednesdays, when Mrs. Masefield shops at Macy's.

(60) Slows to 3 mph to 14th Street on 1st Monday each month: shop-steward elections.

(61) Passengers for destinations between Pennsylvania Station and 14th Street should get out and walk.

(62) Passengers for destinations between 50th and 96th Streets should change at Times Square to uptown express and at 96th Street to downtown local.

(63) 17 min. delay on Thursdays, when Motorman Rodriguez returns books to Muhlenberg branch of Public Library. Passengers may accompany him and browse at will.

(64) No tracks.

(66) 7 min. delay if Mrs. Masefield has any mail.

(67) Passengers for destinations south of Times Square should take crosstown bus to Park Avenue, board Conrail train to Grand Central, change to shuttle or No. 7 train, and catch downtown local at Times Square.

(68) 1 min. delay: Angelus.

(69) Train operates on "free-lance basis," due to accumulated delays. Consult token booth for alt. transportation.

(70) All passengers discharged, since it is the next day. Time to go home.

NOTICE

Starting August 18, 1979, major reconstruction is to begin on the Broadway-7th Avenue line. Stations at 23rd Street, 137th Street, and Cortlandt Street will be closed from 9:00 a.m. to 11:46 a.m. Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays; starting November 27, stations at 34th Street and above 181st Street will be closed from 1:00 a.m. Mondays to 7:00 p.m. Wednesdays and from 11:00 p.m. Wednesdays to 6:00 a.m. Sundays; starting November 28, stations at 66th Street and 207th Street will be closed from 2:00 p.m. to 2:18 p.m. on Tuesdays and Wednesdays; and ending November 29 stations from Times Square to Rector Street will be open (with above exceptions) from 11:00 a.m. on Mondays.

—James Munves

NOTHING LIKE IT

THE street wasn't much—an old-fashioned sweetshop with glass candy jars in the window, a carpet warehouse with two stories boarded up and the top story open to pigeons and climbing ivy, a butcher's with a fat yellow cat asleep across the doorway, and Little Dorrit Antiques. I'd wandered down the street from St. George's, the church where Little Dorrit was married. There was a plaque on the church saying so, just as there were plaques on buildings in Bloomsbury, where I was staying, announcing that Virginia Woolf had lived there, as though the daughter of Marshalsea and Virginia Woolf had an equal right to commemoration. The dusty window of the antique shop was crowded with goods, and the jumble continued inside—enamelled toy cars on three wheels tipping over, flowered china bowls and vases, their chips turned to the wall. Aged dolls with faded faces sagged on the shelves in unladylike postures. There were tables and chairs that looked whole at first and then could be seen to be propped up, arms and legs and wings removed or tilted at a jaunty angle. The walls were a color I couldn't name: the yellow of mustard or brewer's yeast. Shaded by a green glass cone, a single bulb shone over a large worktable. The only other light came through the dusty window, giving the shop a grainy air of resignation.

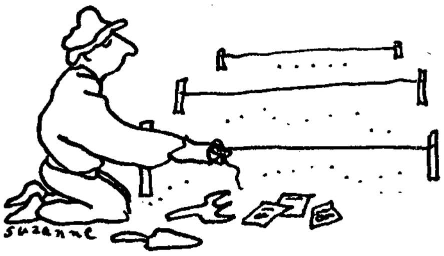
A man sat at the worktable. He wore a black turtleneck, and his hair was bright and straight. A cigarette burned at the table's edge. Lying before him was a painted wooden pony that was nearly as big as the table itself. A piece of the tail had broken off, and with a crumpled piece of sandpaper the man was patiently stroking a crescent of wood, to match the empty place. I stood at the window, waiting for him to notice me. I was wearing my brown velvet jacket, snug at the waist, and a brown velvet beret that matched the jacket and my hair. I'd pinned a tiny red grosgrain bow to the hat, and my white lace cuffs emerged from the jacket, fresh and ready. Feeling me watching him, the man looked up and smiled. He returned to his work, and I reached for the brass knob. I entered Little Dorrit Antiques as if I were an expected guest.

IT was midafternoon, my seventeenth day in London. In four more days I could go home—that is, according to my airline ticket I'd be able to leave, and by the terms of my bargain with myself it would be time to go back to New York. I'd grown up there, born when my parents were old to have a baby—both of them in their forties—and the three of us lived quietly in an apartment overlooking a red stone church on Amsterdam Avenue. I'd never been farther from New York than Massachusetts, where I went to college. I don't know what I was thinking of, going there, or why I stayed. I never got used to the dark in the country or to the wind. And I was always wondering what was happening in New York, as if real life took place there exclusively.

When I came home after college, the city, instead of holding a place open for me, had closed ranks. I found myself looking for an apartment and a job like any stranger, and living in my old room off the kitchen in my parents' apartment. I woke each morning to the sound of my father setting the kettle on the stove for his morning tea, and when I heard the grains of my mother's coffee fall onto the paper filter I knew it was time to rise and join them. We sat all three at the kitchen table: my father dressed, my mother in her yellow quilted robe, and I in my flannel nightgown. Sometimes I caught them looking at one another as though they'd been played a nasty trick, their daughter returned when they should have had the place to themselves.

In the summer, through a friend of my mother's, I found a job in the circulation department of a magazine that was given away to lawyers. The magazine was full of glossy ads and glossier accounts of legal history, though the offices were gray and plain. To save money from my salary, I ate lunch at my desk every day and looked into the back windows of the hotel where the Beatles had stayed on their first visit to New York. I knew this time in my life was temporary. Something else was coming, something that would make the long days at my job worthwhile or soon forgotten.

I filled in for my mother's friend—the manager of the circulation department—when she was on vacation, and when she came back, after Labor Day, I asked if I had any time coming to me. I'd saved money for a cheap ticket to London, I told her. She'd known my mother since high school. Her own children were grown and gone. She smiled and said, "I think you do have time coming, Alice." I knew she wouldn't expect me back.



My parents were probably happy to see me go. They had always been patient with me and lavished attention on me, as if all their lives before I was born they had been saving up energy for the effort I would require. As a little girl I'd hesitated to show them small cuts and bruises for fear it would hurt them. At first, when I told them my plan they were dismayed; then they were relieved. As soon as I returned from my vacation, everything would settle in sweet as pie, my mother said. And my father gave me a crisp hundred-dollar bill in an envelope the morning I left for the airport.

AT the sound of the shop door opening and closing, the man at the worktable looked up again. He was older than I'd thought, seeing him through the window. He gave me a smile that was both cordial and professional.

"Are you fond of carrousels?" he asked. He spoke as he might have sung, gently and lightly.

"I haven't been on one in years," I said. "There's a good one in Central Park."

"Ah," he said. "American."

I admitted I was American and said my name was Alice Barnstone.

"I'm Alan Boot," he said. "A horse won't be still for long, so I must press on. But have a look, Alice. Look at the dolls. Most pretty girls like dolls."

"I left mine at home," I said, but obediently I circled his store, picking up an etched glass here, a bud vase there, touching the cheek of a curly-headed Victorian baby in wrinkled petticoats. I ended by the door at a straw basket filled with buttons, medals, and buckles. I found a small metal belt buckle in the form of a woman's head, and I said, "Lovely, isn't it? I could polish it, couldn't I?" I moved closer to the table, so he could see the buckle, and I wondered if Alan Boot had chosen the color of the walls by mistake or if he'd learned to live with it.

"It looks quite like you," he said. "Though perhaps more like your older sister."

"We decided to throw out everything and just decorate with plants."

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"I'm an only child," I said.

"And I've no one at all," he said in a matter-of-fact way that asked for neither sympathy nor comment. "I used to have an old auntie, but she died and left me the money to buy this place." A bell chimed, and he gestured with his sandpaper at a clock hanging above a doll's house. "Teatime already. You must be tired and thirsty."

As soon as Alan said it, I realized I was. I enjoyed walking in London, but I wasn't comfortable eating alone in public. More often than not, I bought wine, meat pies, and chocolate, and ate in my bed-and-breakfast before I went to sleep.

"Perhaps," said Alan Boot, smiling in a kind way, "you might accept a cup of tea. I have a kitchen upstairs."

At home, I'd known which blocks to walk on, which not, and never to cross the bridle path to the wild part of Central Park. It went against the grain to go upstairs with a strange man. But Alan Boot looked harmless, and the grain wasn't doing me much good. I followed him up the yellow stairwell to his parlor, where he settled me in one of two large blue armchairs that faced a modest tile mantel and an ornate iron coal grate. There was a bare modern floor-to-ceiling window behind the chairs. From the kitchen, Alan called, "See out the window? That bit of brickwork?"

"The old wall?"

"That's all that remains of Marshalsea Prison."

"Oh," I said, recognizing the name.

"Where Dickens' father was incarcerated," he explained. "Terrible for little Charles. For his father as well, I suppose, though no one seems to have any sympathy left over for him."

Alan served me one pot of tea, a plain, brown, serviceable pot, and then he switched to a white porcelain pot covered with a design of blue cornflowers—to match my eyes, he said. "You're not one of those false blue-eyed girls, are you," he asked, "with contact lenses to add to your color?"

"My eyes are true blue," I said. "Not that I had much to do with it. They came this way."

"Let me know if I'm keeping you from any evening engagements," he said.

I removed my brown velvet beret and set it on the generous arm of my chair and leaned back. He was rangy and handsome, like the men I'd seen in black-and-white movies about English working-class life. "I'm not expected anywhere," I said. "I don't know anyone in London."

I asked about his aunt—how she came to be his only relative—and Alan told me that both his parents had been killed during the war in an air raid. "I was placed with a family near Bath," he said.

"What's it like there?" I asked, not knowing what else to say. We might go there, I thought, and quickly I imagined green fields and thatch-roofed cottages I'd seen before only on cookie tins and postcards. "Is it pretty?"

"I was no more than a year old. Didn't notice the scenery. I was sent like a lost parcel from family to family, until my auntie found me, bless her."

"And then?"

"Oh. It's all quite ordinary after that. A year or so later, my aunt sent me to school. To several schools before it was over. She was never content with my lot in life."

"But you couldn't have been more than four years old."

"More than four, surely," Alan Boot said, as if we were discussing how much tip to leave a rude waiter.

"But young, anyway," I insisted, thinking of my parents, who hadn't let me go on a crosstown bus alone until I was ten.

"That's when it's done," Alan said. "I saw my auntie on school holidays. It wasn't the worst childhood. I went to art school for a year, and when she died I bought this little house and my van."

I waited to detect a note of anger or regret or self-pity in his story, but there wasn't a trace. I'd heard people speak with more feeling about not getting into Harvard.

It had grown dark as we talked. When I stood to go, Alan stood up next to me. He was much taller than I, and slim as a sailor. His hair wasn't bright at all but a pale shade of sand. He was older than I by ten years or more, I figured—not from his story but from his eyes.

"I should be leaving now," I said, but we sat down again, and Alan took my hand. His hand was strong, and the fingers were callused at the tips.

"Will you stay?" he asked shyly, as if he'd been rehearsing the question as we sat and drank tea and talked. I wondered if he told girls like me his sad story to make them more willing to stay. "I'd like you to," he said, and I thought, Well, why not, pretending he meant I should stay for dinner.

Later, I followed him up another set of yellow stairs to his bedroom, which he'd painted bright white. The floor was bleached pine, and a peacock-blue eiderdown covered the carved wooden bed. There were no curtains on the windows, which faced the street, and no neighbors to see in—only a view of chimneys, tiled roofs, and Great Dover Street parading by.

"I don't do this sort of thing on a regular basis, you know," Alan said as we lay together on evergreen sheets.

"Do you mean making love," I asked, "or picking up customers?" I touched his bare shoulder, which was bony and pale as the cheek of a doll in his shop.

"Both," he said, and he kissed me. "It's very rare. But can't you tell?"

WE parted in the morning, and I returned in the afternoon to his shop, as he'd asked me to. This time, I had to knock on the door and wait for him to come down the stairs—the shop had a "Closed" sign hanging in the window, and the door was locked.

"I've a surprise for you," Alan said when he'd kissed me and told me he liked my bright-blue shirt. "There's a place that's gone to the Americans, but it's rather nice even so—if you catch it at just the right moment."

The evening was warm, and we walked the few blocks, not holding hands but near one another, and I was glad when we touched by accident. He was leading me to the George Inn—not, he explained carefully, the kind of place he frequented with his mates but still quite a nice place. It was the last galleried inn in London, dating from the seventeenth century. The fair evening made it possible for us to sit outside in the cobbled courtyard, where coaches once pulled up. The court was shadowed by taller buildings. Pots of red geraniums and white ornamental flowers had been set out among the wooden benches and tables. I hadn't seen anything quite so English yet, and it seemed a wonderful trick that I was there with an Englishman who knew how to get our drinks and what to order.

Alan brought me a half of lager and a bag of peanuts, and for himself a pint of bitter and some crisps.

"It's a long winter ahead," he said. "Enjoy this while you can."

"Have you been in London all summer?"

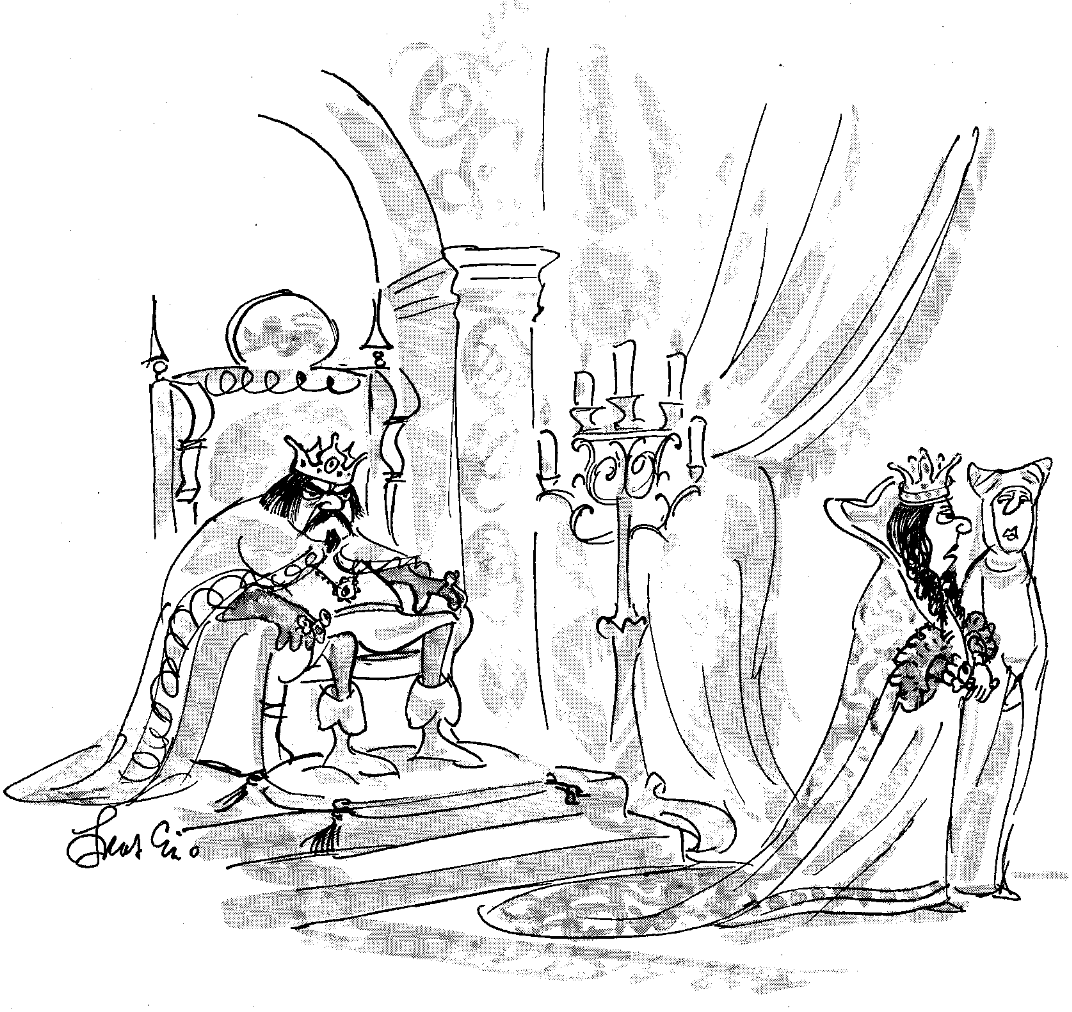
"Yes," he said, "come to think of it. In days gone by, I've been known to go to France—at the least—for a few weeks' holiday. Simple, really, in the van. But I didn't have the cash to spare this summer."

"Summer must be your big season," I said, and, when he looked puzzled, added, "In the shop, I mean. Tourists," and I tapped myself on the chest.

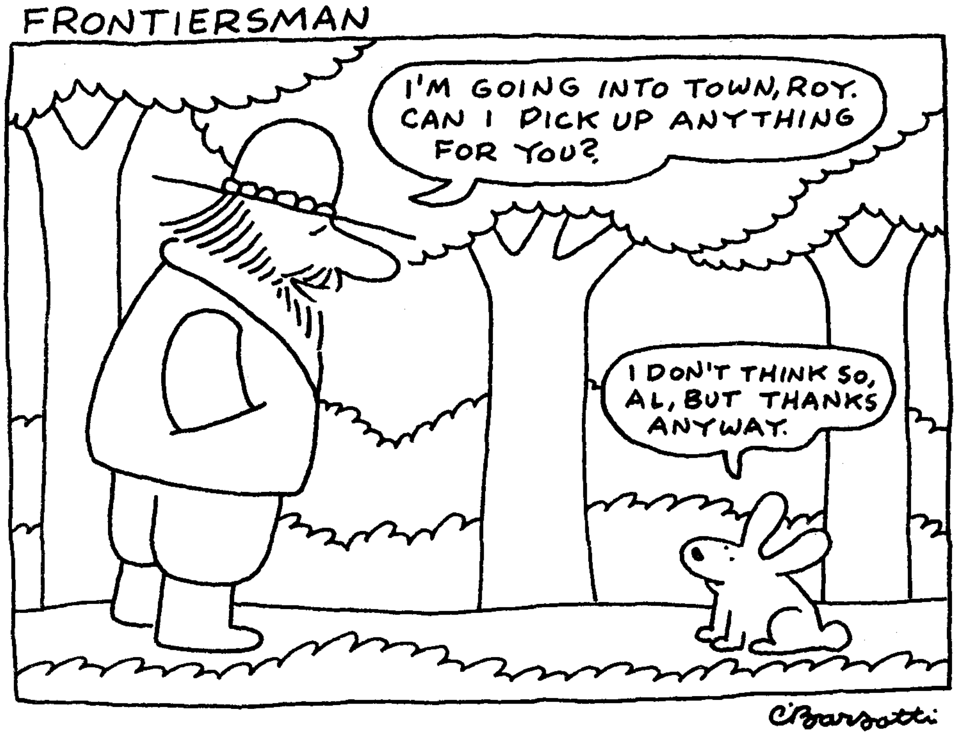
"Little Dorrit has no season," he said. "Just a pleasing sameness all the year round."

"Where special do you go on vacations?" I asked.

"I had my most lavish holiday a few summers ago, when I was flush. I planned to drive down



"Not the easiest man in the kingdom to live with, needless to say, but a damned good provider."


FRONTIERSMAN
I'M GOING INTO TOWN, ROY. CAN I PICK UP ANYTHING FOR YOU?
I DON'T THINK SO, AL, BUT THANKS ANYWAY.
CBarsotti

through Yugoslavia in August and take the ferry across the Adriatic. But at that very moment the German factories let out, and every Turk in Europe decided to go home. And, of course, everyone from Turkey and Yugoslavia decided to see Europe—via the very same road. It was the only road, in fact. A total muddle." He paused to drink, making a disgusted face, as though there were an order to the world denied by a traffic jam.

"Bumper to bumper," he said, "and occasionally an idiot would decide he was fed up and he'd try to pass."

"Oh dear," I said. I wondered if he was alone on his holiday, imagining him younger and accompanied by a blond English girlfriend, a Diana or Fiona, to whom he joked in his easy way as they inched along.

"Precisely," he said. "Head-on smash with the opposite traffic, just as thick."

"But couldn't you do something?" I asked. "Couldn't anyone? If there was an accident?"

Alan looked puzzled, as though I'd missed the whole point. "One couldn't get through to pick up the bodies," he said slowly, almost angrily. "Much less in time to save anyone."

I couldn't see the point of telling me such a story, and I felt like a child who'd asked a question that betrayed a lack of comprehension. It was closing time, and we had another round. This time, he had a shot of whiskey with his beer—to guarantee sweet dreams, he said.

On the way back to the shop, we came to Little Dorrit's church. We walked up the steps and read the inscription on the plaque.

"You know," I said. "This is why I found your street."

"Good for you," he said, taking my hand and kissing it. "Many profess to love Little Dorrit, but few find her."

I felt as proud as when my father had praised an awkward drawing or a stiff little book report. Alan's was the same tone as my father's, one of surprise and pleasure, as though a flower had recited the Bill of Rights. While we walked along the narrow street, I wondered if Alan had been happy in the past with another lover—an Englishwoman, who understood when to laugh at his jokes and what to take seriously. Alan unlocked the door to the shop, and when we were inside he put his arms around me and said, "Am I all right for you? Really all right?"

"Of course," I said, and I smiled at him, for his question and for relief that he wasn't bored with me already. "You're just the best thing that's happened to me ever."

In his sleep that night Alan was restless, turning from side to side. He said a word—"night," "delight"—I couldn't quite hear. I wished I'd been there with him in Yugoslavia. I would have done something. I thought of returning home in a few days, and while it seemed inevitable it also seemed as though my time in London were just beginning. I tried to imagine myself in less than a week, walking along Broadway, then saw myself, instead, with Alan on the steps of Little Dorrit's church. There must have been something to do, I thought, there's always something—and then I, too, slept.

THE next morning, I moved from the bed-and-breakfast to Alan's. Without much talk about the future or each other, we drove from the square in Bloomsbury where I'd been staying back to Southwark and Little Dorrit, and he carried my suitcase upstairs to the bedroom. I hung my brown velvet jacket in his closet and put the rest of my clothing in a drawer he'd emptied for me.

"There," he said. "Just like home, and better than a hotel."

While he stood at the bedroom door, watching, I took my airline ticket and passport from my purse and set them on the dresser with Alan's collection of pennies and stray teapot lids.

"The ticket," I said. "It's good for forty-five days."

"Well," Alan said, smiling and moving his hand along the doorjamb, "that's an extended holiday, isn't it? A good, long time to see London."

But come the forty-fifth day, I meant to tell him, I still could stay. I bent over the drawer, pretending to refold my rumpled cotton shirts. I put the empty suitcase under the bed and turned around to face Alan. He would say something now, I thought, something to reassure me that I could stay as long as I liked.

"Well," he said.

"A well's a hole in the ground," I said.

We stood looking at each other, until Alan smiled and came across the room. For a moment, I was going to ask him if he really thought it was a good idea for me to be there, but when he kissed me I was glad I'd stayed silent.

That afternoon, I wrote my mother's friend and told her I wouldn't be coming back to the circulation department. Then I composed a letter to my parents, explaining that I'd stumbled on this very nice place. I described the shop and Alan in the most cheerful terms, urging them to read "Little Dorrit." I wrote the letters from the shop, having cleared a space on one of the sturdier tables, and as I thought up phrases with which to explain that I wasn't coming home just yet, I considered the changes I'd make in the shop, the irresistible order I'd bring to it.

"Little Dorrit certainly had a terrible time," I wrote, "but in the end she managed to carve out her own kind of cozy happiness. I'm hardly Little Dorrit—lucky me!—but maybe there's some coziness waiting around here for me. We'll see," I ended temperately.

FROM the start, I envied the smooth grooves Alan glided in, the habits he'd built up over the years. At eleven, he'd walk across Borough High Street and buy a sweet roll for himself and one for me. Then he'd work in the shop until lunchtime. Most afternoons, he disappeared to one pub or another, where he met his pals, played darts, gossiped about antiques, and made deals. I went along once or twice, but soon quit the practice. I was terrible at darts and I could tell I was cramping the conversation. In the evening, Alan would reappear and take me to the movies or we'd cook dinner. On Sundays, there were the papers and a visit to a museum or a friend.

By way of doing my share, I kept the shop open while Alan went off in the afternoon. The first days, I sat reading a book, waiting for customers. Then I set myself the task of washing the shopwindow. This took the whole of my first week. Before cleaning the window on the inside, I had to clear my way to it. In the deep display shelf were fire engines and tea sets, all covered with dust, beaded bags, and one doeskin glove embroidered with edelweiss. Because I was careful not to break anything, it took the whole of one afternoon to clear away even half the display. When Alan came home and saw what I was doing, he raised an eyebrow and praised my ambition. But he soon suggested we go out for a drink and told me to wash my face. For the next few days, he made no comment at all, and sidestepped the goods as he entered and left. By the end of the week, the window was clean and the window display restored, free of dust and much better for the handling it received. The yellow walls still made the shop too dark, but that could be changed.

"Sweet," Alan said when I called his attention to the finished product.

"Don't you think more customers will come in now?" I asked. "Now that you can see it? That first day, I couldn't have seen you if you hadn't been sitting under the light."

"Who is there to look in on us?"

"I don't know. Tourists from the George, if they knew it was here. They'd come."

"You'd like it to be Kensington Market, I can see. Customers and dealers trampling one another up and down the aisles."

"There isn't any room here for anyone to trample," I said. "Maybe I can clear a few paths."

"This is mercantile fervor indeed," he said, and he took me to an Indian place for curry, to clear my head.

I soon learned that few customers entered Little Dorrit—only friends of Alan's come for a visit or a trinket, or people from the neighborhood who wandered in and soon backed out when they saw their mistake. "There was a greengrocer here before the war," Alan said, "and the poor dears still come of an afternoon, hoping for their bit of veg." The adventurous ones paused by the basket of buttons and medals near the door. I had observed more than one customer dip a hand in the basket, come up with something familiar, and go through a dance of recognition, remembrance, and final rejection.

"It's a waste of your time," Alan said when he came downstairs at noon one day and found me with the dolls in one corner of the shop as I tried to decide where to place them to best advantage. "Things will only move around again and be all jumbled up. The window will be filthy in no time. Why bother? Read a book. Paint your nails. Take up smoking."

"But, Alan. Things could always change."

"Ah, youth," he said, easy and smiling. "You're sweet to think it, but things are all right as they are."

"You told me yourself how once you wanted this to be the place in London people brought things for re-

COMING BACK IN THE SPRING

When I turn my head in the afternoon
there are the receding files
of tall buildings blue in the distance
with amber light along them ending
in amber light
and their sides shining above the river of cars
and I am home

here are the faces the faces
the cool leaves still lucent before summer
the voices
I am home before the lights come on
home when the thunder begins after dark
and the rain in the streets at night
while the iron train again
rumbles under the sidewalk
long cans full of lights and
unseen faces disappearing
in my mind

many travelling behind the same headline
as the print turns to the day's killings
around the planet
the words flowing under the place on the avenue
where the truck ran over
two small boys at the intersection
Friday killing
both by the corner where the garden has been bulldozed
that flowered there for years
after the Loew's movie house was torn down
where the old pictures played

• •

the trains rattle under the hooves
of the mounted police riding
down the avenue at eleven in blue helmets
and past the iron skeleton
girders and stairs and sky
of the new tower risen
out of the gutted core
of St. Vincent's Hospital
most beautiful
of cities and most empty
pure avenue behind the words of friends
and the known music

the stars are flaking in the apartment ceiling
and the lights of lives
are reflected crossing the floating night
the rain beats on the panes
above the avenue
where I have watched it run
for twelve years in the spring
ambulances shriek among the trucks

this is an emergency the walkers
in the street in ones and twos
walk faster
those in groups walk more slowly
the white tower beyond Union Square
is lit up blue and white
during the first few
hours of darkness

we all sleep high off the ground

—W. S. Merwin

• •

pair. And you'd be the master repairer."

"And once I wanted to join the circus. Will you have a morning bun with raisins or one stuffed with jelly?"

The truth was, Alan made his living not from sales but from cosmetic repairs to dubious pieces of furniture he bought for a song and resold to other dealers. Sometimes when I watched him work, he seemed completely happy. "It's amazing what life French polish can bring to an old piece," he'd say. Because he owned a van, his friends let him in on a moving deal now and again. "I get by," he'd say, "with a little change in my pocket, and that's all I ask."

ONE evening in late September, when it was almost dark, Alan arrived carrying loose in his arms a bundle of Victorian clothing and linen he'd bought that day at auction. As he came in, he stumbled over a box that I'd meant to move out of the way.

"What's all this?" he asked. "Clear a place, won't you, on that table."

"It's white paint," I said. "A Navajo white—for the shop and the stairwells. It's not really a harsh white at all, more like a white that's tempered. With a little red in it, but not much red. And it isn't pink at all. It's beautiful, Alan, I promise. The shop on Borough High Street delivered it for free."

I couldn't tell from his expression what he thought, but he dropped the bundle on the table and said, "Darling, this isn't the Wild West. Navajo white, indeed—when you've about a pound left to your name. Why spend it on these old walls?"

"The place would look so wonderful. Think how nice the white bedroom looks," I said.

"The walls were painted years ago with good-quality oil paint, and they'll last the century. I'll call the shop in the morning and they'll come for the paint. It's too sweet of you. Now, help me here if you want to help."

"But, Alan—"

"If I wanted the walls white, I'd paint them. You don't think I'm incapable, do you?"

Together we were sorting through the clothing and linen, separating the unmendable from the possible, when Alan held up an embroidered blue velvet vest and said, "Perfect for you. Big blue eyes and dark ringlets. Souvenir of Victorian London." When I put the vest on, it fit. He made me stand up, and he walked all around me, pulling my shirtsleeves through and arranging my shirt collar flat on top of the curlicues of yellow, white, and red flowers. He turned me around to see the vest from all sides, and said, "It was made for you. Anyone could see that."

I took off the vest and laid it on the pile of possible sales. "You'd best iron it and sell it," I said. "Little Dorrit's cash flow."

"I knew you were feeling low," Alan said. "I thought I caught you looking pensive when I came in. You mustn't expect so much, Alice. People just live. Day to day. That's all we're doing, you and I."

"But surely there's more than that," I said.

"Don't try so hard," he said, as though I had a nasty habit I could be cured of with encouragement. "It's a bit of a waste of energy, isn't it?"

I was afraid that if I pressed the point he might say, "Well, if this doesn't suit you, hadn't you best seek greener pastures? Life's for the living, after all."

Seeing my face, Alan came over to where I stood by the table. He held me for a few minutes, patting me on the back as if I'd been crying. "I am fond of you," he said.

"What's fond?" I asked.

"I'm awfully fond of you," he repeated. "That's all it means." For a second, he looked uncomfortable, then said, "Very fond."

For days after, I wondered what it really meant and if it was the same as an American's saying I love you. I put the dolls back where they'd been and stayed in the shop quietly. Ahead I saw the long intermission of winter, of days alone in the shop and nights with Alan. One afternoon when Alan came back from the pub, I took a walk alone, and when I returned the box of paint was gone. The money I'd paid for the paint was lying on Alan's dresser upstairs, along with my passport and ticket.

Sometimes, walking home from the pub with Alan at night, it was dark as the country and it seemed we were very lucky, the only people awake in all of Southwark. I pretended we'd been together for years and would stay together always. But even at those moments I felt as if a chore had been left undone or a promise unkept. Or worse, as if there were some simple trick I might perform, something I hadn't yet thought of, that would make everything all right.

ONE Saturday, I woke before Alan and went downstairs to heat water for tea. I sat in an armchair in the parlor and looked through the newspaper Alan had brought the night before. He rolled his papers, tucked them under his arm, brought them home, and forgot about them. I stacked them like logs in a corner of the shop.

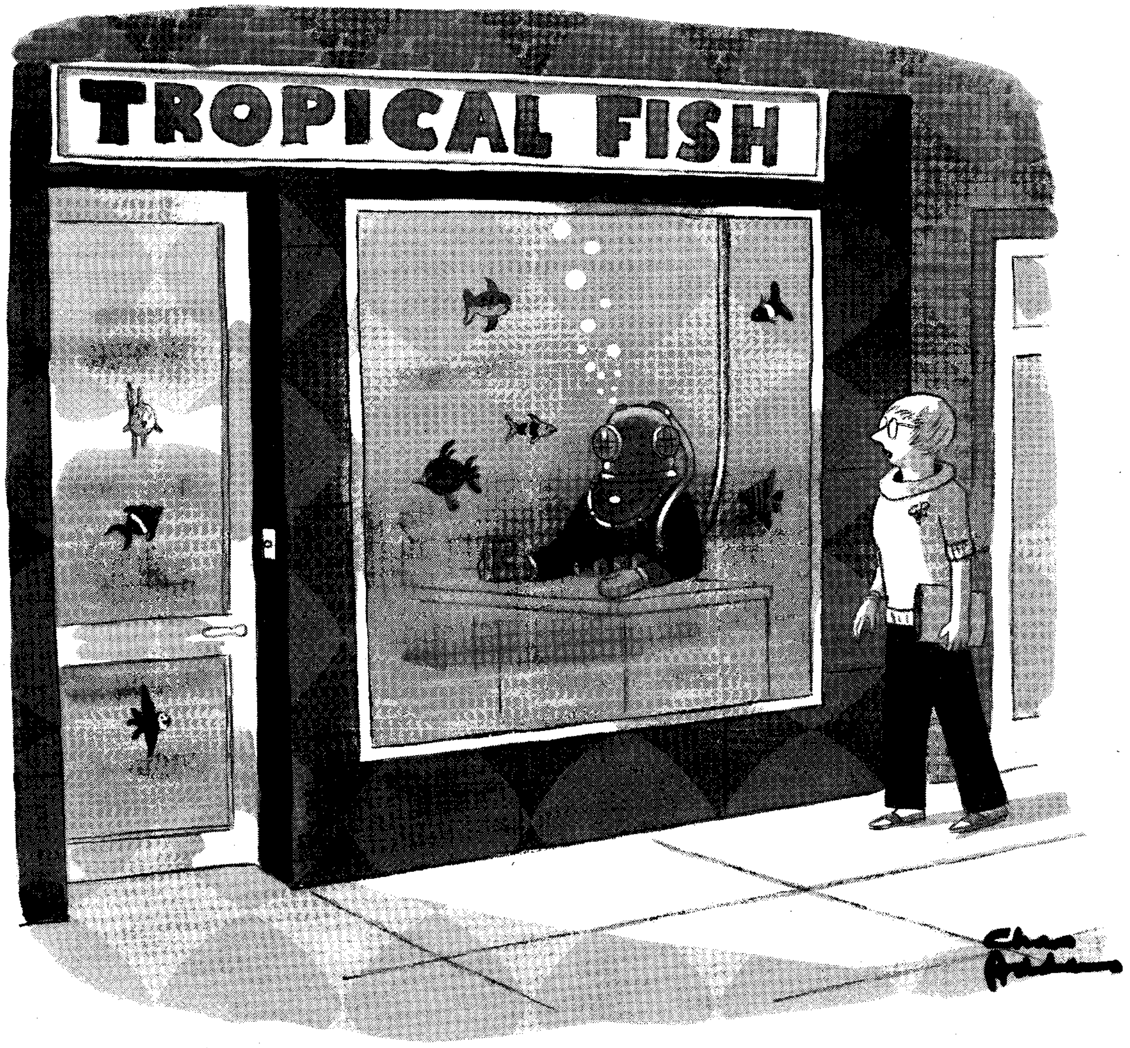
The parlor needed dusting and the ashtrays were full. The mystery I was reading lay on the floor, and two pairs of shoes were scattered from the night before. I looked on the dresser for my keys and wallet, took the spare change that lay there, and went out as quietly as I could, leaving the shop sign on "Closed." I thought of leaving a note for Alan, but I didn't know where I was going or how long I'd be gone. For a block, I worried that he would worry, and then I stepped along.

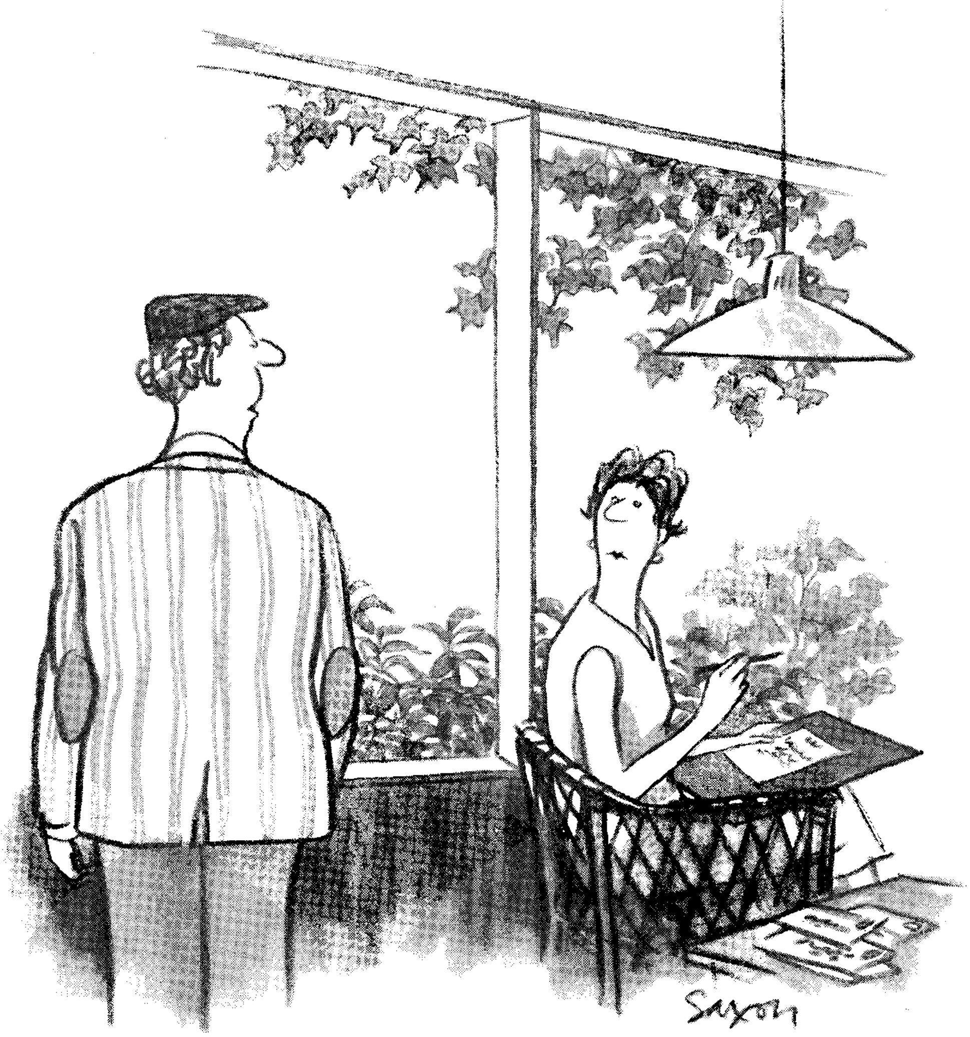
I walked toward the river, passing small plain houses where children sprawled out on the streets and women stood holding bundles and talking in the sun. For a moment, I envied them all. They were embedded in their lives and, if not content, set in place.

I walked on, across the bridge to the City, on and up to the part of London I hadn't been in much since the day I moved to Alan's. I ambled as slowly through the City as if I were still in the dark shop thinking of walking. When a passerby touched me by accident, I was shocked to be reminded I was really there. I might have disappeared that afternoon. I might have gone on walking to another neighborhood, stood before another window, entered another shop. I might have said, "Hello, I'm Susan," or Fiona or Diana, and I might have started something else. As I walked, I thought of New York, and, keeping my eyes strictly on the sidewalk, I might have been there.

I came to the American Express office near Pall Mall and went inside. In my pocket I had the hundred-dollar bill my father had given me, and my ticket. I stood in line and listened to the familiar voices, identifying the harsh vowels of the Midwest and a soft drawl, like a cowboy's from the movies. I could be home, I thought, in a few hours—a possibility that hadn't occurred to me before. I was breathless for a moment; then it was my turn, and I exchanged my dollars for pounds. Holding the fresh money in one hand, I looked around the crowded room. There was a knot of people, searching for the lines for currency, tickets, reservations, all talking, it seemed, and high above their heads were travel posters, of Greece and France, of San Francisco. I found the line for reservations, one hand holding the crisp paper money, the other stroking the airplane ticket in my pocket.

Much later, I walked south again, toward the river, and as I walked I tried to see very clearly what was around me—black taxis, bicyclists, shopwindows filled with pocketbooks and umbrellas, handkerchiefs and undershirts, the sky a pale blue at the end of a limp day. When I was tired of walking and of trying to see, I got on a bus. I chose an empty seat near the back. With no one sitting near me or beside me, I watched through the window as if I could record and hold every passing scene framed by the double-hung window of the red double-decker bus. We rolled down a hill and onto Waterloo Bridge. It was getting on toward evening and the light was dwindling. At the middle of the bridge, the bus stopped. There didn't seem to be any reason why it had stopped—I heard no honking horns from a traffic jam, nor had the engine stalled. In the silence the engine chugged like the heart of a heavy beast. I looked across the wide river and saw that a pink halo had formed around the Festival Hall. I felt suspended as surely as if I were in midair, a part of the light behind the great buildings on either bank, a part of the moving water beneath. I knew then why Alan had told me about his





"Yes, I am going to the club. But I will not be 'hanging out' there."

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traffic jam in Yugoslavia. He'd been frightened when he saw he was unable to turn around, to speed up or slow down. I touched my ticket and the slip of paper on which the time of my flight was written. I felt completely happy and then the bus lurched forward and crossed the river.

In front of St. George's, Little Dorrit's church, I got out. The columns were so thick and the white-faced clock in the tower so solid and final. Borough High Street had emptied for the night, and for once looked orderly and dignified, down to the plants visible through an uncurtained window and the yellow cat that lay sleeping in the butcher's doorway.

IT was quiet when I walked into the shop. The door was wide open, though the sign said "Closed." I shut the door against the cool evening air, and from habit I checked the cashbox before going upstairs. In the parlor, the fat blue armchairs glowed in the failing light, and I smelled an odor that was neither sharp nor sweet. I went up the next flight of stairs, and on the third-floor landing I nearly tripped over Alan Boot.

He was sitting on the bleached-wood floor of the bedroom doorway, smoking a cigarette, his back resting against the open bedroom door. I saw shadows for his cheeks and darkness where his eyes were. When he looked up and smiled at me, I caught a flash of whiteness—teeth, eyes—and the outline of his soft straight hair.

"Hello," he said sleepily, in his musical voice. "You've been gone a long time."

"It's almost dark," I said. "Why are you sitting here?"

"Thinking," he said. "Contemplating my work. Where have you been?"

"I went over the river," I said, "and I walked around for a while near Leicester Square. I don't know. The time just went. One thing and another. Then I took the bus home. And you?"

I turned away from Alan and looked where he was facing. I recognized the smell then—it was fresh paint. The far wall of the stairwell was a different color now, painted top to bottom. It wasn't the Navajo white I'd chosen—nothing like it. The wall was maroon, the theatrically blood-dark shade of a summer sky at sunset, wonderfully deep. It was a color I would never have considered and I couldn't have guessed that Alan would either, not if I stayed with him for a million years.

"I'm leaving," I said. "I went to American Express and made a reservation. Only three days more of me."

"Are you?" he replied. "Yes. It must be nearly time for your ticket to expire. Well. It won't be the same without you, will it? All on my own." I looked at Alan to see if he was sorry, but his face was more masklike than before and the glow of his cigarette cast light only on his smooth, full lips.

He'd known all along, then, that I'd go, that I'd keep faith with my ticket. He must have been waiting politely, hoping I'd leave sooner, leave his shop and his orphan life, pack quietly and depart without a fuss, spare him the trouble even of a sad parting. And when I was gone and Alan was alone with Little Dorrit, he'd hug himself to himself, and vow to be more careful next time and find someone who promised even less trouble than I.

"That color makes a real difference," I said.

"It took me hours to find the right shade. And it wasn't easy painting that high up, tiptoe on top of chairs and such. My side's aching."

"I can imagine," I said.

"You don't think it's too dark, do you?" Alan asked. "That was the subject of much inner turmoil."

"Too dark? It may be a shade too dark at this time of day," I said, "but in the morning it'll be something else —you'll see." I squinted my eyes, blurring everything together—Alan, myself, the stairwell as it had been and the way it was now.

—LAURA FURMAN

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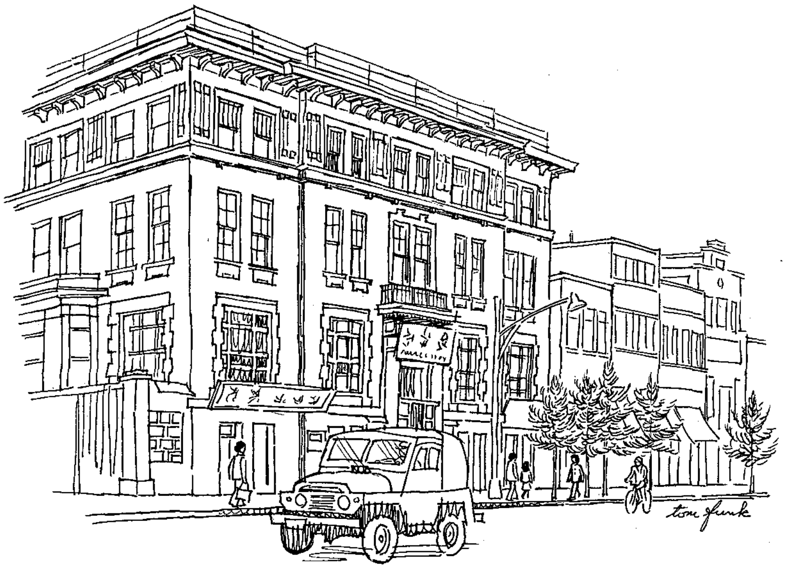
"Besides," she added, "when the economy tightens and jobs are scarce you need that edge. Decisions about you are often made as soon as you walk into the door."—*The Times*.

Sure. People decide you're drunk.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HOMECOMING

II—A POSTING TO TIENTSIN



MY father grew up on a small farm in Red Creek, New York, not far from the eastern end of Lake Ontario. He and his brothers worked hard on the farm from an early age, most years going to the little local district school only in the winter. They had a Methodist upbringing. By prodigies of application, and in spite of a prolonged setback from osteomyelitis in his left arm, my father managed somehow to get up the Latin and Greek needed to enter Syracuse University. There, after having to drop out for two years to earn enough money to continue, he became a success: he played baseball, was pledged to Psi Upsilon, and rose to the presidency of what was then one of the most prestigious organizations on campus, the Y.M.C.A. He fell in love with the brown-eyed beauty who was president of the Y.W.C.A. Before they graduated, both were caught up in the missionary fervor of the first years of the century.

It was a time of wonderful optimism, of American vigor and action. Teddy Roosevelt was President. Anything seemed possible—even, as the slogan of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions had it, "the evangelization of the world in this generation." Going into foreign service, either for God or for the flag, was in fashion, and many of the Big Men on the campuses of Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Syracuse, and other universities attended summer conferences and signed pledge cards: "IT IS MY PURPOSE, IF GOD PERMIT, TO BECOME A FOREIGN MISSIONARY."

My father actually did become one. He was recruited by the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A., and in 1905, fresh out of college, he was posted—for the rest of his life, he believed—to a city called Tientsin, in North China. A year later, the brown-eyed beauty packed a wedding dress in a trunk and travelled to the opposite side of the earth to join him. Among other events in the lives of the young couple were the births in home bedrooms, two, four, and eight years later, of three sons. I was the third.

Never very "muscular," as model male evangelists in the China field were often said to be, my father was a gentle, kindly, bookish, unpressing person, still and always a hard worker. My mother, besides being good-looking, was quietly strong and serene. She and my father teamed well together in their work, and they gave their sons a lively, harmonious home; I never heard a single angry word spoken between them. Knowing next to nothing about China and the Chinese when they set out, they came to love the country and the people.

They probably did not clearly realize themselves that they were part of a second wave of the Protestant missionary movement to reach China. The first wave, which had gone out in the nineteenth century, had consisted almost entirely of pure evangelists, bent on saving souls. They had preached in the streets; they had given away poorly translated Bibles, the pages of which often wound up padding the soles of Chinese cloth shoes. Many of those pioneers were powerful personalities, great eccentrics—frequently learned, sometimes fanatic, a few of them mad. All were certainly brave—as, indeed, were those in the second wave, which began arriving as the twentieth century opened. Those in the second wave eventually called themselves Social-Gospel missionaries. They were as much interested in the quality of life of the people they served as they were in converting them. They brought medicine, education, science, agronomy, conservation, and ideas for social planning.

My father devoted twenty years to the Chinese people, and in the end gave his health and his life to China. After a trip on a mule cart into famine country, he came down with encephalitis, which was to have a sequel of Parkinson's disease, and he had to retire to the United States in 1925, taking his wife and children with him.

Years passed, and I became an unbeliever. I returned to Tientsin as a journalist twice, in 1939 and 1946; the second visit was three years before the Communists took power. Recently, I went back again to Tientsin. Since my last trip there, history had churned things up fairly thoroughly, and missionaries had been given a rather bad name in its books. For a long time, the Chinese called them "running dogs of imperialism," and many Americans regarded them as, at best, "cultural imperialists." One of the things I was most interested in during this visit, naturally, was whether my parents' lives had been worth living.

I was fortunate that in my effort to find derivatives of their lives I had the help of a Chinese friend named Ye Dezhuang, whom I had met in Peking during my 1946 visit. Lao Ye—Old Ye, as I had come to call him—had become a distinguished research professor at the Chinese Academy of Agricultural Sciences in Peking, and he had spent much of his life translating the complete works of Charles Darwin into Chinese. He was a native of Tientsin, a member of a once prominent family there, and in inviting him to join me during my visit I hoped he might be able to trace some old friends of my parents'. He did get permission from the authorities to join me, and when I saw him after my arrival in Peking I told him I particularly hoped to see descendants of two of my father's best friends, Zhang Boling and Wang Zhiping. Zhang had been a great educator, founder of what was now one of China's foremost universities, Nankai. Wang had been a close colleague of my father's in Y.M.C.A. work and had later become Methodist Bishop of Tientsin.

I had been in Tientsin a few days before Ye was able to get there. Finally, I went to meet him at the Tientsin railroad station. He had brought with him a niece of his, named Li Lailai, who was on the staff of an English-language magazine published in Peking, *China Reconstructs*. As soon as we met, Lao Ye said, "We've been lucky. I think we've learned about some old friends of your family." I took them to where they were going to stay. Ye said he wanted the rest of the day and the evening to scout around for me.

THE next afternoon, Lao Ye and Lailai called for me at my hotel. Ye gave me news that astonished me—that the Y.M.C.A. was back in business in Tientsin. We were to go right then to its temporary office and meet the Tientsin General Secretary.

We took a cab to 12 Guangxi Road, deep in the former Extra-Mural Extension of the British Concession, which had not been built up in my boyhood but now looked as congested and run-down as some of the oldest parts of the city. We got out in front of a tiny white building with a tiny church spire. A sturdy gentleman dressed in a blue Mao jacket greeted us. "Welcome," he said, in well-pronounced English. "I'm Harry P. Yang." He led us into a small office off a brightly painted ground-floor corridor.

The Y, Mr. Yang said, had been reopened six months before. It shared this building with the Y.W.C.A. and another Christian organization, which called itself the Three-Self Patriotic Movement. The last had been formed right after Liberation, he said, as a native Christian group, altogether independent of the Western missionary enterprise; because it was purely Chinese, it was recognized by the Communist government. Its three "selfs" could be roughly translated as self-administration, self-support, and self-propagation of the Gospel—each "self" really meaning without foreign help.

As for the Y.M.C.A., one of the good things my father and other secretaries had very early done, as many other missionary organizations had not, was to turn over control of the organization to Chinese; and since it had therefore become an essentially Chinese enterprise, the government had allowed it to continue its work after the revolution. The Y had been shut down, like every other religious organization, during the ten years of the Cultural Revolution.

Mr. Yang said he had two men working with him now as Association Secretaries. "We are old men," he said. He was over seventy, and the others were over sixty. Mr. Yang was too young, however, to have known my father. He had graduated from Yenching, the famous church-supported university in Peking, in 1933, and the next year he had become boys' secretary of the Tientsin Y.M.C.A., in its main building on East Horse Road, which I had often visited as a child. Nine years later, he had taken over as General Secretary. The building we were now in had been a Chinese chapel, founded before the revolution by a Tientsin businessman, Frank Yung Tao; Mr. Yang had taken it over as a Y branch in the forties. Mr. Yang said that after the Second World War the World Youth Fund of the International Y.M.C.A. had sent him to the United States, and he had studied social work at Columbia. After Liberation—this Christian used the term as naturally as everyone else did—he had carried on in the East Horse Road building for a decade. The program dwindled, and he "went into another line." The building on East Horse Road was now called the Tientsin Children's Palace. During the Cultural Revolution, Mr. Yang had been made to work as a packer in an electrical-apparatus factory. The three children of this bureaucrat of Christianity had turned out to be just as privileged as the offspring of most upper-level Communist cadres, for they were members of China's educated élite: a daughter, a graduate of

DOOM & GLOOM
STEVENSON

Peking University (formerly Yenching, Mr. Yang's alma mater), was the director of a kindergarten; a son, a graduate of Peking's other big university, Qinghua, was a radio engineer; and a second son, another Peking University graduate, was a specialist in satellite communication.

I asked Mr. Yang how the reopened Y.M.C.A. supported itself.

"By donations from individuals and by rents."

Rents?

Certainly. The government, Mr. Yang said, had honored the Y's title to the big building on East Horse Road, and there were other properties. "We had to sell the house you lived in, on Recreation Road, and the one next door to it," he said. "They were originally owned by the International Committee. It sold them to us. Later, we had to let them go; one of them belongs to a kindergarten now."

Noticing that Mr. Yang's desk had no papers on it, I asked what the Association's activities were. So far, he said, the work had been largely preparatory. They were getting ready to resume educational work—classes, to begin with, in accounting, bookkeeping, electrical repairs. The main problem was that they had no classrooms; they were negotiating with nearby primary schools to borrow rooms after hours. They had started "boys' work" with about twenty youngsters, some of whom had joined the Wesley Church choir.

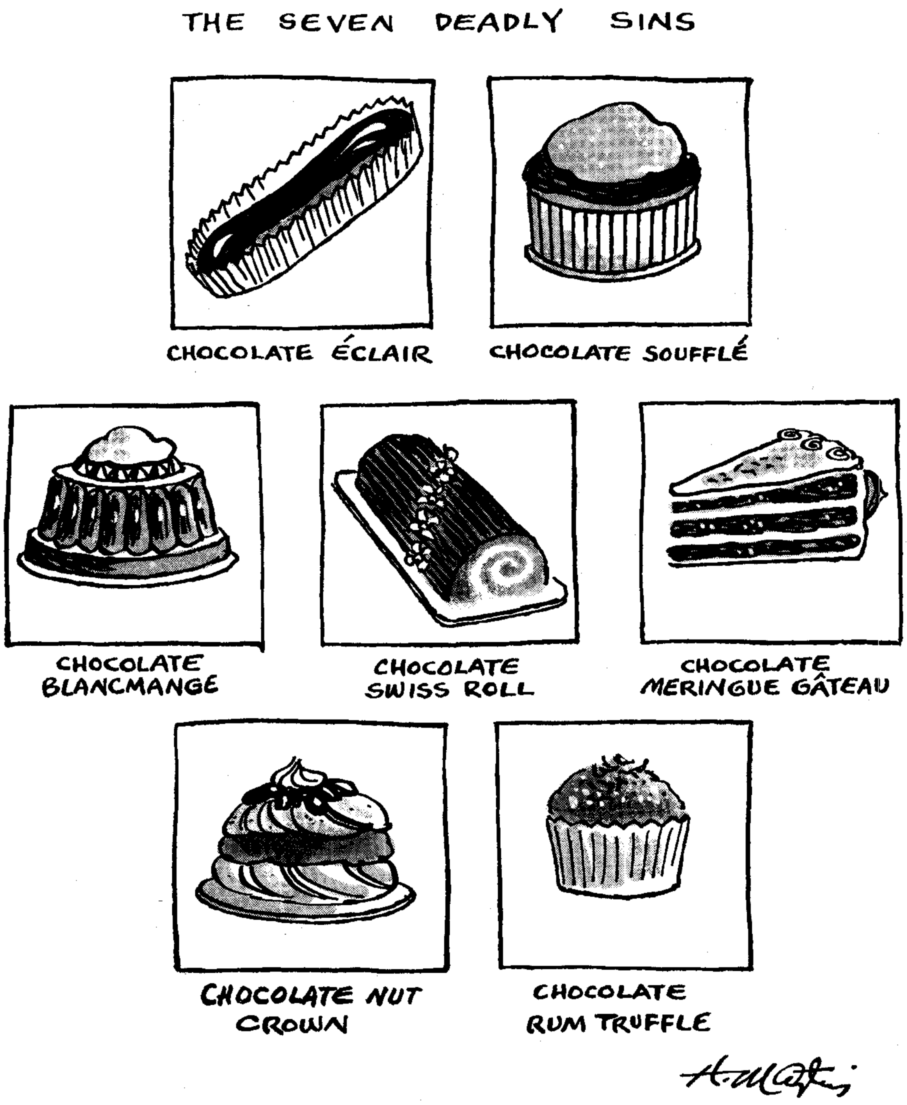
A church was open?

"Oh, yes! The Wesley Church, in the former French Concession. We have five to six hundred in our congregation every Sunday. You should come. Any denomination: Baptist, Anglican, Methodist, Congregational—no Presbyterians just yet. A great number of young people are joining. We've had two mass baptisms—over one hundred and twenty new members last year, and at least a third of them young people."

I asked if no one was surprised that a Marxist government allowed the Christian religion—"opium of the people"—such license.

"Not at all surprising," Mr. Yang said. "Except during the Cultural Revolution, the People's Republic has always had a free policy toward religion. The Constitution says that the people are free to believe or not believe in religion, and especially since the fall of the Gang of Four the government has honored that provision."

And, besides, my friends pointed out after we left, hadn't I noticed what the activities were going to be? Classes in accounting, bookkeeping, electrical repairs. A pragmatic Communist government could well afford not merely to tolerate but even to encourage religious organizations if they could supplement an educational system that was just beginning to recover from the total wipeout it had suffered during the ten years of the Cultural Revolution.



THE next day, Ye and his niece came for me after lunch. There were to be new surprises. We took a taxi to a small house in a back alley. A stocky man was waiting for us, with close-cropped white hair and with eyes narrowed between puffy places both above and below them, so that he looked oddly shrewd and a bit mischievous. He wore a well-cut dark-blue Mao jacket. His name was Li Youzhen. He was eighty years old.

We sat in a dim room containing a simple low table, some straight chairs, and, against the far wall, a bed—a reminder of the crowdedness in China, where no room in a home can serve a single purpose. A young man brought a teapot and some covered cups from another room.

"I got permission from your father to work at the Y.M.C.A.," Mr. Li said. "I was nineteen. It was in the Physical Department, training younger boys to play soccer, basketball, and tennis. I was directly under Dr. Siler, but your father was the General Secretary, and he hired me. He told me, 'You be a good boy and work hard, and I'll help you. I'll give you a chance to study physical education at one of the Christian universities.' That made me happy, because I wanted to study sports. When I had been there five years, I said to your father, 'I've been here five years. I think I've been a good boy. When are you going to give me the chance

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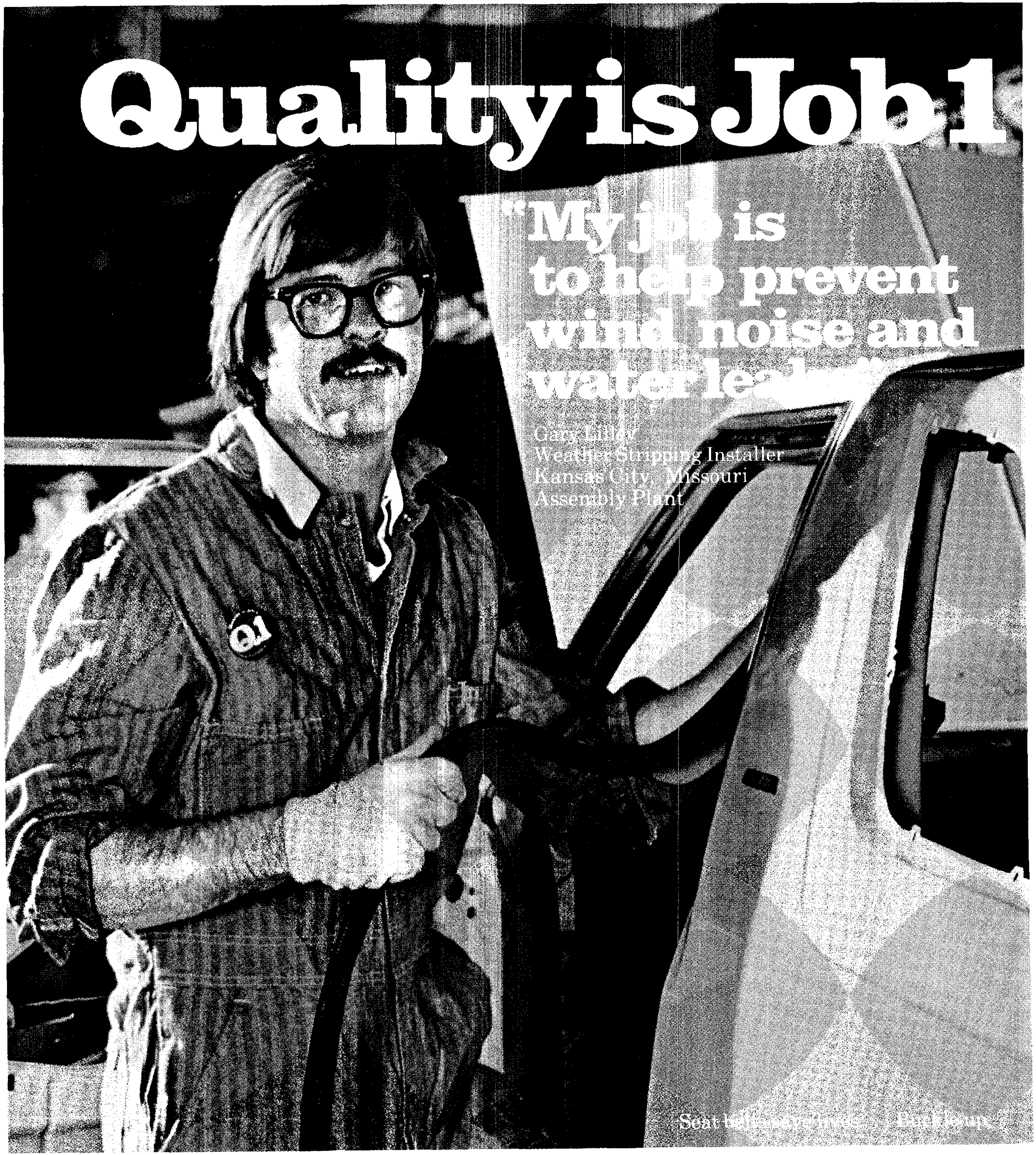
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you spoke of?' He said, 'Work hard and be patient.' I said, 'But when will I go?' He said, 'They have good courses in physical education at Suzhou University. You wait and work hard, and you'll get to go.'"

Mr. Li laughed and looked at me teasingly through his squinted eyes, but I felt a bit of heat under the good humor.

"I heard of a job teaching sports at a school in Shandong, where they would pay fifty Chinese dollars a month, instead of the thirty dollars your father was paying me, so I quit and went there," he continued. "Four months later, your father's best friend at the Y, Wang Zhiping, asked me to return to Tientsin, and I did. Your father had left for the United States, and he never came back. I worked with Lockley, with Kingman, with A. G. Robinson. When I was twenty-seven, Lockley gave me my chance to go to Suzhou for two years. And in 1936 I went with the Chinese delegation to the Olympics in Berlin. I saw Hitler. And then I went to the United States and studied in Springfield, Massachusetts, for two years on a scholarship, and finally I became a Bachelor of Physical Education. I truly had got my chance, just as your father said I would. I had been too young to understand what your father meant. I was young, and I was angry. Later, I went to Lockley, and I said, 'I didn't live up to what Hersey asked me to do. I was not patient. It was really my fault. I was too young to be patient.' Whenever I think about it, I tell myself I was too hasty. Today, I am talking with you. You have come to see me. I am happy I have this chance to confess. Really, your father helped me a lot. I say that from the bottom of my heart."

Nevertheless, it seemed to me there was still a lot of rancor under the courteous apology. So, sensing a need for an act of barter, I made a formal apology to him for my father's failure to help him as soon as he would have liked. After that, we were quits, and for an hour we had a very good time.

We talked mostly about one gift that my father's Y.M.C.A. had indubitably given to China. With the help of men like Mr. Li, it had introduced Western sports, a number of which have by now become sources of intense nationalistic pride in Chinese life; one of them, Ping-Pong, helped restore relations between the United States and China. Quite a few of the Y.M.C.A. secretaries who went out in that second wave of missionaries had been great athletes in college—men like six-foot-six, two-hundred-pound Robert R. (Center Rush) Gailey, of the Princeton football team, and C. H. Robertson, who had been captain of football, track, and baseball at Purdue. Beginning in about 1905, Robertson over and over again put three questions to the Chinese: When will China send its first athlete to the Olympic Games? When will China send its first team to the Olympic Games? When will China first be host to the Olympic Games? In those days, his questions seemed awfully quirky, for China's principal outdoor amusements then were shuttlecock kicking, kite flying, and ritual swordplay. In time, of course, the questions made sense. My father's sport, baseball, never caught on in China as it did in Japan. (Many Japanese have seemed to want to be as much like Americans as possible; the Chinese have shunned that kind of mimicry.) But the New China has certainly gone mad over the "big-ball" sports that the Y originally brought to the country—volleyball, basketball, and soccer.

MIRACULOUSLY, Lao Ye had found for me more than a trace of Father's close friend Bishop Wang. Our next call was on one of his sons—Wang Benyuan, a man in his early seventies. Wang *fils*, who had attended Syracuse, spoke idiomatic American English. He and I remembered each other, both from the twenties and because I had looked him up during my later visits.

Benyuan lived with a daughter and son-in-law in three rooms—one-half of the house that had been his before the Cultural Revolution. He seated Ye, Lailai, and me on three sides of a square table on which cakes and cookies for a Western-style tea party had been laid out; he saved for himself an old round-backed armchair of split cane. He paid my parents extravagant compliments, and he reminded me that during my 1946 visit we had gone together to the funeral of a member of his family, and he had lent me a black Western necktie for the occasion.

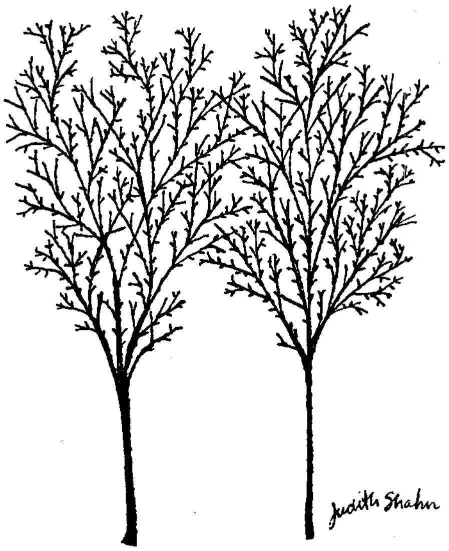
What gradually emerged as we talked was a picture of a decent, kind-hearted man who had become a casualty of the ignominies and harsh physical punishments of the Cultural Revolution. "That great catastrophe," he called it, and he repeated, with bitter emphasis, "*Catastrophe!*" He had been put to feeding pigs. He had developed emphysema and, later, heart trouble. His wife had recently died. "I can't go out of the house," he said. "I sit here in her chair"—he patted its arms—"and think of her." After the 1976 earthquake, a squatter had occupied the other half of his house, and much of his life now was taken up with wearisome efforts to dislodge the interloper. Both Ye, who had undergone far greater hardships than he but had somehow come through sound, and especially Lailai, whose father had died of heart trouble after his ordeals in the Cultural Revolution, tried to reassure him. The government would see to it that he got back all of his own house. It had been honoring equities such as his, they said.

I mentioned what Harry Yang had told us about young people going to church in such numbers, and I asked Benyuan if he could account for it.

He said he thought that three kinds of young people were taking up Christianity. First, there were the children of Christians. Second, there were some who were just curious. But much the largest number, he thought, were from among older young people who had been sent to the country during the Cultural Revolution and were now seeking some kind of spiritual fulfillment.

We talked for some time about our fathers. Benyuan recalled that the logo of the Y.M.C.A. was a red triangle, the three corners of which stood for Mind, Body, Spirit. The work the two men had done together had been an attempt to encompass all three in various educational and civic projects. Although there was undeniably a certain amount of religious cant in their expressions of the work, much of what they did had practical aims remarkably like those of some of the morale-building undertakings of the Deng Xiaoping leadership. In 1919, my father wrote a pamphlet, "Social Service," which, if some brief inspirational passages were cut out, might serve as a manual for any of Tientsin's Neighborhood Committees in their dealings with the day-to-day life of the young in the city. Many of the social-work devices my father and other Y.M.C.A. secretaries invented (such as street parades to educate the masses about basic health care) and many of their campaigns (such as "Kill flies! They cause cholera!") were much later taken up on a large scale by the Communists.

Benyuan had obviously been moved by Ye's and Lailai's sympathy about the squatter in his house, and he seemed undone by the memories my visit stirred up. He began talking about giving us all a banquet in a good Tientsin restaurant. Since he was not supposed to leave the house at all, this was obviously out of the question, and I promised instead to come and see him again before I left Tientsin. Despite the prohibition against his going outdoors, he followed the Chinese custom of walking "to the courtyard gate" with his departing guest—in this case, to the taxi waiting in the main street at the end of an alleyway. I was touched by this risky gesture by an old friend. His talk of a banquet made me think of sumptuous meals when I was a child, in the Wang family home. I remembered the delicious meat of the smoked litchi nuts Benyuan's father used to press on me, the smallest boy at the crowded table.



AFTER dinner that evening, I was treated, thanks to Lao Ye, to a connection with my father's other closest friend, Zhang Boling. My father's first job when he arrived at Tientsin in 1905, fresh out of Syracuse University and unable to speak a word of Chinese, included teaching English at a middle school that had recently been founded by Zhang; my mother later taught at the same school. Father was eventually to be one of a group of Y.M.C.A. secretaries who persuaded Zhang to become a Christian. Zhang later became chairman of the Tientsin Y.M.C.A. board of directors. In 1919, he expanded his middle school into Nankai University, which has since become one of the four or five most important centers of learning in China. In my childhood, Dr. Zhang had been held up to me as one of his country's heroes, and I remembered his tall, massive figure, his dark bandit mustaches, his piercing eyes. Senior to my father, he had died in 1951, but now Ye had found—and that evening Lailai led me to—a daughter-in-law of his, named Zhu Angui, and a handsome grandson, Zhang Yuanlong, and Yuanlong's wife and three-year-old child, the patriarch's great-grandson. The family lived in two rooms on the fourth floor of a row house at the end of a long, dark alley. We sat talking in a bedroom-living room-dining room.

For the dead, as for the living, they told me, the Cultural Revolution had been a period of trial. Dr. Zhang had been criticized posthumously as a product of "feudalism" and a tool of imperialism. But after 1976 his name was not only cleared but honored. When the cemetery in which he had been buried was taken over as a factory site, his body was dug up and cremated, and his ashes were placed in the Tientsin Revolutionary Martyrs' Cemetery. His portrait, Yuanlong said, now hung in the Tientsin Historical Museum.

We talked about how Zhang Boling had guided my father and others in the Y.M.C.A. in their devising of educational projects. Here the Y's record was undeniably useful to China, for its emphasis was on practical and vocational education. It also gave early support to a remarkable mass literacy program, devised by a young Christian named James Y. C. Yen. Yen and my father had been roommates in France

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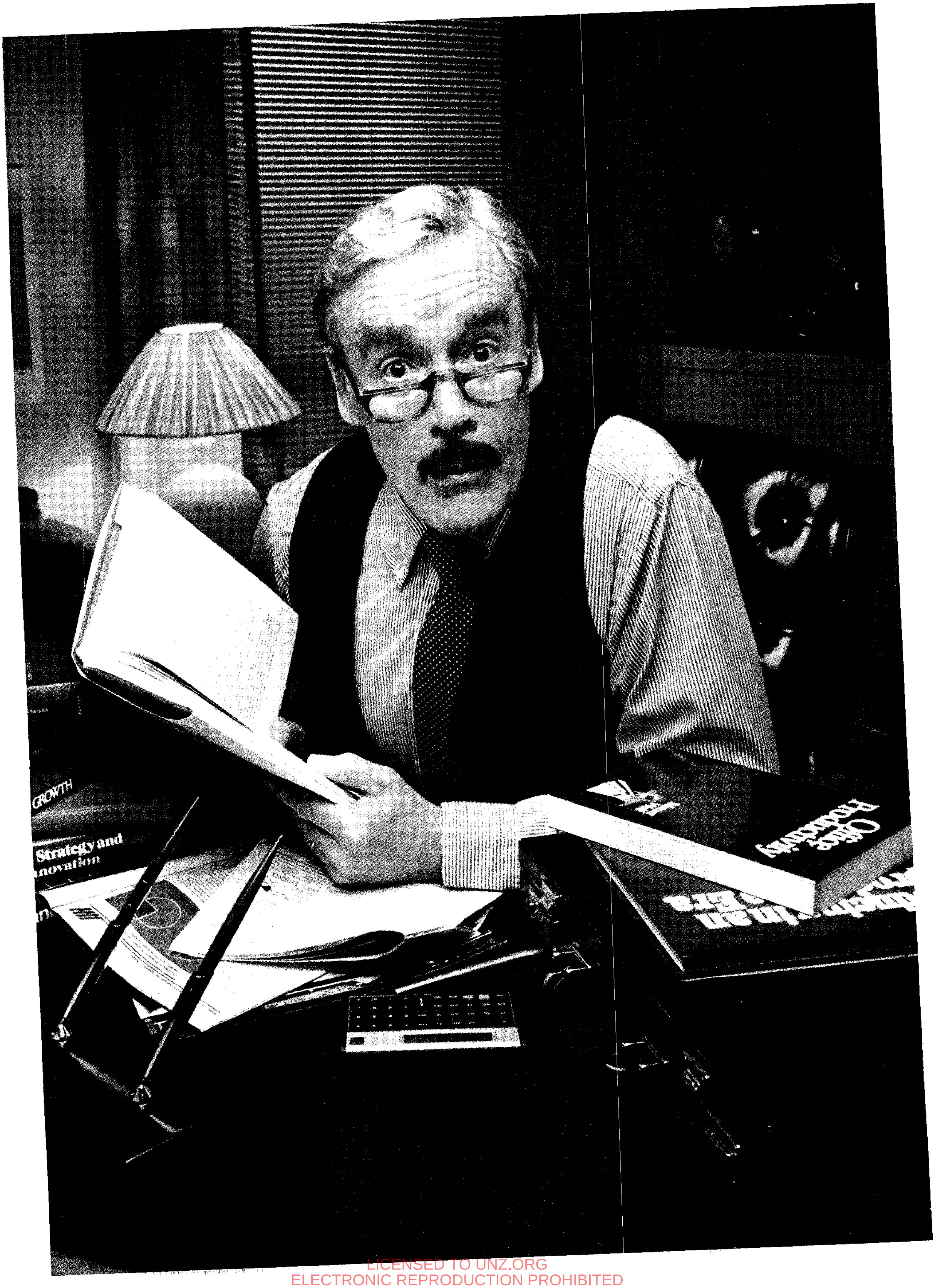
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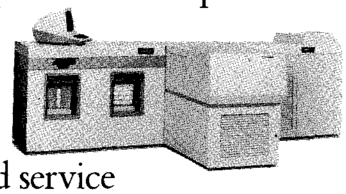

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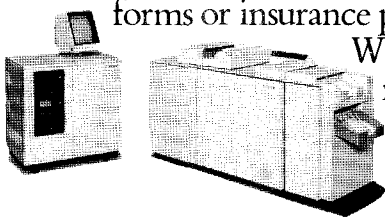

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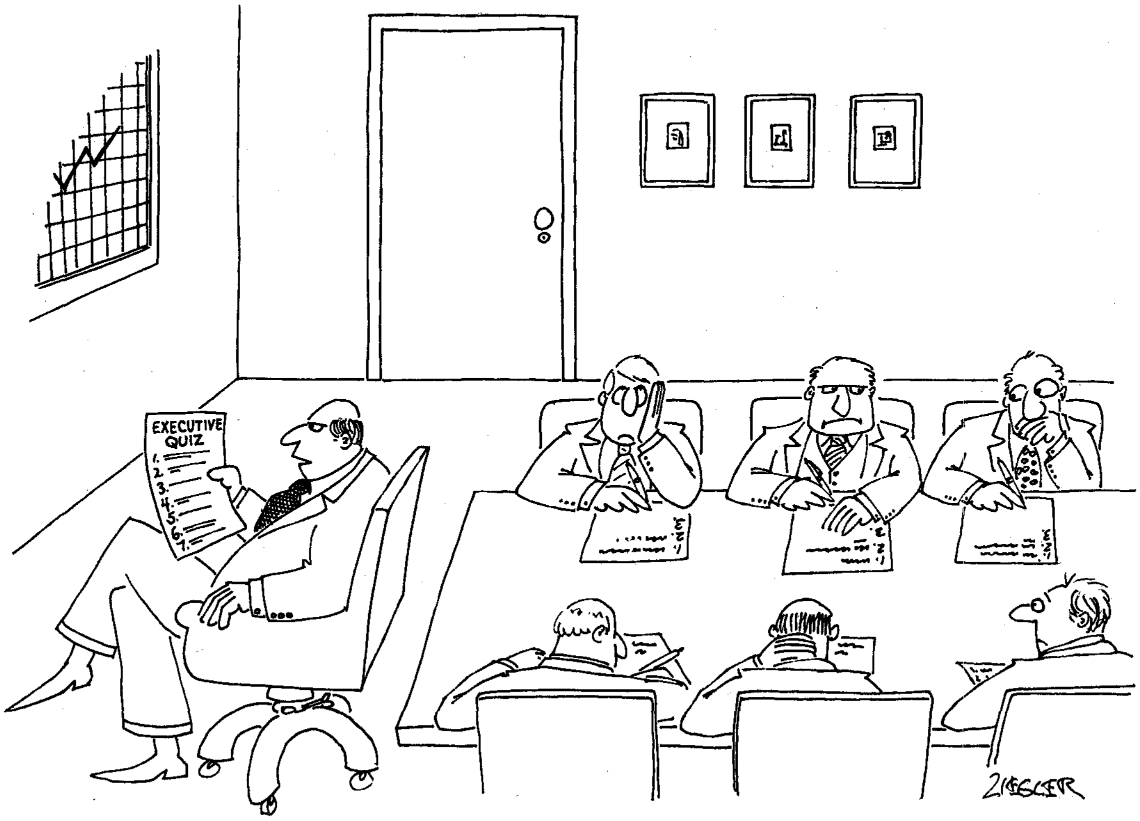

"*Question No. 3: What color are my eyes?*"

during the First World War, when both were Y.M.C.A. workers trying to ease the terrible life of two hundred thousand Chinese coolies who had been shipped to France to dig trenches and unload ships. There have been reports that the young Mao Zedong was one of the teachers in a literacy campaign of Yen's in Mao's Hunan Province; the Communists took up Yen's methods in a big way later on.

When I was about to leave, Yuanlong called his small son in from the next room, where he was watching television. Mrs. Zhu told the child that my father had been a friend of his great-grandfather. I suppose something vaguely having to do with ancestors may have stirred in the child's mind, for he at once came boldly forward, took my hand, and kissed it.

Ye and Lailai came a few days later to take me out to East Horse Road, to see the old Y.M.C.A. building, now called the Tientsin Children's Palace. My father had helped get this substantial edifice built, in the early teens of the century, and I was eager to see it again, for I had many associations with the building.

We went most of the way by bus. The buses were fiercely crowded, and they had been designed for passengers somewhat shorter than I. I found that if I could force my way to the center of the bus I could put my head up into a trapdoor ventilator there and stand up straight. While I was propped up there, Ye pushed close to me and said quite vehemently that I must not be carried away by the sentimentality of seeing old friends of my parents. As a friend of mine, he was glad to arrange these meetings, but I must remember that many missionaries had been most harmful to China. Some had supported Chiang Kai-shek to the very end. Some, to his knowledge, had actually been venal and corrupt. Some had spied for Chiang and had caused many deaths.

A few minutes later, the bus knocked over a cyclist. I knew that it took months, and sometimes years, to save enough to buy a bicycle, and I asked what would happen after this accident. Ye said there would be an investigation, and if it was found that it was the driver's fault the bicycle would be repaired or replaced.

We had to walk some distance from the bus stop nearest the building. I saw it ahead: four stories, red brick, white stone quoins around the windows. Once a month, my brothers and I used to take the Yellow Line streetcar out here to the Y. Occasionally, our parents would hire a carriage for us from Tattersall's stables, on Racecourse Road. At the Y, we would first have a haircut in the barbershop in the basement, then we would each be allowed to buy a pack of chewing gum, then we would go upstairs to the auditorium to watch a movie: Charlie Chaplin, "The Perils of Pauline," and once, I recall, a version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in which Mary Pickford played both the little boy and his mother, and in one scene kissed herself on the cheek. One afternoon, in the auditorium, at an entertainment for Chinese Christians, I joined my friend and neighbor Bobby Long—who became, many years later, the president of Lyndon State College, in Vermont—in a vocal duet, accompanied by piano. We were six or seven years old. Halfway through whatever song it was, we both simultaneously forgot the words. The audience roared with laughter, and we had no choice but to decide that we were charming.

Now, on the sidewalk in front of the main entrance, some students were selling tickets to a movie they said was being shown upstairs. The barbershop was still going strong. We stepped down to it through its street door. When the head barber learned that I had had my hair cut in this shop half a century ago, he at once offered to cut my hair free. But I was eager to go upstairs. There everything was vividly familiar. My father's office, there, in the corner. The reading room, there, still a reading room. Then up to the gym: a dancing class for little girls was going on, and up on the wooden track that formed an oval balcony on the high walls a squad of them was going round and round in a formal slow-motion pace, arms slowly rising and falling in motions of flying. The film being shown in the auditorium was "The Judge," starring a Chinese movie idol named Li Moran.

This auditorium was the heart of the building. It had not been just a

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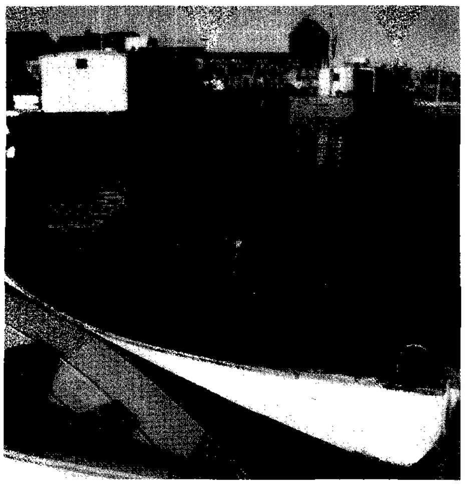

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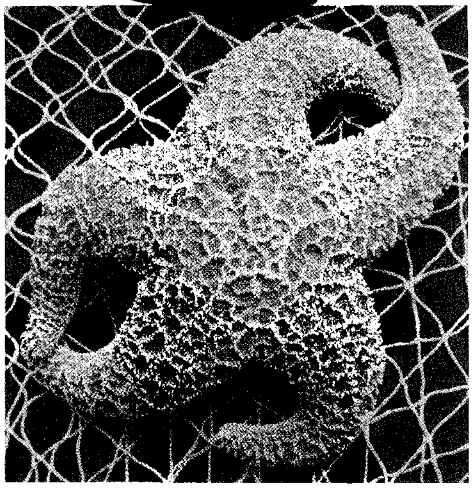

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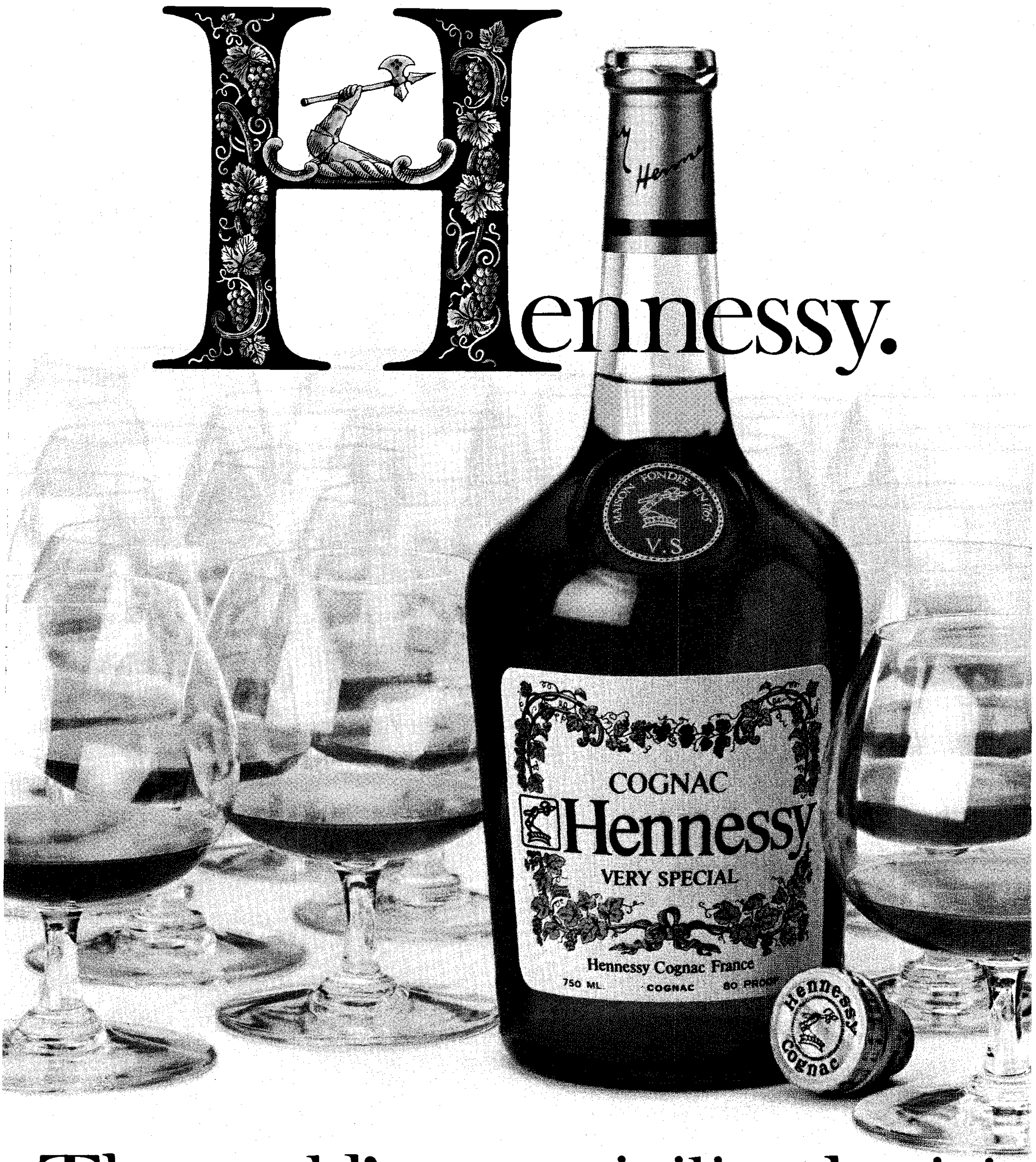
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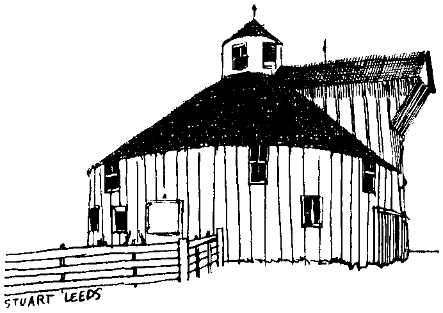
place for entertainment. Here the Y.M.C.A. had made some of its most significant contributions: vivid demonstrations of physical laws of the universe, of radiotelegraphy, of the principles of heavier-than-air flight; lectures on typhus, cholera, tuberculosis, and plague; explanations of the consequences of deforestation; introductions to the latest theories on manures and on seed strains; speeches on methods of river conservation and flood control; outlining of plans for rational famine relief; and many other offerings of ideas, new then, for China's advancement. The Chinese themselves have begun to revise somewhat the scattershot charge against all missionaries that they were cultural imperialists. The practical-minded Deng Xiaoping government has been trying desperately to catch up on many of the very things about which the Y.M.C.A. and other missionary educational institutions first spread the word.

I was sad to see that the building, like so many other old structures in Tientsin, was in rotten condition.

ANOTHER day, we went to the Tientsin Historical Museum. I was curious to see how the missionary movement would be treated there. The museum's huge halls were crowded—mostly with schoolchildren. Photographic displays and explanatory texts were mounted on the walls. As we went the rounds, we saw that "feudalism" and imperialism took their proper lumps, of course. But here, sure enough, was a heroic photograph of my father's Christian friend Zhang Boling, the founder of Nankai University. And here was a huge photograph of the Y.M.C.A. building. Lailai translated for me the text alongside it, which stated that the Y.M.C.A. had invited Li Dazhao, one of the founders of the Communist Party, to speak in this building. Li had later had to take refuge in the Soviet Embassy, but the warlord Zhang Zuolin had sent goons into the Embassy and killed him. The notice of Li's speech was a chary footnote to the years of work my father and mother, and many men and women like them, had done for a China they loved very much; but at least something was there.

On the other side of the room, there was a quite different display—not in photographs but in exultantly cruel drawings. They depicted what came to be called, by the foreigners in the city, the Tientsin Massacre of 1870. This was an event that must always have hovered, ever afterward, like a vague memory of a nightmare which might recur in the minds of all Tientsin missionaries—including, no doubt, my peaceable parents. Looking at these hideously proud reminders of it, and recalling all the stabbings, tortures, beatings, and Peking-opera sword-fights I had been exposed to on Chinese television, and remembering the accounts I had heard in recent days of what Red Guards had done to the innocent and good-hearted old men I had been talking with, I was obliged to think about a ferocity that seemed to lie somewhere deep beneath the usual gentleness, lightheartedness, and delicate sensitivity to the feelings of others shown by the Chinese people. One could easily parse out, as this museum certainly did, a Marxist interpretation of that ferocity, and if there was a Christian God he must surely have known what kind of rage the Chinese common people had built up over the centuries against foreigners and landlords and compradors—and missionaries. But I was left, before that display, with puzzling and still queasy thoughts of an afternoon in my childhood when I heard from a friend about huge crowds that had gathered at the execution ground to watch three Chinese men have their heads cut off. The three were called "criminals;" they were quite likely young leftists. All afternoon of the day I heard about those crowds, I stayed in my room, in our house, alone.

AS early as the eighteenth century, the Chinese hatred of missionaries (up to that time Catholic) had begun to express itself. One Zhang Zhendao, asking where missionaries got so much money, wrote that when a Chinese convert was about to die a Catholic priest covered the convert's head with a piece of cloth and, pretending to pronounce absolution, stole the dying man's eyes; he then mixed these with lead and mercury in an alchemical process and produced silver. After the "unequal treaties" of 1858 and 1860, diatribes against the missionaries grew more and more virulent. One document, "Death Blow to Corrupt Doctrines," charged that at a Christian service the pastor takes a seat at the front of the congregation and praises the virtues of Jesus, and then "the whole group mumbles through the liturgies, after which they copulate together in order to consummate their joy." A bride must spend the night before her wedding with the pastor. The reason barbarians stink is that they believe God's most precious gift to mankind is the female menstrual flow, so when a woman's period comes they vie with each other to obtain and drink her menses.



In Tientsin, after 1860, the French in particular offended Chinese feelings. They seized an imperial palace near the river and made it their consulate, and they tore down a temple next to it and built a Catholic cathedral on the site. To compound these insults, the Lazarist Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul established an orphanage, and in their eagerness to win souls for Christ they offered a cash premium for each child brought in to them; and, what was worse, they were said to have paid to have sick and dying children carried to them, so they could baptize them *in articulo mortis*. In 1870, rumors were circulated that after conducting their mystic rites the nuns extracted the babies' eyes and hearts for purposes of witchery. Four men were arrested, charged with having kidnapped children and sold them to the orphanage; the men's heads were cut off. On June 18th, another man was arrested, and under torture he confessed that he had had an arrangement with the Chinese verger of the cathedral for the latter to buy the children he stole. The city went wild. Violence was touched off by the intemperate and overbearing behavior of the French consul, who in a rage smashed teacups and other things in the office of the imperial commissioner and then fired a pistol into a crowd outside. He was immediately killed by the mob and torn to pieces. Within three hours, the crowd had plundered and destroyed the orphanage, had set the cathedral on fire, and had burned down the French consulate. The mob brutally killed, besides the consul, an aide of his; an attaché of the French legation in Peking and his bride, both of whom had just arrived from France; two priests; ten nuns; and thirty-odd Chinese associated with the Catholics. They also killed a Russian merchant—a Mr. Protopopoff—and his wife, also recently married, who just happened to be riding horseback through the area where all this was going on. The mob stripped the sisters naked, one by one, and in full sight of the surviving nuns ripped their bodies open, cut their breasts off, gouged their eyes out, and, finally, impaled them on long spears, hoisted them in the air, and threw them into the burning chapel of the orphanage. No other foreigners were killed, but four English and American churches were plundered and damaged.

On the next Sunday morning, I attended part of a church service. This was the first time in decades I had gone to church. I went out of curiosity; Ye and Lailai went out of courtesy to me. We arrived three-quarters of an hour late, on the assumption that the sermon would by then be over, or nearly so. I especially wanted to hear a Chinese congregation sing a hymn.

The Wesley Church, in Tientsin's old French Concession, could not be recognized from the street as a place of worship. There was no spire, no cross. Inside, we climbed to the second floor and entered a stunningly beautiful octagonal hall, flooded with sunlight through large windows, the walls wainscotted and trimmed with dark-stained wood—the only jarring note a neon cross above the altar. The building had been perfectly maintained. A congregation of more than five hundred was ranged in the pews. Lailai, who was especially interested in the phenomenon of young people's taking up religion, did a little counting and estimated that at least forty per cent of the worshippers were under thirty.

Some vigorous preaching was being hurled at the audience by Sun Jingshin, the president of the Chinese Institute of Theology. He was a short man with a shaved head, and wore a blue Mao jacket. We three had seriously underestimated the lung power of Chinese divines. A parishioner near us whispered that the Reverend Mr. Sun had been at it for about half an hour and gave us the hopeful estimate that he would be done in about twenty minutes more. In fact, he went on for another hour and fifteen minutes. He was preaching on a text that to me seemed odd for a discourse to a Chinese Christian flock: the entirety of Chapter 16 of Deuteronomy, which contains detailed instructions for the celebration of the Passover. Ye later said indignantly, "He was barking at us!" Pastor Sun's style was anecdotal, and most of his message was a rather simple appeal for decent everyday dealings between people. He told, for example, of a woman who lived next door to her daughter-in-law. The latter's hens regularly produced eight eggs in the former's yard. Usually, the mother-in-law delivered all the eggs to the daughter-in-law, but one day she was too sorely tempted and ate one. Then she dared not return the remaining seven. She went to the minister and said she had committed a crime. What crime? It was too big to tell. God forgives, the minister said—tell it. She did. The minister said it was not serious; she should return the seven eggs, confess to her daughter-in-law, and pray. She obeyed, and the Holy Ghost filled her body. The next morning, all her neighbors noticed that she was indeed filled with the Holy Ghost.

We sat in the back, near an alms box, into which a poorly dressed latecomer stuffed a ten-yuan note—hard-won savings of a month or two. (Lailai was shocked, she told me later.) I saw clear signs that I was not the only restless person in the church. More and more worshippers found they had to go to the bathroom, which was situated off to our right in the rear. Finally, the sermon was over. At the end of a prayer, the choir, who were dressed in black robes with white shoulder capes and occupied a stall to the right of the altar, sang a superb baroque amen. And at long last we were treated to a hymn. The singing was loud and enthusiastic, a Chinese translation of

> Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly
>   whole . . .
> Whiter than snow, yes, whiter
>   than snow;
> Now wash me, and I shall be
>   whiter than snow.

Ye took me out Racecourse Road to call on an eighty-four-year-old man named Zhang Shucheng. He was living in a spacious but sparsely furnished pair of rooms while his own apartment, nearby, was being renovated. As soon as Mr. Zhang saw me, he said, in Chinese, "You are taller than your father was. Your face is thinner. He had a mustache." Mr. Zhang had dined in our house, he said, and he remembered me as the baby of the family. "You had two older brothers; there were no daughters."

Mr. Zhang was a short man with a still powerful frame. He had close-cropped white hair and wore tortoise-shell spectacles. He looked at least twenty years younger than he was, and his mind was zesty and swift. He asked my age. He said he had started going to the Y.M.C.A. for exercise the year I was born. He never became a Christian. At the Y, he studied Chinese boxing, did gymnastics, and played basketball. "Because I learned there how to take care of myself, I have been healthy all my life. I learned to keep exercising. I used to do figure skating on the rink in the Recreation Ground and on the big lake in the Russian Park. They taught me at the Y.M.C.A. to take cold baths every day in winter."

I recalled to Mr. Zhang that Bertrand Russell, after a series of lectures in China in 1920, had been very scornful of the Y.M.C.A. for its belief in the "mystic efficacy of cold baths and dumb-bells."

"Nonsense! Look at me! I've never caught a cold in my life."

Then he told me his remarkable story. He went to work for the Zhong Xing Coal Mining Company in Shandong Province and eventually became its director. In 1937, when the Japanese invaded North China, he refused to coöperate with them, and, following an ancient Chinese tradition that when a man could not honorably continue in a position of power he should retire to his study, Mr. Zhang quit, took up the art of calligraphy, and began collecting ancient paintings and jade. He became a close friend of the son of the northern warlord Zhang Zuolin, Zhang Xueliang, who kidnapped Chiang Kai-shek in 1936 in order to persuade him to deal with the Communists. Chiang did for a while, but not for long. After the Communists defeated Chiang, Mr. Zhang continued to live in retirement, studying calligraphy and painting. He began writing a novel about a collector of ancient artifacts. Because he was "a clean man," having resisted the Japanese, the government paid interest on the properties it had taken from him, and the mine, which had been nationalized, also paid him a pension, and even, he said, allowed him "horse-and-carriage money." Under capitalism, he had been a rich man; under socialism, he remained, relatively speaking, a rich man.

One of the slogans of the Cultural Revolution was: "Drive Out the 'Four Olds' ": old habits, old ideas, old customs, and the old culture. Red Guards singled out Mr. Zhang as one who stood for all four. They put him in a

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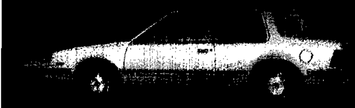

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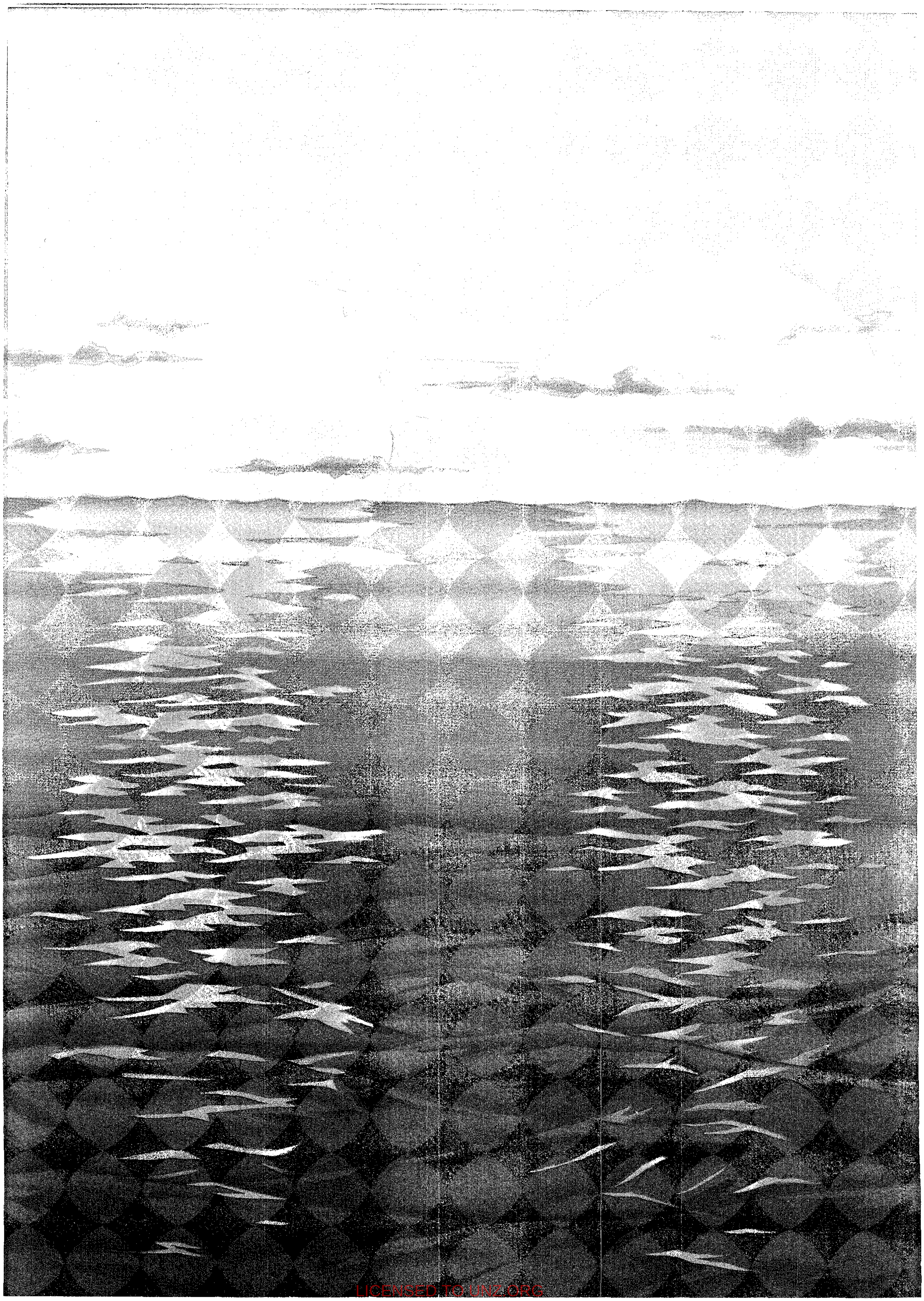

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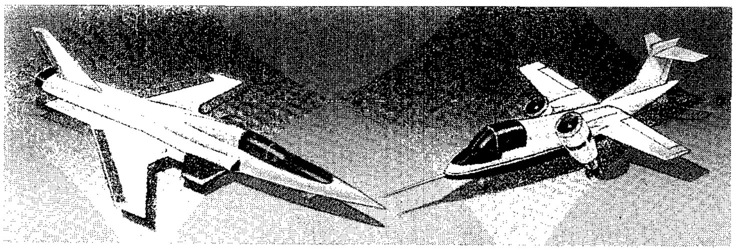

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cellar, beat him, and made him work as a bricklayer. He said he trained himself to lift first one brick, then two, then three, then four. He kept himself sane by reciting Tang Dynasty poems to himself:

> Beside my bed the bright moonbeams play
> Almost as if there were frost on the ground.
> Raising my head, I gaze at the mountain moon;
> Lying back, I think of my old home town.

A scholarly correspondence about ancient paintings with his brother-in-law, the manuscript of his novel, and the paintings he himself had done—as well as some photographs he had of the Y.M.C.A.—were all burned. "But 'Drive Out the Four Olds' turned into 'Drive Out the Gang of Four,' " Mr. Zhang cheerfully said. He was rehabilitated. He gave his surviving art treasures to the state, and Zhou Enlai praised him as "a patriotic capitalist." One criticism of the Y.M.C.A. in my father's day was that it catered to the rich and the powerful, to the literati and businessmen from whom it raised money; but here was a turnaround—the Communists praising my father's rich friend as a patriot.

He now made me a present of a small scroll on which was printed a reproduction of the most famous painting he had given his country—a Song-dynasty landscape, five centuries older than Leonardo's "Last Supper." It was called "Snow Scene, Winter Forest," and was attributed to the famous eleventh-century artist Fan Kuan. (I later saw the original, in a show of Mr. Zhang's gifts to the state which was held in the Forbidden City in Peking—an eerie rendering, six feet high and five wide, of a looming forested mountain, in sepia and black and white.) Mr. Zhang told me that only two of Fan Kuan's paintings still existed; the other was on Taiwan. Another treasure in his collection was "In the Peach Fairyland," by the sixteenth-century painter Qiu Ying, one of the four great masters of the Ming dynasty. He had also donated, among other things, a praying mantis carved from yellow jade in the Shang dynasty (about the nineteenth to eleventh century B.C.), and a cicada in white jade from the Western Zhou dynasty (eleventh to eighth century B.C.).

YE took me far out into the eastern suburbs of the city to see another elderly man who had known my father. We drove in a taxi for more than half an hour—I could imagine how long it would take to commute by bicycle, or by crowded bus, from these far reaches—and came to an area where there was a seemingly endless scattering of massive concrete boxes of living space. We climbed to the fourth floor of one of these interchangeable boxes, to an apartment of two rather bare rooms, with concrete walls and floors. Here lived Li Qingan, once a member of a famous Y.M.C.A. basketball team, now a member of the faculty of the Tientsin Athletic Institute. He greeted me with warm reminiscences of my father.

Mr. Li was born in the countryside nearly eighty years before, one of ten children of a poor man. An American Board missionary named Chandler had baptized him as a boy, and he had thus become what some missionaries called "a rice Christian"—one, that is, whose family, if not he himself, had seen in conversion to the faith some distinct material advantages, not the least of which was a free education in mission elementary and middle schools and a mission college. He joined the Tientsin Y.M.C.A. and, in 1923, started playing as center on the all-Chinese Y basketball team. The team was a wild success with its followers, because in the symbolic warfare on the gym boards China could win avenging battles against the great powers; for example, the team often trounced the five from the United States 15th Infantry.

During his many years on the team, Mr. Li supported himself as a clerk in the United States consulate. Much later, during the Cultural Revolution, that job proved to have been a taint, and Mr. Li had a painful time, and now he had heart disease. After his "clarification," he worked with the Tientsin Athletic Commission, and later with the Institute. He had got this apparently desirable apartment, for which the rent was the equivalent of only three and a half American dollars a month, by what the Chinese call *hou men*—a "back-door" arrangement—which he had been able to make because he was a member of the Tientsin People's Political Consultative Conference. But now he wanted to move back into the city, and would have to resort to the back door again. His wife had fallen desperately ill; the four-story climb was bad for his heart; and the long bus ride to work was dangerous for him.

In the room with us while we talked

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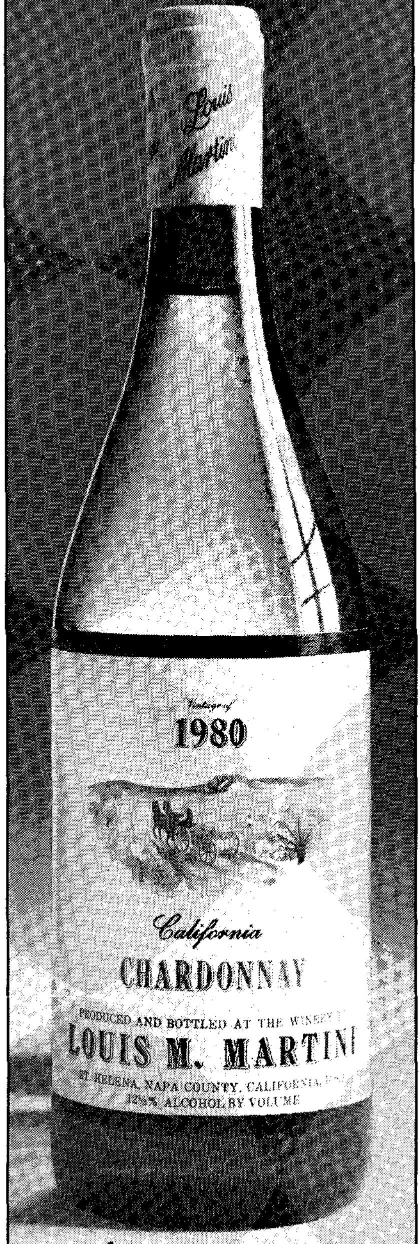

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was a son of Mr. Li's, a champion swimmer, who was a coach in Shanghai. Under a compassionate government policy, he had been excused from work, with pay, to be at home for an indefinite time on account of his mother's illness. We got talking about young people going to Christian churches. The swimmer corroborated the three reasons Wang Benyuan had given for this phenomenon and added a fourth: the fashion of things Western among young Chinese. He said a great many young Chinese were eager these days to go to the United States. Some thought they wanted to stay, but he thought they would all come back as the years passed, because they would see that close family ties and respect for old age make life for the elderly much better in China than it is in the United States.

When we left, Mr. Li, deprecating his heart trouble and ignoring protests by both Ye and me, insisted on seeing the son of an old friend to the gate—going all the way down four flights of stairs, which he would then have to climb back up. I was touched once more by this sacrificial courtesy, and was struck by the power of the Four Olds, which the decade of the Cultural Revolution had obviously failed to wipe out. Even the younger generation's Westernizing fad that young Mr. Li had talked about seemed colored by them, for shortly after we got back to the center of the city I saw a Chinese teen-ager walking along with a stereo tape deck held on his shoulder, music blasting at full volume into his ear. He was playing classical Peking opera.

ON my last full day in Tientsin, Li Lailai took me to see another elderly man. This was Huang Yusheng, who had for many years been dean of Nankai University and was now chief librarian of the Tientsin Library. He was eighty-four. He was husky, robust, and clearheaded.

The library was housed in grand premises built long ago for the administrative offices of the French Concession, and Mr. Huang's office was a spacious room with a high ceiling. He talked in beautiful English for a minute about the library. It had first used the Dewey decimal system of classification, then had tried the system of the American Library of Congress awhile, but was now using a numerical system of its own.

At this point, he turned to me with a smile and said, "Don't you think

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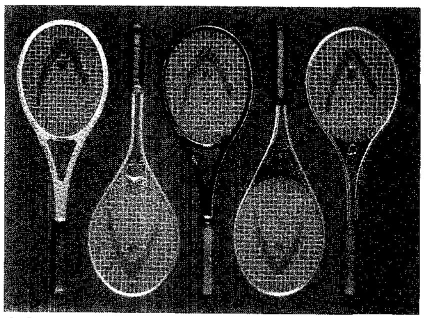

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your mother taught me well?" Yes, she had taught him English at Zhang Boling's Nankai Middle School. He demonstrated how, when he was writing an exercise, she would sit in the next seat and correct his mistakes. "For some reason, she was obliged to teach us British pronunciations. 'Dahnce,' not 'dance.' 'Shedule,' not 'schedule.' She did teach us quite well. Some of my most intimate thoughts come to me, even now, in English, because Chinese words are wanting for certain feelings I have. But when it comes to numbers only Chinese will do." Mr. Zhang then came down a bit from his praise of my mother's teaching. "When I got to Beida University after the Middle School, I could read eight pages of Robertson's 'History of the World' in an hour. I was chagrined to find that my classmates could read eleven pages in an hour. But"—Mr. Zhang seemed eager to hurry away from an implied slur—"I have something else to tell you. Your father, you know, taught at the Middle School, too. He played the cornet, and he composed the music for our school song. It was quite suitable. The cadence was stately, not too quick. And one other thing, too, you may be interested to hear. Zhou Enlai was a student in the school a year behind me. I'm fairly sure your mother taught him also."

What a thought! I had met Zhou Enlai in 1939, in a clandestine interview in Chungking, where he was trying to negotiate a joint Kuomintang-Communist campaign against the Japanese. I then believed—and on this trip I was finding that a great many Chinese now think—that he was the most humane and honorable of the top-ranking Chinese Communists. When we met, he spoke a little English but said he could think more clearly in Chinese. Could that English, however imperfect, have been taught him by my mother? I told Mr. Huang how much the idea excited me.

"Well, then," he said, "you must let me lend you the library's car to go out to the Zhou Enlai Museum. You see, it's right in the old Nankai Middle School building. In fact, they have preserved a classroom exactly as it was when your mother taught him—and me—in it. You must go and see it at once."

But no, first he must show me the library, he said, changing his mind. He was immensely proud of the crowds of young people, "all studying to improve themselves," filling the ta-

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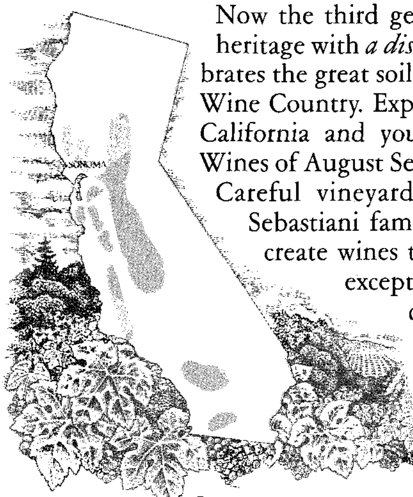

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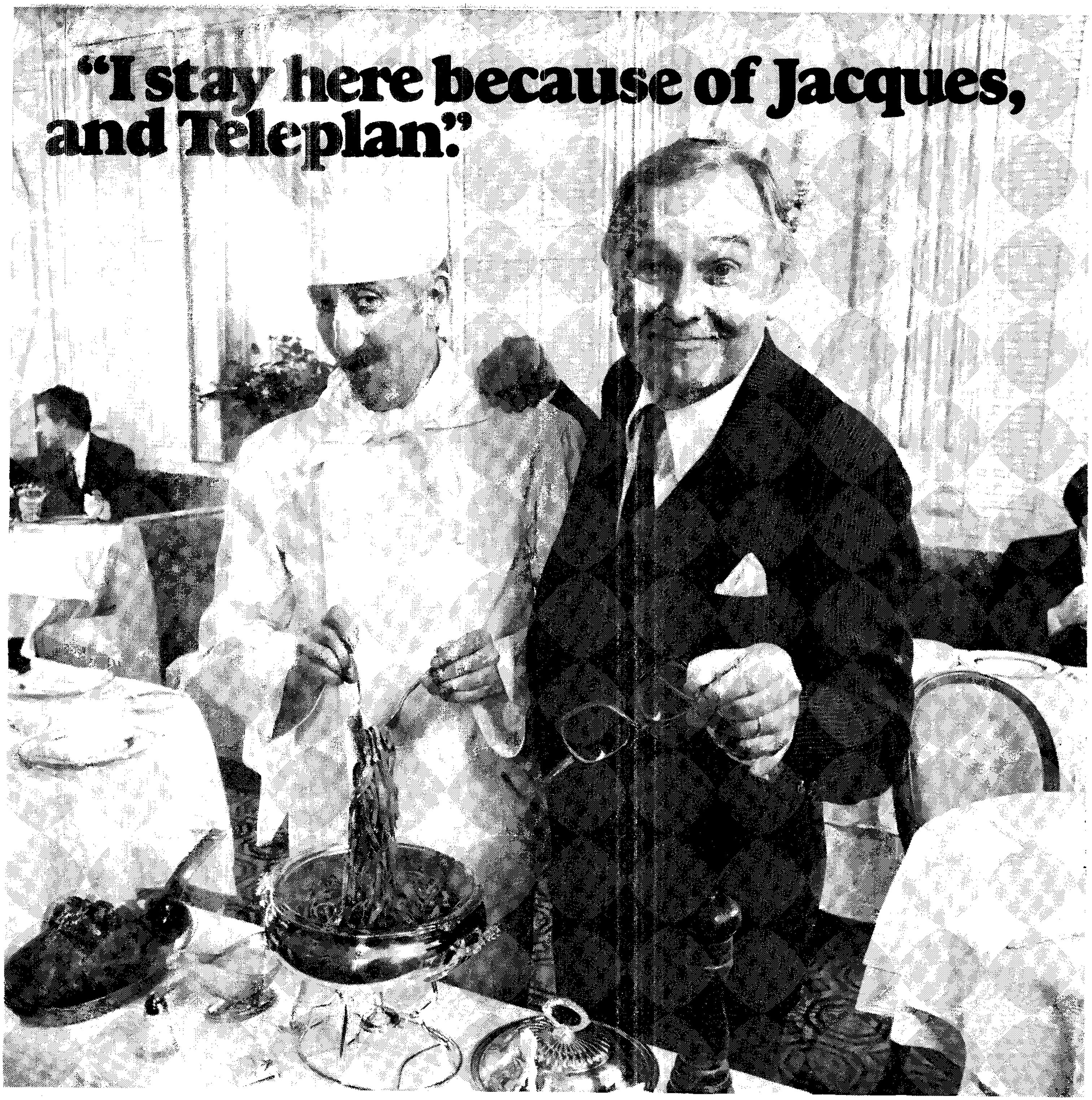

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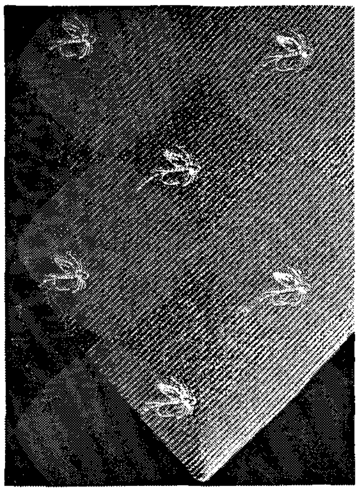

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bles in the reference room and the reading rooms, at desks in the hallways, sitting on heatless radiators, and even on the stairs. After our tour, he made the arrangements for the car, and Lailai and I drove out to the museum.

WE were greeted by a woman who was the museum's curator. When she learned what my errand was, she seemed to become almost as excited as I felt. She asked my parents' Chinese names. I told her my father's name had been Han Muru; my mother, so far as I knew, had always been just Han *Tai-tai*, Mrs. Han. In the front hall, the woman showed us a full-length mirror, in which the students had to examine themselves each morning as they entered. Over the mirror, carved in wood, were these admonitions: "Face must be clean, hair be brushed, dress be neat, buttons be on. Keep your head up, balance your shoulders, throw out your chest, straighten your back. Don't be arrogant, don't be bad-tempered, don't be remiss in manners. Be friendly, calm, and dignified." I pictured Zhou Enlai, at sixteen or seventeen, before the mirror. The curator sent us upstairs with an assistant. Soon I was in the classroom, with desks for twenty-eight and a teacher's desk in front. While I was taking it in, the curator hurried into the room, very pleased at having found my father's teaching lauded in a history of the school; she hadn't found a Mrs. Han, perhaps because records weren't kept that way anymore.

I stood at the front of the room and pictured my mother looking over Zhou's shoulder, helping him with an exercise, as she had helped Mr. Huang, not having any way in the world of knowing that she was teaching a boy who would one day be a great man. Maybe, by example, she was giving at least a little bit of her remarkable serenity to him. Mr. Huang had fixed 1914 as the year when this scene would have taken place. She was pregnant with me that year. I wanted to believe something of me had been in the classroom, too.

—JOHN HERSEY

(*This is the second part of a four-part article.*)

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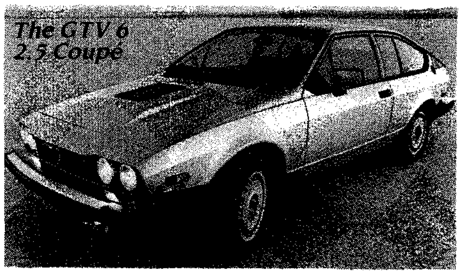
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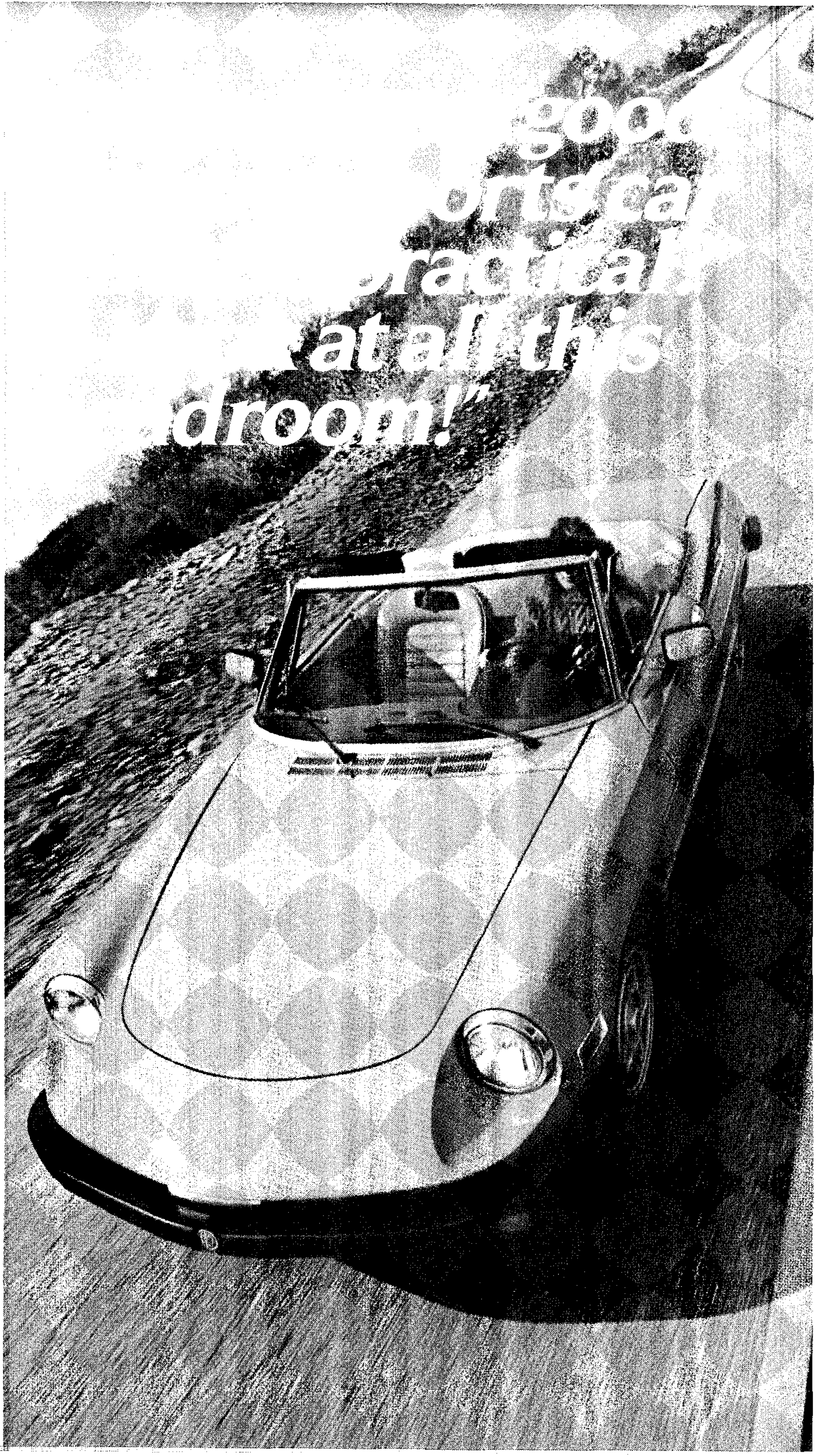

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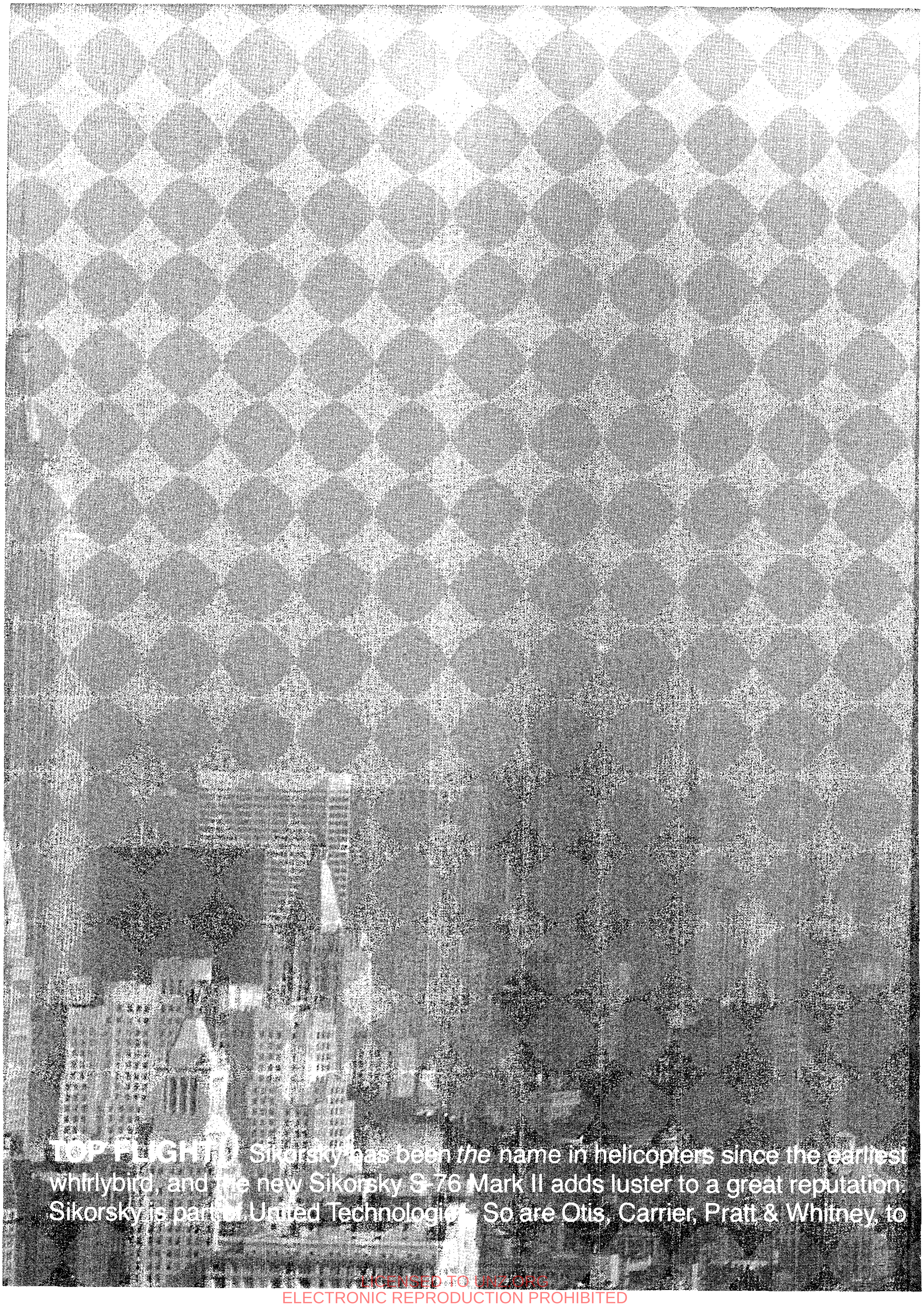

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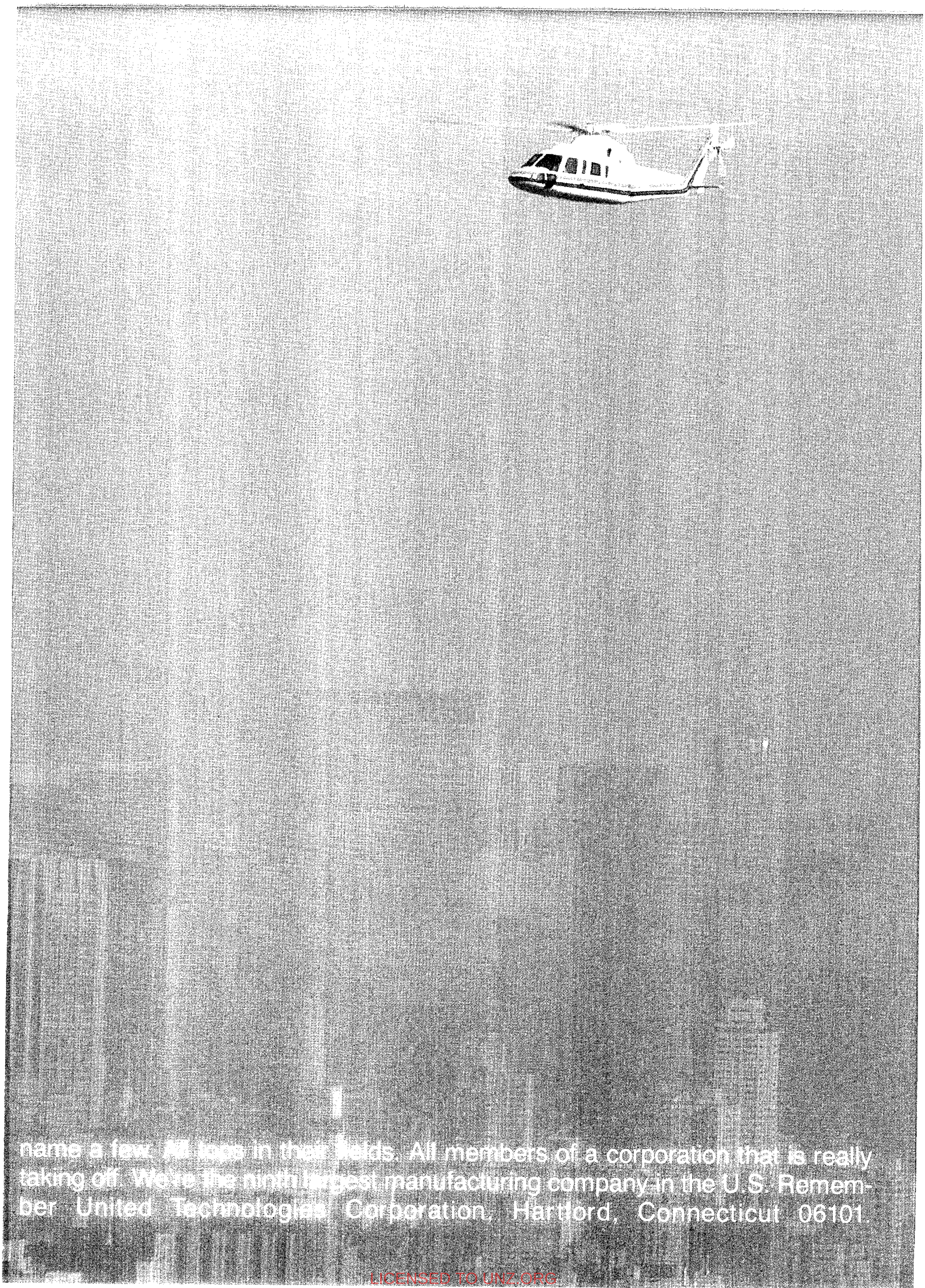

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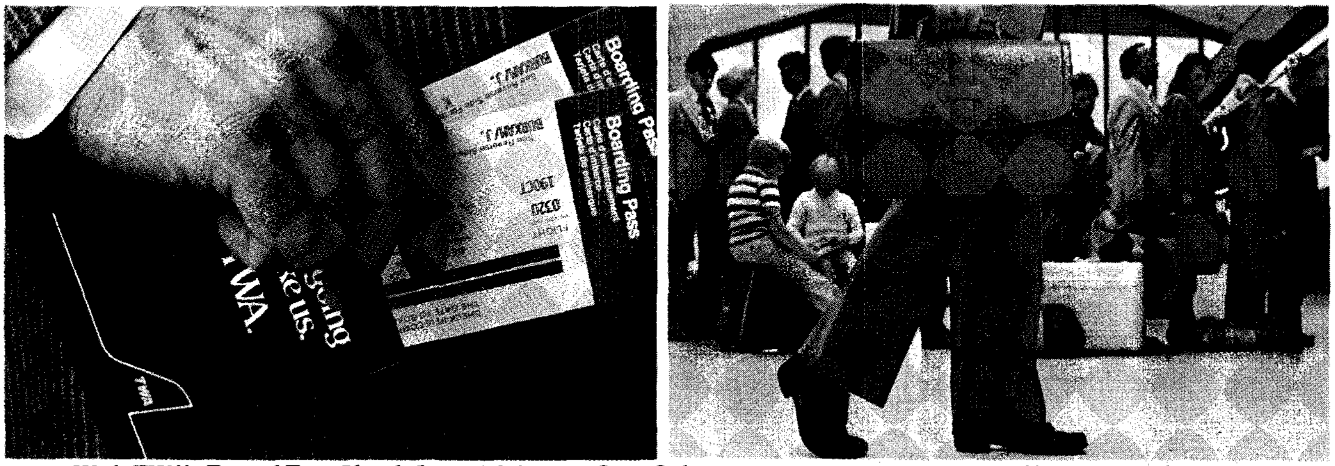

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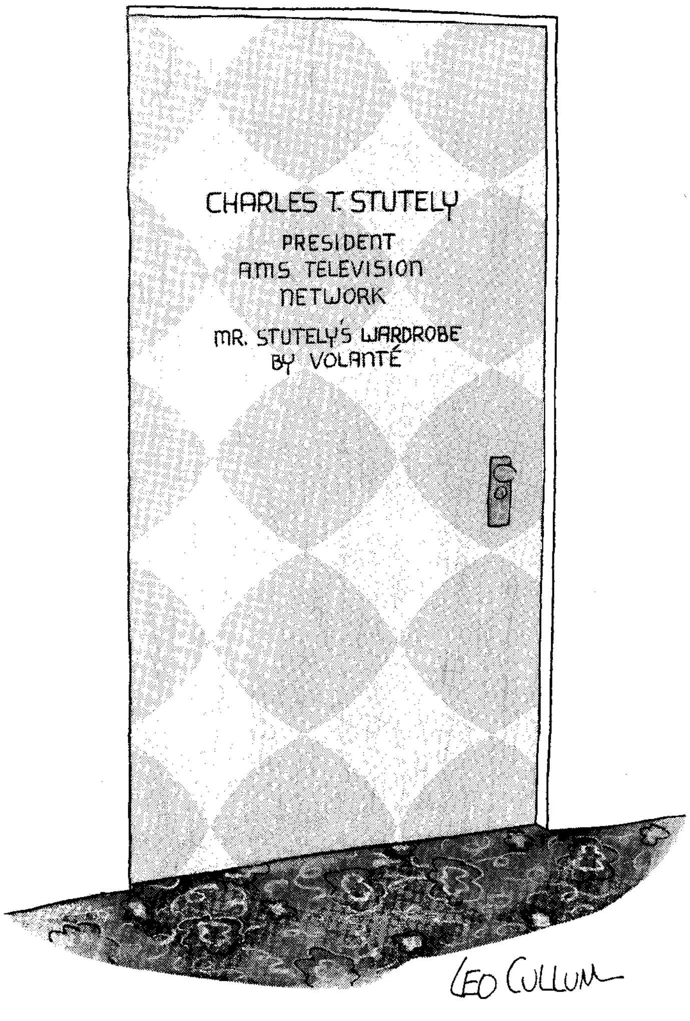
THE SPORTING SCENE

AN OLD MASTER AND SOME LATECOMERS

THIS year, four of the finest golfers of all time have reached or will reach milestones in their long careers. On February 4th, Byron Nelson turned seventy. Sam Snead will be seventy on May 27th, Ben Hogan on August 13th. On February 27th, Gene Sarazen turned eighty. What are the criteria that determine whether a man deserves to be considered an authentically great golfer or just a golfer of unusual talent? Well, along with a technical virtuosity that makes for exceptional longevity, the great golfers have had the ability to produce their best shotmaking in the most important tournaments—particularly in the four major championships: the United States Open, the British Open, the Masters, and our Professional Golfers' Association championship. While Nelson won only five major titles—one U.S. Open, two Masters, and two P.G.A.s—it should be pointed out that he had the misfortune to reach his peak during the Second World War, when most of the big championships were suspended. No one, certainly, has ever played more consistently superb golf than Nelson did in 1945, when he won eighteen tournaments on the P.G.A. tour, including eleven in a row, and averaged 68.33 shots per round over a hundred and twenty tournament rounds. Snead won seven major championships: one British Open, three Masters, and three P.G.A.s. Although our Open eluded him, he came tragically close to victory four times. Snead, the possessor of what may be at one and the same time the most natural, the most correct, and the most beautiful golf swing in history, captured a record number of P.G.A.-tour tournaments: eighty-four. The last of these was the Quad Cities Open in 1979, in which he became the first man to shoot below his age in a tour tournament when, on the fourth day, he finished with a round of 66. Hogan was in his mid-thirties before he managed to win his first major championship, but he won nine in all: four U.S. Opens, one British Open (in one attempt), two Masters, and two P.G.A.s. In 1960, when he was almost forty-eight, he was in sight of winning a fifth U.S. Open: with two holes to go, he was tied for the lead, but on the seventy-first, gambling on making a birdie, he failed by inches to carry the water hazard before the green, and that was it. There has never been a better striker of the ball or a more accurate player. As Al Laney, of the old New York *Herald Tribune*, once put it, "Hogan's control of the ball was such that he seemed to allow it no option but to go where he wanted it to go."

Sarazen won seven major championships: two U.S. Opens, one British Open, one Masters, and three P.G.A.s. He was the first to carry off all four of the major championships in which professionals play. (Three other men have done this since—Hogan, Gary Player, and Jack Nicklaus, in that order.) Sarazen was an excitingly aggressive player who made things happen, and he was also one of those people to whom things happen. The most memorable instance of both was in the 1935 Masters, when, trailing Craig Wood by three strokes midway through the last nine, he made a double-eagle 2 on the par-5 fifteenth (or sixty-ninth) by holing his second shot, a full 4-wood. This enabled him to end the seventy-two holes tied for first, and he went on to take the playoff.



Where these four golfers rank in the hierarchy of the game's champions has to be a matter of personal opinion. Hogan, to be sure, belongs at the very top, sharing that eminence, as I see it, with Harry Vardon, the pioneer of the modern golf swing, who won six British Opens and one U.S. Open between 1896 and 1914; Bobby Jones, a career amateur, who won four U.S. Opens and three British Opens in addition to five U.S. Amateurs and one British Amateur between 1923 and 1930; and Jack Nicklaus, who, starting with his victory in the U.S. Amateur in 1959, has amassed the incredible total of nineteen major championships—four U.S. Opens, three British Opens, five Masters, five P.G.A.s, and two U.S. Amateurs. It is easy to see why many authorities consider Nicklaus to be the greatest golfer ever, but I prefer to rank him alongside Vardon, Jones, and Hogan, who were also peerless in their eras. Just below them, I would place Walter Hagen, all by himself. An astounding competitor, Hagen, between 1914 and 1929, was victorious in eleven major championships—two U.S. Opens, four British Opens, and five P.G.A.s, then a match-play tournament. Sarazen, I believe, belongs on the tier below Hagen, along with Snead, Nelson, and Player, the sturdy South African who has not

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only won nine major events (one U.S. Open, three British Opens, three Masters, and two P.G.A.s) but more than a hundred tournaments throughout the world. On the tier below these four players, I would place Arnold Palmer, the winner of eight major titles—one U.S. Open, two British Opens, four Masters, and one U.S. Amateur—and this would complete this highly subjective ranking of the top ten players of modern times.

It is pleasant to report that Nelson, Snead, and Hogan, as they move into their seventies, continue to be very much involved in golf. Nelson, who lives on his beef-cattle ranch in Roanoke, Texas, north of Fort Worth, works with Tom Watson, Ben Crenshaw, and other young players on their games. Each spring, he is the host of the Byron Nelson Classic, which takes place at the Preston Trail Golf Club, in Dallas. Snead still lives to play golf. Wherever he is, he generally arranges to get in a round every day, weather permitting, and the enjoyment he derives from hitting the ball well is no less intense than it was forty-five years ago, when he came out of the Allegheny Mountains to become an immediate sensation on the tour. He still hits the ball a long way. Hogan's schedule varies a bit, but he usually spends his mornings supervising the production of golf clubs and in related activities at the Ben Hogan Company, in Fort Worth, where he has long made his home. Most weekdays, he lunches at the Shady Oaks Country Club, and afterward, arrant perfectionist that he is, he passes up playing a round in favor of practicing on a deserted stretch of the club's third nine holes. His is a probing, scientific mind, and nothing delights him more than to experiment with this nuance or that nuance of his swing to see if some minuscule modification might possibly lead to a slight improvement in the contact he is making with the ball, in the flight of the ball, or in his consistency in producing the precise type of shot he is after. Most winters, he spends some time in Palm Beach, where he plays and practices at nearby Seminole, his favorite course.

SARAZEN, at eighty, is the most amazing of all. Seventeen years ago, the land developer Frank E. Mackle, Jr., who was then turning his attention to Marco Island, off the west coast of Florida some fifteen miles south of Naples, signed Sarazen as director of golf for his Deltona Corporation. During his first twelve winters in that post, Sarazen watched over the golf at the Marco Island Country Club. For the last five years, he has been superintending the renovation of the Marco Shores Country Club, a newer course, situated on the mainland close by the island. Since 1969, when he sold his farm in Germantown, New York, the Squire, as Sarazen has been called since the mid-nineteen-thirties, on account of his predilection for country living and farming, has spent his summers in New London, New Hampshire, a spot that he and his wife, Mary, enjoy because their daughter Mary Ann and her family live there. These days, he plays only a few rounds of golf each week, but on the days he doesn't play he gets in a good session on the practice tee, whether he is in Florida or in New Hampshire.

Over the last half century, Sarazen has had the gift of eternal old age, mainly because he was so young when he broke through in our Open at the Skokie Country Club, near Chicago, exactly sixty years ago. In 1932, when he won the British Open and his second U.S. Open, he was only thirty, but he was looked upon as a gnarled veteran, because he had then been around for a full ten years and, alone among the players he had vied with in the nineteen-twenties—Hagen, Jones, Tommy Armour, Leo Diegel, Jock Hutchison, Macdonald Smith—remained a force in the championships. Golfers much younger than he retired from competition year after year, but Sarazen kept popping up in the big tournaments decade after decade. In 1940, when he was thirty-eight and well past his prime, he made his last bid for a major title by finishing in a tie for first with Lawson Little in our Open, at the Canterbury Golf Club, in Cleveland, but he lost the playoff by three shots, 70 to 73. A heavy rain drenched the course the night before the playoff, and there was no way that Sarazen could keep pace off the tee with Little, a burly young man whose tee shots—almost all carry—ended up as much as thirty-five yards beyond Sarazen's. Little, in fact, played an excellent round in every respect.

As a former P.G.A. champion, Sarazen was exempt for many years from having to qualify for that tournament. In 1947, he astonished the golf world by defeating Snead, who was then at his peak, 2 and 1 in the second round of the P.G.A. The following year, he pushed Hogan to the thirty-

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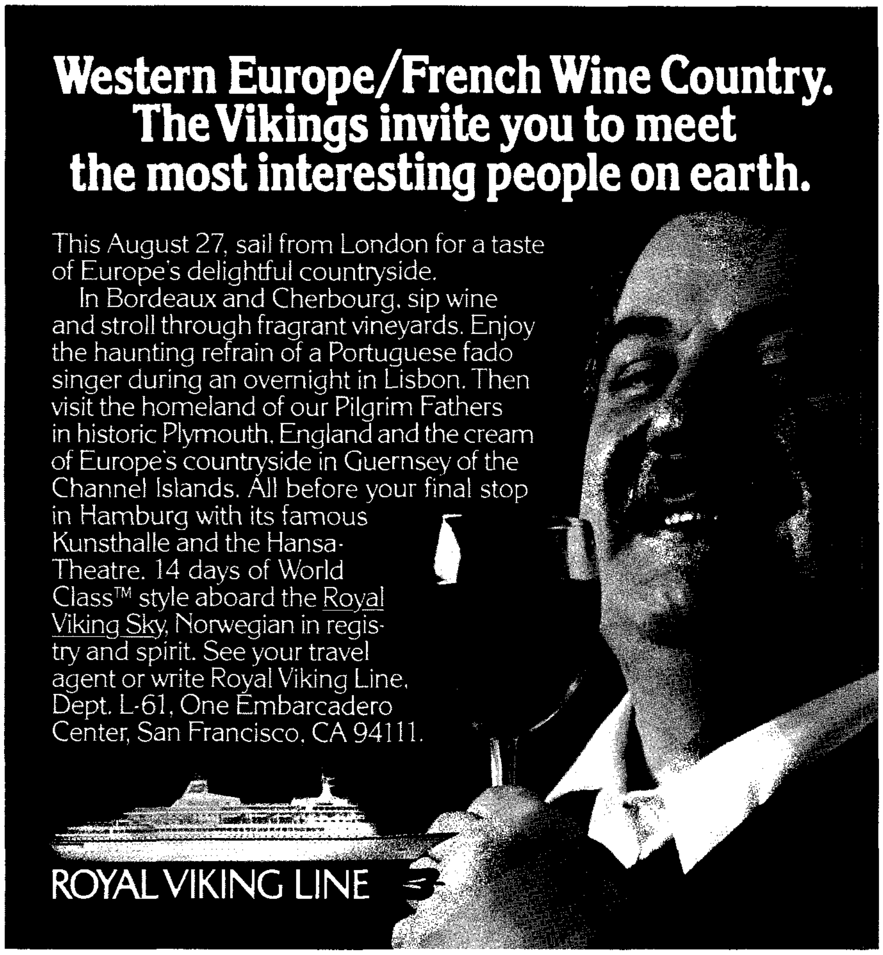

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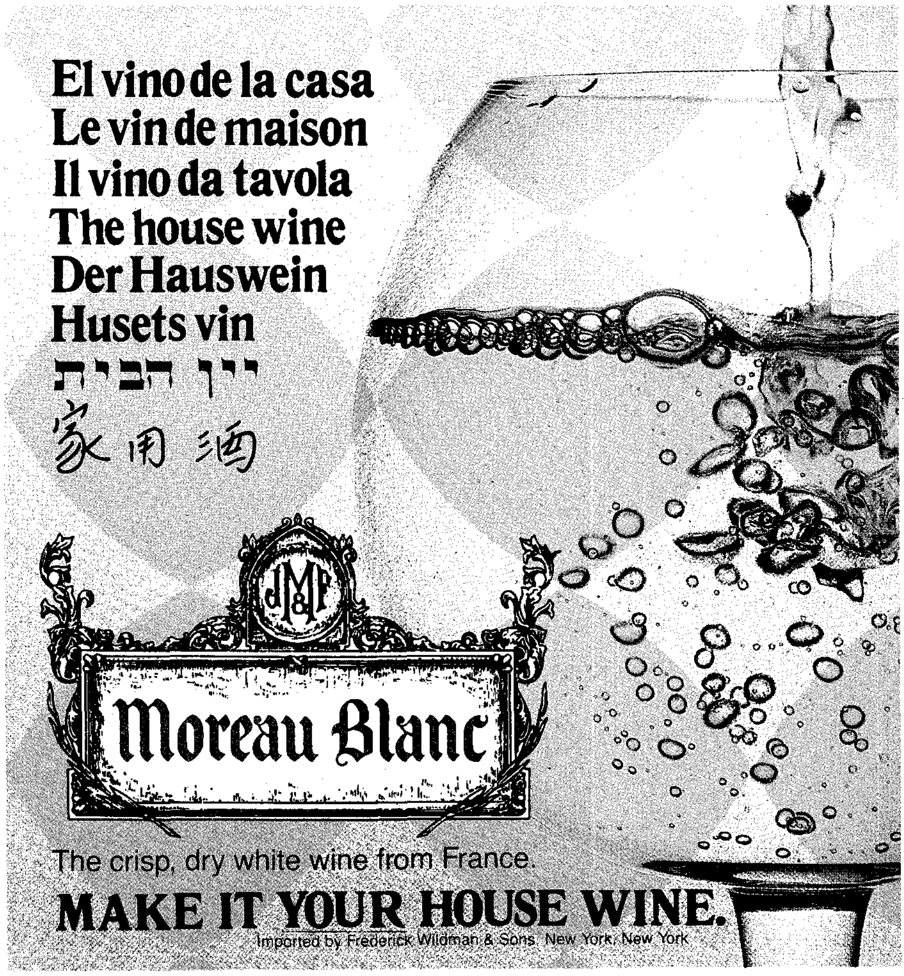

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sixth green when they met in the third round of the P.G.A. He continued to make sporadic visits to Britain to play in the British Open. In 1958, when it was held at Lytham St. Annes, in Lancashire, he made a wonderful showing. His total of 288 (73–73–70–72) was only ten strokes behind the winner's, and this put him in a tie for sixteenth with three other players, among them Bobby Locke, who had won his fourth British Open the year before. Sarazen, then fifty-six, was paired with Locke on the last thirty-six holes. In the ensuing years, he kept on going. In 1963, he became the first man over sixty—he was sixty-one—to make the thirty-six-hole cut in the Masters. Rounds of 74 and 73 gave him the same total at the halfway mark as Arnold Palmer, the defending champion, and they were paired on the third round. Sarazen appeared in the Masters through 1973. After that, although he was on hand at the Augusta National Golf Club each April, he limited himself to playing in the nine-hole competition staged on the club's par-3 course the afternoon before the start of the tournament. Last year, Hord Hardin, the chairman of the Masters, asked Sarazen and Nelson if they would become the tournament's regular Honorary Starters, and they were pleased to accept. In that capacity, they are annually the first twosome to tee off on the opening round. In 1981, they played nine holes and then called it a day—the Augusta National, with its heaving hills, is not an easy course to play from the back tees as one gets on in years.

Sarazen's last "real" appearance in a major championship came in the 1973 British Open, at Troon in western Scotland. Fifty years before, in 1923, when Sarazen was our reigning Open champion, Troon was the venue of the British Open, and he made the trip across to play in it. After some successful tune-up appearances before the Open, he suffered a considerable humiliation at Troon. On the second day of the thirty-six-hole qualifying round—he had had a satisfactory score the first day on one of the nearby municipal courses—Sarazen's group was assigned the earliest starting time on another municipal course that was situated close along the Clyde estuary. That morning, a furious storm off the ocean swept over a boundary seawall and washed up to the edge of the municipal course. The fishermen in the village were not permitted to go out in the storm, but the golfers had to

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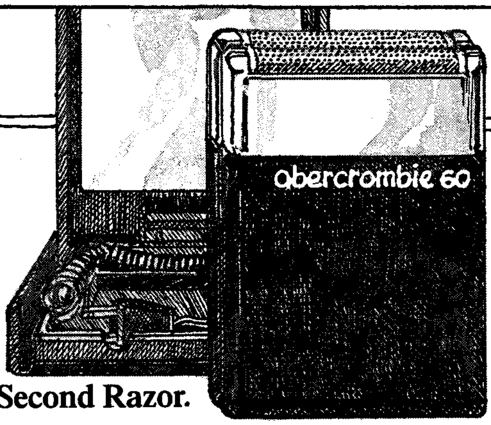

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battle the chilling rain and fierce winds. Sarazen was blown off balance time after time as he attempted to play his shots. On the second hole, where his drive was buried in the face of a bunker, he took a 9. He also had big scores on the next three holes. Then, when he was playing the fifth, the storm began to abate. Pulling himself together, he played quite well the rest of the way, but his total proved to be a stroke too high; most of the later starters that day, who had the advantage of favorable conditions, had brought in low scores.

In 1973, when the British Open was scheduled for Troon, the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, which conducts the national championships, came up with the happy idea of issuing special no-need-to-qualify invitations to three veterans: Arthur Havers, the victor at Troon in 1923; Sarazen; and Fred Daly, a somewhat younger man, who had won the British Open in 1947. On returning to Troon after a fifty-year absence, Sarazen, at seventy-one, broke 80 on both rounds—not at all a bad performance, inasmuch as it rained both days and the wind blew hard at times. While he missed making the thirty-six-hole cut by several strokes, he had stolen the limelight on the first round with a typical flourish. On the celebrated 126-yard eighth hole, known as the Postage Stamp, because of the minute size of its plateau green, he ripped a 5-iron through the wind. The ball landed on the front of the green, hopped a couple of times, and rolled into the cup for a hole in one. The following day, he birdied the eighth by holing a recovery from a deep bunker for a deuce. This summer, the Open returns to Troon—a course that suits Sarazen's game, because it doesn't require long carries to reach the fairways. Furthermore, the hard surface of the fairways gives a golfer who hits the ball on a line, as Sarazen does, a good deal of roll on his tee shots. Sarazen hasn't yet made up his mind whether or not to go across for the championship. It will depend on how he is playing at the time.

THIS past February, I went down to Marco Island and spent a few days with Sarazen just before his eightieth birthday. I was struck, as I am each time I see him, by how little he has altered over the years. He was brimming with health. His olive skin had been bronzed by the sun, and his eyes twinkled with animation—especially when he talked. When he smiled, I was reminded, as I always am, of how Bernard Darwin, the English golf writer, liked to compare Sarazen's smile to the grin of the Cheshire cat. Sarazen is a stocky man, five feet five and a half inches tall, but he looks taller than that, because he is so sturdily built. One particularly notices his broad back and his muscular legs (his legs are usually visible, for knickers have long been his trademark), and the general feeling one gets is that here is a man as strong as an oak. He takes good care of himself, and always has. These days, he rises early in a suite in the Emerald Beach Apartments, facing the Gulf of Mexico, that he and Mrs. Sarazen have occupied since they first came to live on Marco Island. After breakfast, he drives to his office at the Marco Shores Country Club. Its walls are covered with a mélange of photographs: the young Sarazen is holding trophies or posing with celebrities from the entertainment, political, and business worlds; the middle-aged Sarazen is shown mainly in his role as host of "Shell's Wonderful World of Golf," a series of international golf matches that ran for seven winters and that Sarazen feels reëstablished him with the sports public long after he had ceased winning tournaments; the elder Sarazen, the statesman, is grouped with old friends at the Legends of Golf tournament, an event played in Texas each spring, and with new friends at the Gene Sarazen Jun Classic, an event played in Japan each autumn. Most mornings, Sarazen spends a couple of hours in his office, taking care of business matters and answering his correspondence. His letters are not long, and on the average he writes eight or nine. On days when he hasn't set up a golf game, before proceeding to the practice tee he sometimes checks those areas of the Marco Shores course on which alterations are being made. By nature an exceedingly fast player—in 1947, he and George Fazio, the first twosome to go out on the last day of the Masters, whipped around the course in an hour and fifty-seven minutes, and Sarazen had a 70—he gets right down to business when he practices. He always has in mind one or two things he wants to work on, and he sticks to those. He knows every inch of his swing, and he should—in fundamental respects it has changed very little over sixty years. In the nineteen-twenties, his arc was a bit

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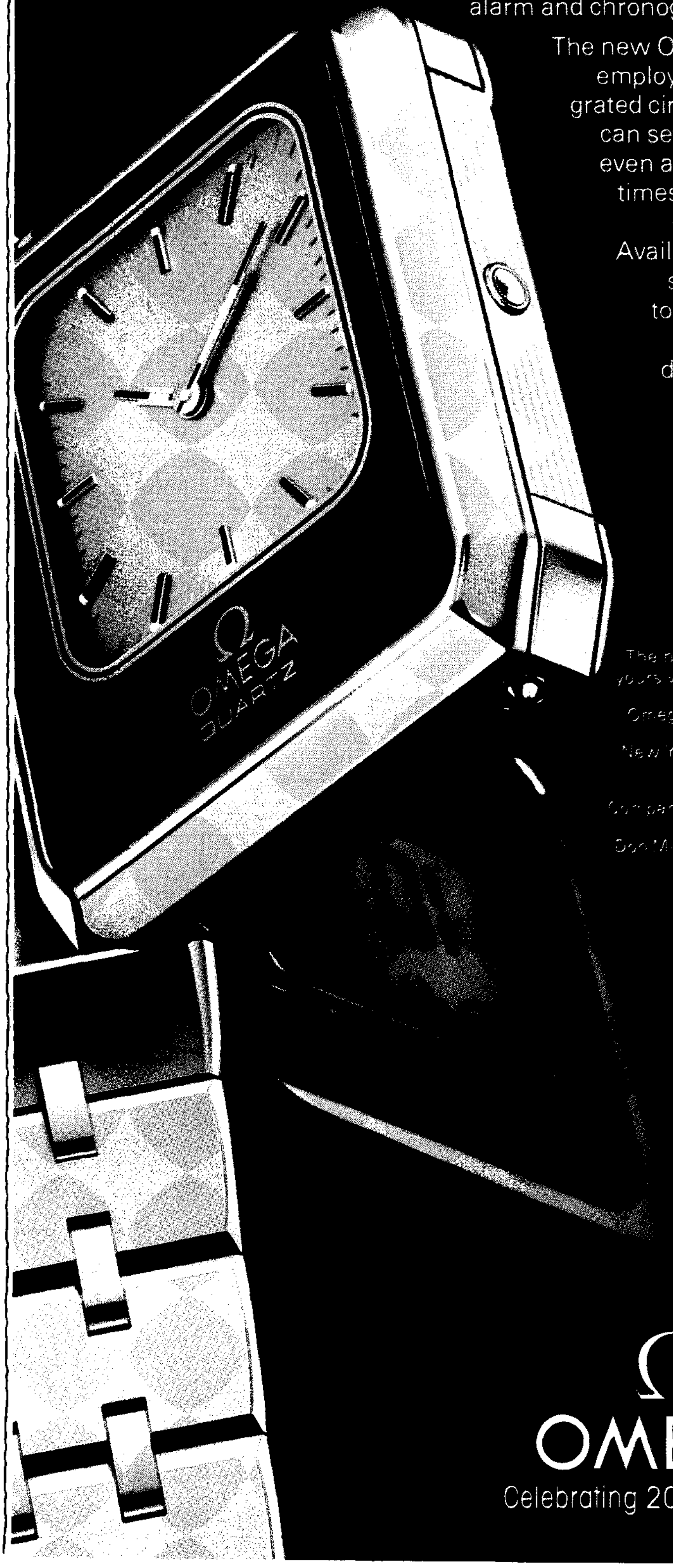

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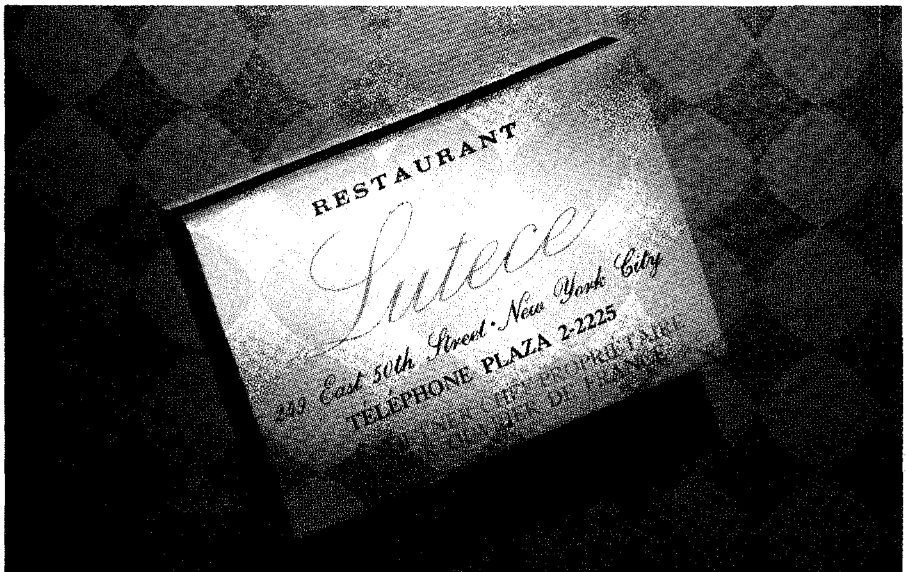

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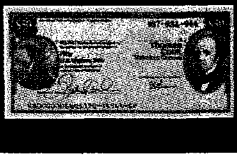

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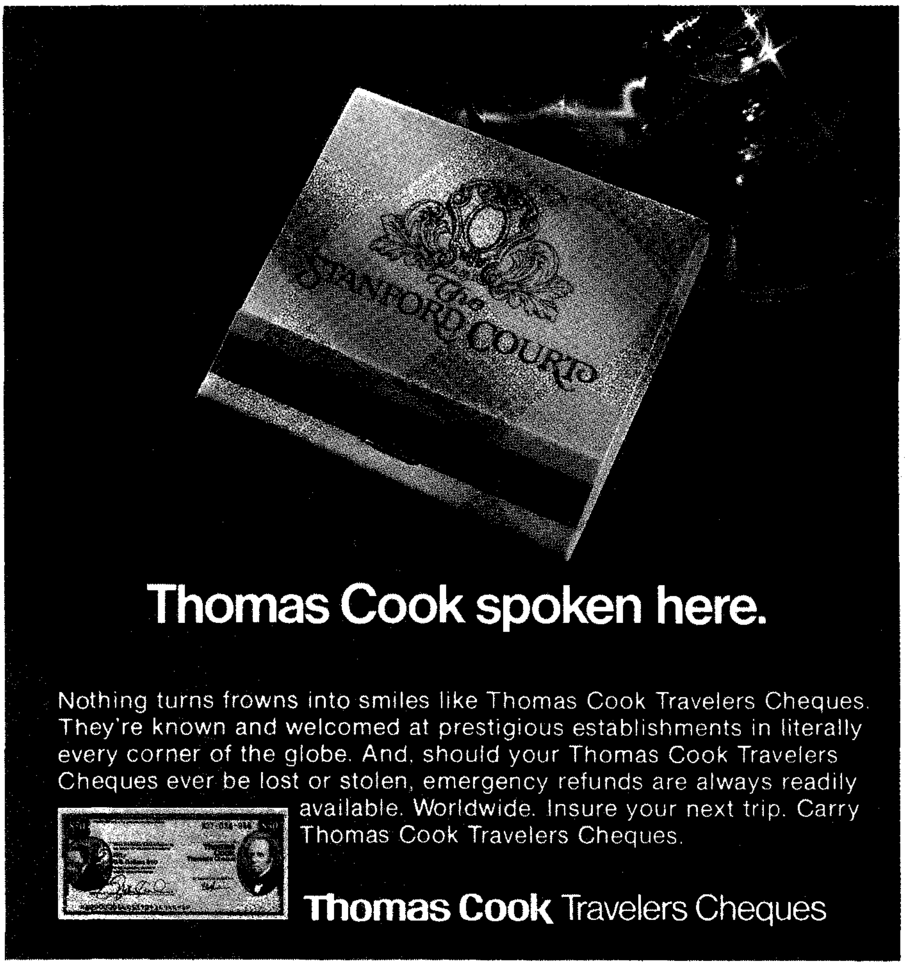
flatter than it later became. These days, because his muscles are less flexible, his swing is somewhat shorter; at the top of the backswing his hands are only shoulder-high. The most distinctive feature of Sarazen's swing was always, and remains, the speed with which he moves into the ball and the conviction of his hand action at impact. He is, in a word, a puncher. An incident that took place in 1923 comes to mind. Shortly before undergoing the ignominy of failing to qualify for the British Open at Troon, he had the privilege of being paired with Harry Vardon in the first two rounds of the North of Britain championship—which, incidentally, he won. It was played at Lytham St. Annes, which has an unorthodox opening hole, a fairly long par 3. Sarazen began his round by punching a 1-iron through a heavy crosswind onto the green, close to the hole. As he and Vardon walked to the green, Vardon told him, "Your style, I gather, is to hit the ball sharp and low. You are very strong. If I were you, I would never allow for the wind. I would always play directly for the flag."

On the days when Sarazen practices in the morning, he customarily lunches at Marco Shores and then returns home; later in the afternoon, he walks three miles or so along the beach to strengthen his legs. On the days when he has arranged a round of golf, the schedule is slightly different. For example, one day during my visit, when he was to play in the afternoon at the Hole-in-the-Wall Golf Club, in Naples, he taped an interview with a local television sportscaster at Marco Shores and took care of some routine matters before he headed for Naples. I had never heard of Hole-in-the-Wall, and after seeing it I was surprised that I hadn't. The course, which was designed by Dick Wilson, one of the best golf-course architects we have ever had in this country, is a very good test. It is only a medium-length layout, measuring a shade over sixty-four hundred yards from the men's tees, but to score acceptably a golfer must keep the ball well under control. A number of holes are tightly bordered by thick growths of vines and trees in a cypress swamp from which the course was reclaimed, and most of the greens are bunkered rather severely. In addition, Hole-in-the-Wall has an appealing low-key atmosphere—the kind that one often finds at clubs where only golf is played and where, in the small, tasteful clubhouse, lunch but not dinner is available. Before we had lunch, Sarazen went out to the practice tee to warm up. He hit three or four shots with his 7-iron and then shifted to his 5-iron. All his shots were hit crisply and flew as straight as an arrow. "This year, I decided to make one main change," he said. "I don't know if you noticed it, but I'm not taking any turf at all. I'm taking the ball clean, just the way Macdonald Smith used to do. Mac Smith sure impressed me when I was breaking in." At this reference to one of the great technicians of the nineteen-twenties, he winked an eye and grinned broadly. There is a lot of the young boy in Sarazen. Resuming his warmup, he hit a few shots with his 3-iron, the longest iron he carries in his bag nowadays, and then explained, "I don't believe in hitting out too many balls before a round—just enough to get loose. I'll hit a couple of shots with my 5-wood—I use that club a lot now—and then a couple of 4-woods. That will be it. I don't take any turf with those fairway woods, either." He didn't. He continued to meet the ball squarely and whistle it down the center of the practice area. I hadn't seen him swing as smoothly and hit the ball as nicely in a long time—perhaps not since the mid-nineteen-sixties. "I think taking the ball clean is going to help me," he said as we walked to the clubhouse for lunch. "Among other things, it stops you from pounding down with your right shoulder as you come into the ball. At my age, I could hurt my shoulder if I did that. The only time I take some turf is when I'm playing pitches with my wedge."

After lunch, Sarazen's foursome moved swiftly onto the course. It was made up of Andy Beljan, the club professional, and two members, both able golfers, who I guessed were in their early sixties. Since the front nine holes were crowded, they decided to play the back nine first. Par on that nine, the longer nine, is 37. Sarazen had a 39, and his score could have been one or two shots lower. He took a 6 on a long par 5 when his fairway-wood shot kicked into trouble, and he bogeyed a par 4 when he was too firm with his approach. These were his only errors. He hadn't missed a fairway off the tee. He played even better on the front nine. Par for that nine is 35. Sarazen had a 36, which included a 6. It came on the seventh, a 569-yard par 5, where he was on the green with his third shot but took three putts. On the eighth, a 408-yard par



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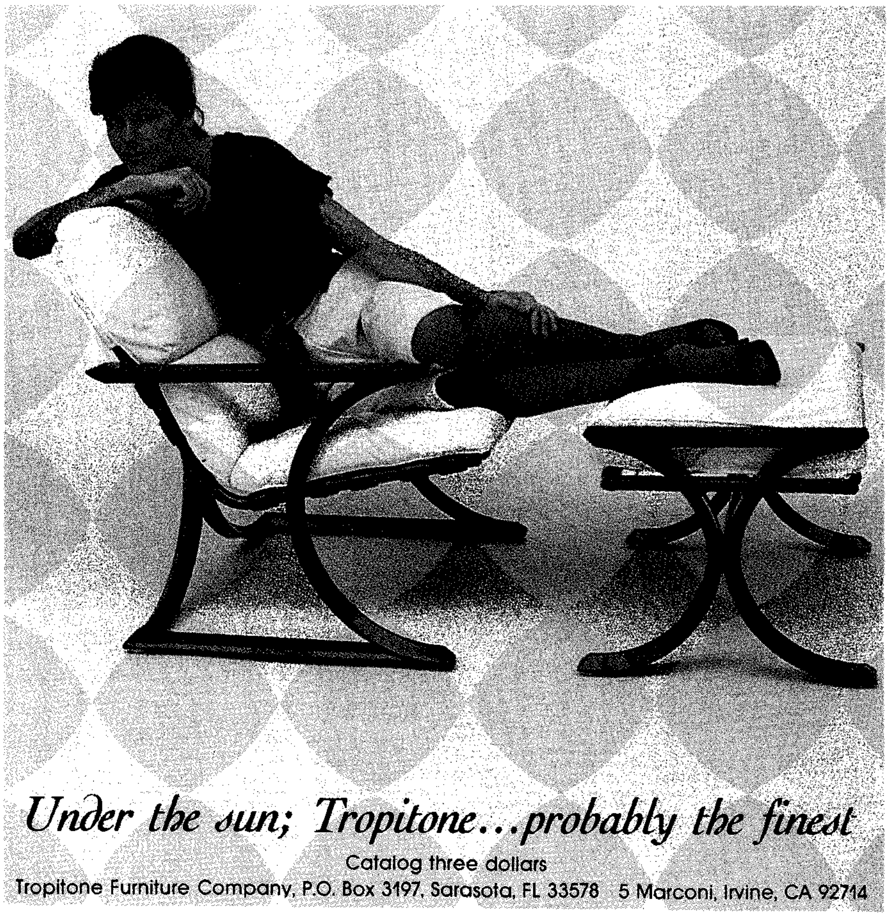

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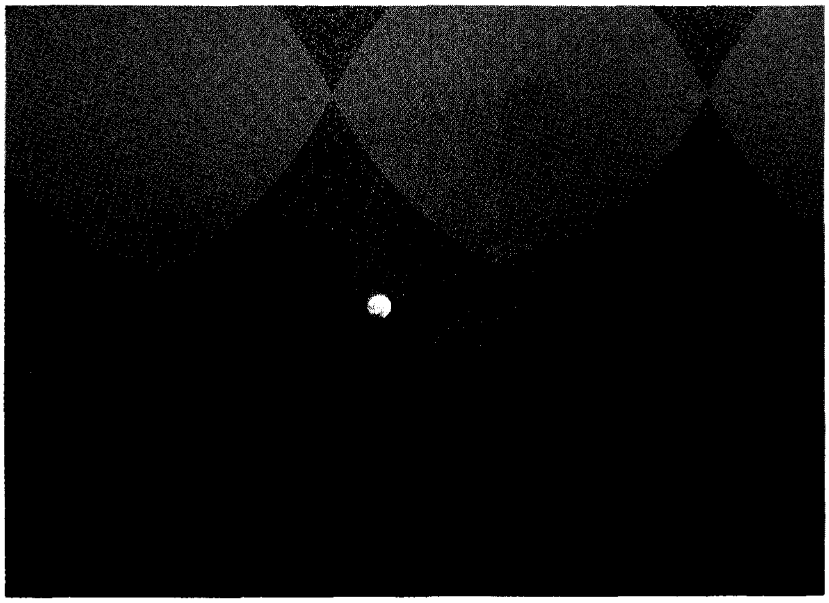

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4, he missed his first fairway of the day when his drive ended in a trap to the left. Going with his 5-wood, he picked the ball perfectly off the sand. Rising higher and higher in an ideal trajectory, it carried all the way to the green, and there, after hanging in the air for a moment, it floated down as softly as a leaf.

When Sarazen was sixty-nine, he shot his age for the first time. Nowadays, he expects to score lower than his age every time he plays, unless he is up against a course as long and demanding as the Augusta National. Accordingly, although he was happy with his 75 on this round at Hole-in-the-Wall, it was not the score in itself that pleased him but the way he had played—especially the success he had had in sweeping the ball off the grass à la Macdonald Smith. As we were driving back to Marco Island, it occurred to me to ask him exactly where he tried to have his club head make contact with the ball. "Oh, about an eighth of an inch from the bottom of the ball," he replied matter-of-factly. I don't think he has any idea what fantastic hand-and-eye coördination that requires, even for a young man. I don't think he appreciates, either, what astonishing depth perception he has. He reads distance so well that he was hole-high or thereabouts on most of his approach shots that afternoon. He still goes about playing golf as if it were the most natural exercise in the world. After studying the shot he is about to play, he never takes a practice swing. Unlike most of the contemporary young stars, who make their preparation for each shot a protracted ritual, he positions his body as he rocks into his stance. A squint at the target, and he is ready to go. When I watch Sarazen, a remark comes to mind that circulated twenty-odd years ago about the baseball player Smoky Burgess, a natural hitter who was a catcher and pinch-hitter *extraordinaire* for the Cubs, the Phillies, the Reds, the Pirates, and the White Sox. It was said that if you woke Burgess in the middle of the night and told him to get up and pinch-hit, he would line the first pitch cleanly into center field for a single. The ease with which Sarazen plays golf is in large part responsible for his longevity as a golfer, but the zest he brings to the game is no less important. During his round at Hole-in-the-Wall, it was clear from the start that he meant to play well. As the round wore on, he worked harder and harder on his shots, concentrating as

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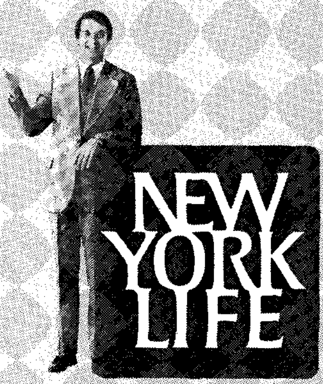

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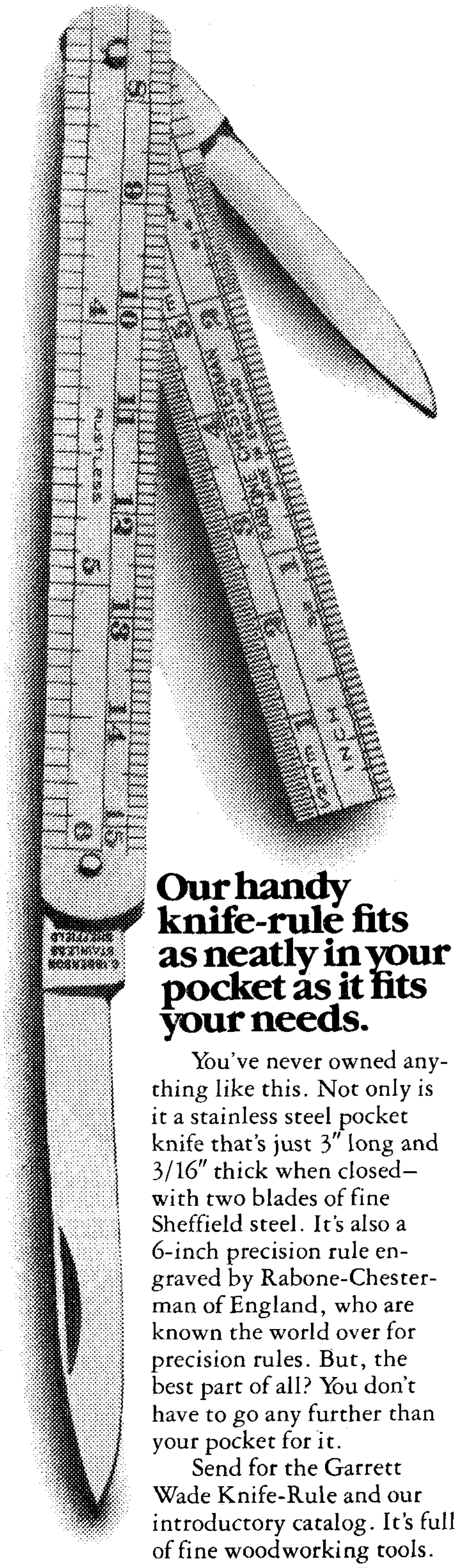
if a tournament were at stake. He is something—very probably the best eighty-year-old golfer ever.

SARAZEN's life, and particularly the early years, has much of the quality of a novel by Dickens. He was born Eugenio Saraceni, in Harrison, New York, on February 27, 1902, the first son and second child of Federico and Adela Saraceni, who had come to this country from Italy. Mr. Saraceni was a bitterly unhappy man. As a boy of scholarly bent, he had been sent to a monastery in Rome to prepare for the priesthood, but the year before he was to be ordained both his parents died, and he did not have the funds to continue his studies. He became a carpenter. In this country, he never learned to speak fluent English, and this was a handicap both socially and in business. Every night after dinner, to escape from his frustrations, he would retire by himself to the cellar and read for hours. As a member of a family that always needed more money, Eugene, from the time he entered school, worked at odd jobs. He was a newsboy, sold the *Saturday Evening Post*, collected scrap to sell to junk dealers, and, in the summer, picked fruit. For a period, he was hired by the town of Harrison to light its old street lamps each evening. When he was eight, he began caddying at the Larchmont Country Club. Three years later, he switched to the Apawamis Club, in Rye—there were many more golfers there, and a caddie could do much better. In 1913, his first year at Apawamis, Francis Ouimet, who had been a caddie at The Country Club, outside Boston, won our Open and became the special hero of American caddies. On learning that Ouimet used the interlocking grip, Eugene changed to that grip. He has stayed with it ever since.

Except for his hours on the golf course, Eugene's boyhood had been a grim one, and it continued to be. In 1917, his father, who had contracted to build some houses, lost every penny in the deal. At his bidding, Eugene, then fifteen, left school to go to work. At about this time, the United States entered the First World War. Mr. Saraceni not only found work for himself but was also able to get a job for his son as a carpenter's helper at Fort Slocum, an Army installation on Long Island Sound, near New Rochelle. Fort Slocum was slated to become an induction center, and barracks had to be built in a hurry to house the thousands of recruits who would be passing through. Eugene next worked as a carpenter's helper at the Remington arms plant in Bridgeport, Connecticut, to which the family had moved in 1917. Eugene's job at Remington was to drill the holes in the wooden racks in which artillery shells were shipped. While he was working at Remington, he came down with pneumonia and was rushed to Bridgeport Hospital. He was close to death for three days but pulled through, only to come down with pleural empyema, a complication of pneumonia in which the pleural cavity accumulates fluid. A young surgeon operated on him successfully, using a method that is standard nowadays in such cases but was then new and risky. When his patient was ready to leave the hospital, the doctor instructed him to rest for six weeks and also advised him not to go back to the Remington plant but to find an outdoor job. It was spring, and that meant only one thing to Eugene: golf. He started to spend his days at Beardsley Park, a nine-hole public course in Bridgeport, practicing longer as his health gradually returned.

Eugene and his father had never got along, and now the rift between them widened. Mr. Saraceni regarded golf as a form of loafing, but his son was determined not to go back to carpentering, and to find his way in golf. That summer—the summer of 1918—he invented his name. Playing together one day, he and Al Ciuci, the Beardsley Park professional, had both had holes in one on the first hole, and this earned them a small writeup in the local paper. The pleasure of this taste of publicity was marred when Eugene saw what his name looked like in print. Eugene Saraceni was a suitable name for a musician but was all wrong for a golfer. It didn't have the right look, the right ring, the right anything. He spent the next few nights trying out variations on Saraceni, arranging the letters differently and substituting other letters. One night, after writing down "S-a-r-a," he added "z-e-n": Sarazen. He liked it immediately. Gene Sarazen—now, that was what he was after. That was a very good name for an athlete. Then and there he became Gene Sarazen.

Slowly, things began to look up for



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Gene Sarazen. In the autumn of 1918, he was taken on by the professional at the Brooklawn Country Club, the best club in Bridgeport, to help out in the pro shop. He mopped the floor and did other menial tasks, but he also wound grips, refinished shafts, and, in time, learned the essentials of clubmaking. He was permitted to play some golf, occasionally, with the members, and his game improved considerably. In the winter of 1919, he went south to Florida, where, presenting himself as the assistant professional at Brooklawn, he kept himself afloat by winning most of the money matches he played. Ramsey Hunter, the professional at the Fort Wayne Country Club, in Indiana, liked the way he hit the ball, and hired him to be his assistant. The next winter, Sarazen went to Florida again, and, with the aid of two professionals from Pittsburgh, who spent their off-season there, he landed the post of professional at the Titusville Country Club, a nine-hole course in the northwest corner of Pennsylvania. In the late winter of 1922, he won his first significant tournament, the Southern Open. It was held that year at the New Orleans Country Club, and Sarazen ran away with it, finishing eight strokes ahead of the runner-up, Diegel. He acquitted himself well in six other tournaments on the infant winter tour that then swung from Texas through Florida and up to North Carolina. Most important of all, his friend Emil Loeffler, the greenkeeper at the renowned Oakmont Country Club, on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, told him that he had been able to arrange for him to be the professional at the Highland Country Club in that city. That July, at twenty, Sarazen won the 1922 U.S. Open championship.

Looking back at this awesome achievement, one is struck by the intelligent and thorough way that Sarazen prepared for the Open. In those days, William Fownes, a member of the family that had created Oakmont, was the most influential man in Pittsburgh golf. The city and the outlying districts had produced several winners of our Amateur (Fownes himself was one), but no golfer from the area had ever won the Open, and to this end Fownes had Loeffler take Sarazen to the venue of the championship—the Skokie Country Club, near Chicago—a month before the Open. It was a highly rewarding expedition. Sarazen reached the conclusion from his familiarization rounds that Skokie was a

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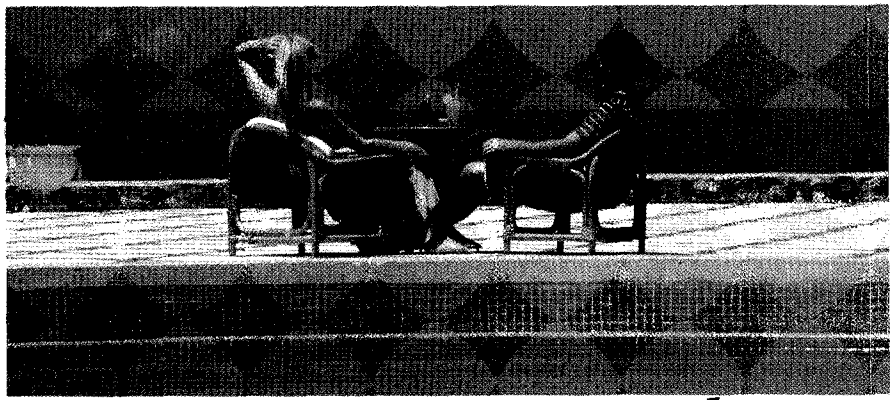

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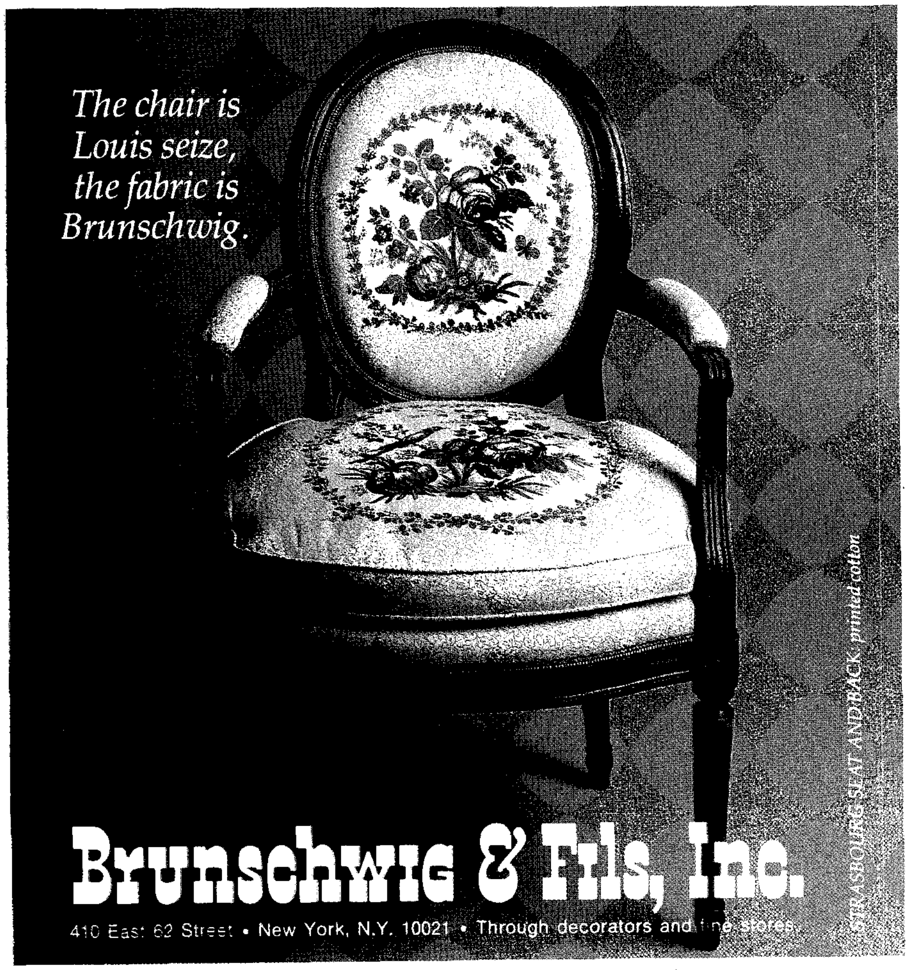

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perfect course for his game. The key to scoring, he felt, was keeping the ball out of the rough off the tee. Back in Pittsburgh, he practiced his driving diligently. He returned to Skokie a week before the Open. He had played in the championship in 1920 and 1921, and though he hadn't done badly, he had never actually been in contention. He had hurt his chances both years by putting considerably below his usual level. Consequently, during his tune-up week at Skokie he devoted a sizable portion of his time to practicing his putting on the greens he would be playing, memorizing the grain, the speed, and the contours of each one. In the evening after dinner, ignoring the practice green—it is rare when a practice green resembles the greens out on the course—he spent as much as an hour on a single green. Aware that in previous Opens he had got off on the wrong foot on many rounds because of shaky putting, he made a special point of getting to know the first four greens.

On his opening round at Skokie, Sarazen, putting well and playing well from the outset, brought in a 72, two strokes over par. A second round of 73 placed him only three strokes behind the leader at the halfway point—John Black, a veteran Scottish professional then attached to a club in California. On his morning round on the last day, Sarazen began to feel the pressure of the Open. He couldn't stroke his putts up to the cup however hard he tried. He persevered, and, thanks to three birdies on the last five holes, got out of the round with a 75 and was still in the battle, three shots behind Black and four behind the co-leaders, Bill Mehlhorn and Bobby Jones. Sarazen then went out and played a tremendous last round, the first of the many thrilling finishing rounds that he was able to summon in major championships during his long career. He started the round with a wobbly par and a bogey—Open jitters. He was too tight, too tentative. On the third, he forced himself to go boldly for the twenty-five-foot putt he needed for a birdie, and made it. He holed from fifteen feet for a birdie on the fourth. Those two putts set him off, and after that he played attacking golf. He made the turn in 33. He kept pushing himself hard, and came to the last hole needing a par 5 for a 69 and a four-round total of 289—a stroke better than Mehlhorn's total, the lowest that had been posted. The eighteenth, 485 yards, was not a long par 5, but it had

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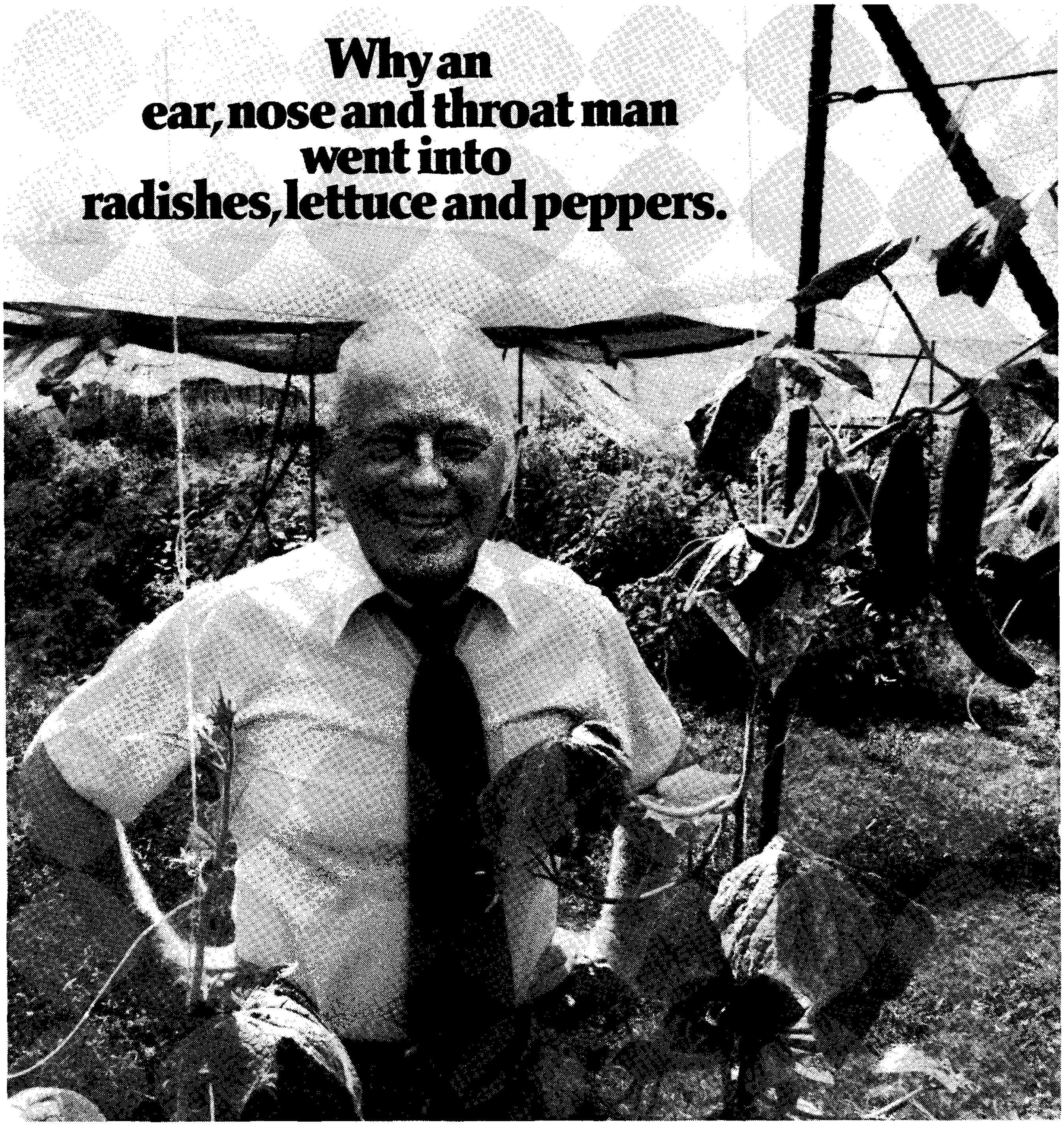

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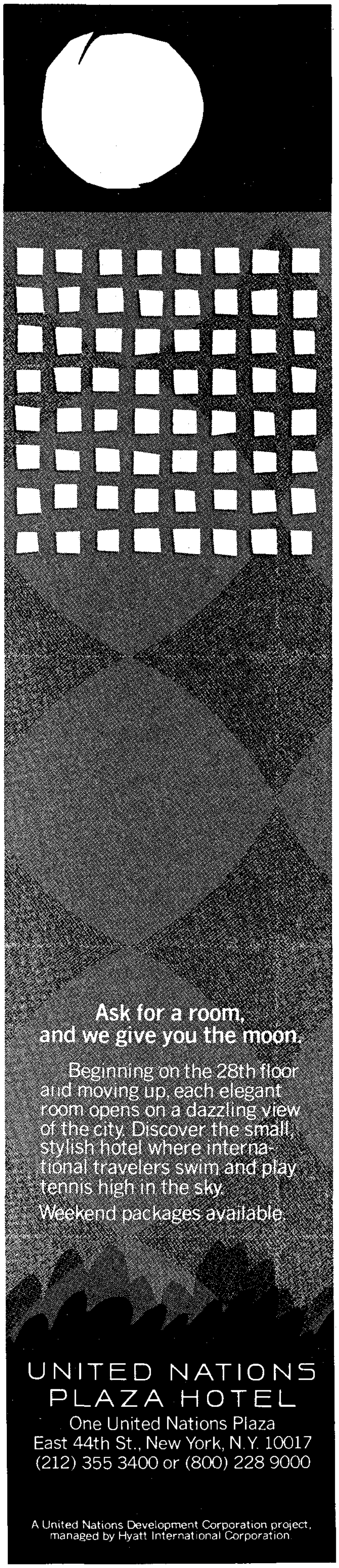

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its hazards. Out-of-bounds markers marched along the left, and there was a pond on the right side of the fairway about three hundred and fifty yards out. The green was bunkered on the left and the right. That afternoon, the hole was playing long, for the wind was directly against the golfers on the second shot. Sarazen felt that under the circumstances it was probably wisest to make sure of his par, but his caddie, a young man named Dominico, was against this. He thought that Sarazen should not change his tactics, and should keep charging. He also reminded him that Jones and Black were playing behind him and there was no way of knowing the score he would have to shoot to beat them. Sarazen took his advice. He lashed a long, low drive two hundred and fifty yards down the fairway. From there, the only club he could reach the green with was his driver. He had a good lie, and he went with the driver. He hit a screamer that tore through the wind, on line all the way. The ball bounced onto the green and rolled dead sixteen feet from the pin. He was down in two putts for his birdie, a 68, and a total of 288. As it turned out, he would not have won without that final birdie. Jones, after failing to par the seventeenth, finished one stroke behind Sarazen, and so did Black, who also ran into trouble on the seventeenth.

Sarazen's dashing play at Skokie—he was the first to win the Open by breaking 70 on the final round—captured the imagination of sports fans. His victory also served to popularize golf, then still a rich man's game in this country, for he was the first golfer of Italian descent to win the national championship. Like Ouimet, he had risen from humble origins and the caddie ranks. That August, Sarazen added to his reputation by winning the P.G.A. championship, which was played at Oakmont. On his way to the title, he defeated Jock Hutchison in the quarter-finals, Bobby Cruickshank in the semis, and Emmett French in the final. The only American star he had not accounted for in head-to-head competition was Walter Hagen, who had chosen not to enter the P.G.A. championship that summer. A confrontation between the two was a natural, and it was arranged that they should meet in a 72-hole match in October for what was ballyhooed as the "World's Golf Championship." Hagen then held the British Open title and Sarazen the U.S. Open and P.G.A. titles, so the billing was far more justified than most promotions of this sort. After the first thirty-six holes, played at Oakmont, Hagen held a two-hole lead, but when the scene shifted to the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, Sarazen surged to the front and ultimately closed out the match on the seventieth green, 3 and 2. I cannot think of another young golfer, completely unheralded at the start of the season, who enjoyed a string of triumphs comparable to Sarazen's in 1922.

THE following year, it was a different story. To begin with, there was Sarazen's misadventure at Troon in the qualifying round of the British Open. In the U.S. Open, he did not make a strong defense of his title. The general feeling in golf circles was that he was a skyrocket that had lit up the sky brilliantly but had now fizzled out. He had been playing so poorly that in the autumn, when the P.G.A. championship was held, at the Pelham Country Club, if he had not been the defending champion he would probably not have entered the tournament. Golf is an enigma. At Pelham, Sarazen won the P.G.A. again. He came onto his game in the early rounds, then beat Jim Barnes in the quarter-final, Bobby Cruickshank in the semifinal, and Hagen, the great match player, in the final. That final was a remarkably dramatic duel, and, perhaps for that reason, it is one of the few matches of the nineteen-twenties that golf fans who were born decades later seem to know about. It built to a terrific climax. Hagen, two down with three holes to play, squared the match by winning the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth. The thirty-sixth was halved, and so was the first extra hole. The second hole at Pelham was a short par 4 that bent sharply to the left after the drive. There were woods along the left, and the threat of out-of-bounds territory. Hagen, with the honor, put his drive down the middle of the fairway, setting himself up for a little pitch—a shot he played better than anyone else in the game. Sarazen, for some reason, decided to risk carrying the trees in the angle of the fairway. He hooked the shot badly, and it disappeared into the trees. It could have easily ricocheted out of bounds or ended up in an unplayable position. He was lucky. The ball was found in bounds near the edge of the woods, and, more than that, he had a feasible opening to the green. His lie was difficult, though: the ball lay deep in a clump of high, heavy rough. He managed to gouge it out with his niblick, and it kicked onto the green and stopped two feet from the cup. This unexpected turn of events shook the usually unshakable Hagen. He flubbed his pitch into the bunker before the green, and that was the match. When I was with Sarazen this winter, I asked him how it was that he was able to stand up to Hagen in match play when Hagen's cool, imperious manner intimidated just about everyone else. "I don't think I had enough sense to know what pressure was," Sarazen said. "I was young, and, like most kids, I had lots of confidence when I was hitting the ball well. I knew that Hagen could play magnificent recovery shots, and I knew how good he was on the greens, but I figured I was a better shotmaker than he was. I felt I could beat him by outplaying him from tee to green."

SARAZEN'S triumph in the 1923 P.G.A. was his last in a major championship for a long, long time—until 1932. During this extended drought, his record was still quite respectable. In our Open, for example, he tied for fifth in 1925, tied for third in 1926, was third in 1927, tied for sixth in 1928, tied for third in 1929, and tied for fourth in 1931. For the average tournament player, this would have been regarded as a string of worthy performances, but when Sarazen arrived he had looked to be the stuff of which champions are made, and his inability to continue to win his share of the prestige tournaments was a disappointment. He recognized as clearly as anyone that a true champion is at his best when he has to be, but year after year he threw away his opportunities by making ruinous errors. By 1931, he had gained sufficient maturity to analyze his weaknesses and set about rectifying them. His natural way of hitting the ball was to swing on an inside-out arc and draw the ball from right to left. When he went on an exhibition tour with Jock Hutchison in 1923, he had made the mistake of trying to copy Hutchison's outside-in fade, and he had become so confused after fiddling with countless adjustments and constant compensations over the years that he had no confidence, no feel, no sense of where the

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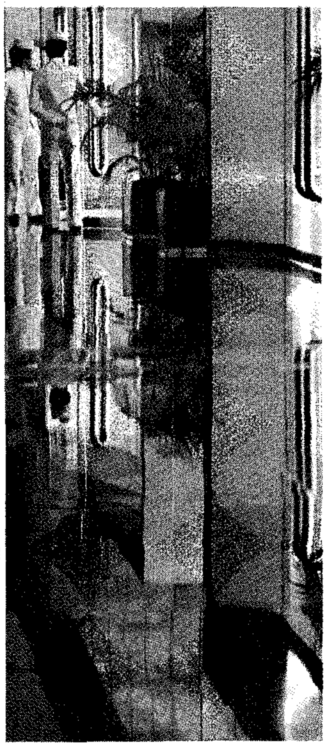

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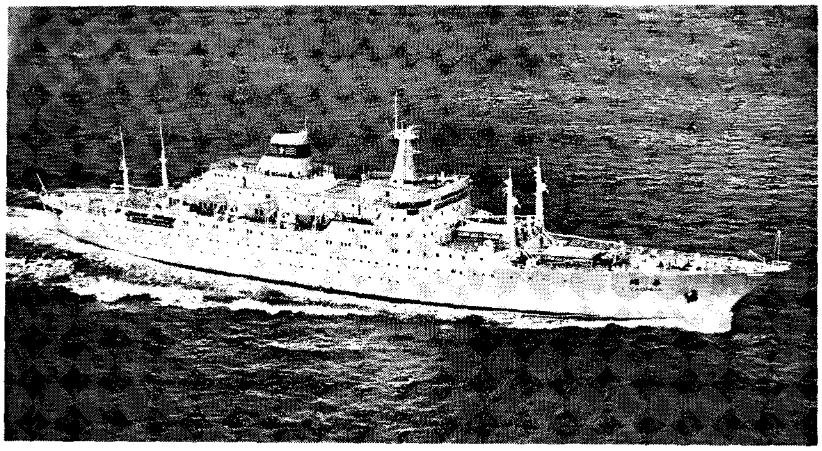
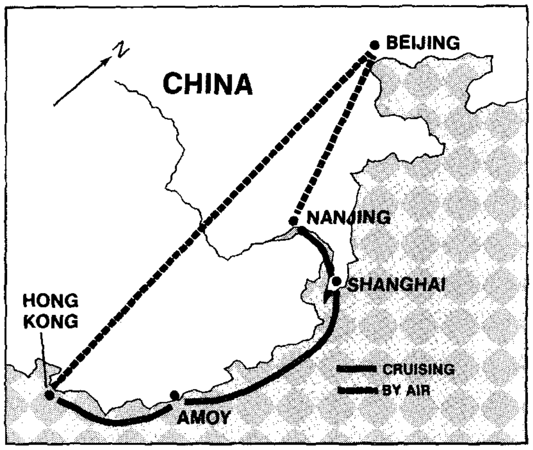
ball was going. One thing he knew: under pressure he was susceptible to hitting disastrous hooks, which were brought on because he had lost control of the club with his right hand at the top of the backswing, letting it slip from his fingers down toward the thumb. He corrected this in 1931 through painstaking practice and with the help of two pieces of equipment. The first was the Reminder Grip. Unlike other grips, the Reminder Grip is not round at the top. A slim section of its left side has been sliced away, leaving a flat surface. When a golfer places his left hand on a Reminder Grip, he tends to grip the club properly: the key to this is that the pad of the palm, below the little finger, fits snugly against the flat surface. A Canadian golfer had devised this grip and sent it to the Wilson Sporting Goods Company, but there were no plans to do anything with it until Sarazen, who was retained by Wilson as an adviser on equipment, spotted it on one of his visits to Wilson's and had the grip put on several sets of clubs he was having made up. It was of incalculable value to Sarazen. His improved left-hand grip made it possible for him to grip the shaft correctly and firmly with his right hand. Before that, his right hand had been too far under the shaft. From then on, the club remained glued to the fingers of his right hand at the top of the backswing and did not slip down. To fortify his grip further, he had a twenty-two-ounce practice club made up—it was about fifty per cent heavier than his driver—and dutifully swung it for long periods every day. He began to strike his shots much more solidly. The following year, 1932, he thought it was high time to do something about his bunker play, which had never been as reliable as he would have liked. In the town of New Port Richey, on the west coast of Florida, where he and his wife then spent their winters, there was a mechanic at a local garage who was particularly good at soldering. Sarazen bought up all the solder at the local hardware store, and, at his direction, the mechanic applied it to the soles of twelve niblicks that Sarazen had collected. Sarazen then took the clubs out to a bunker on an abandoned course nearby and, shaping the solder with rasps and files—and sometimes adding more solder back at the garage—kept experimenting until he arrived at what he was after: a club with a heavy, wide, flanged sole that, when it struck the sand behind the ball, exploded the





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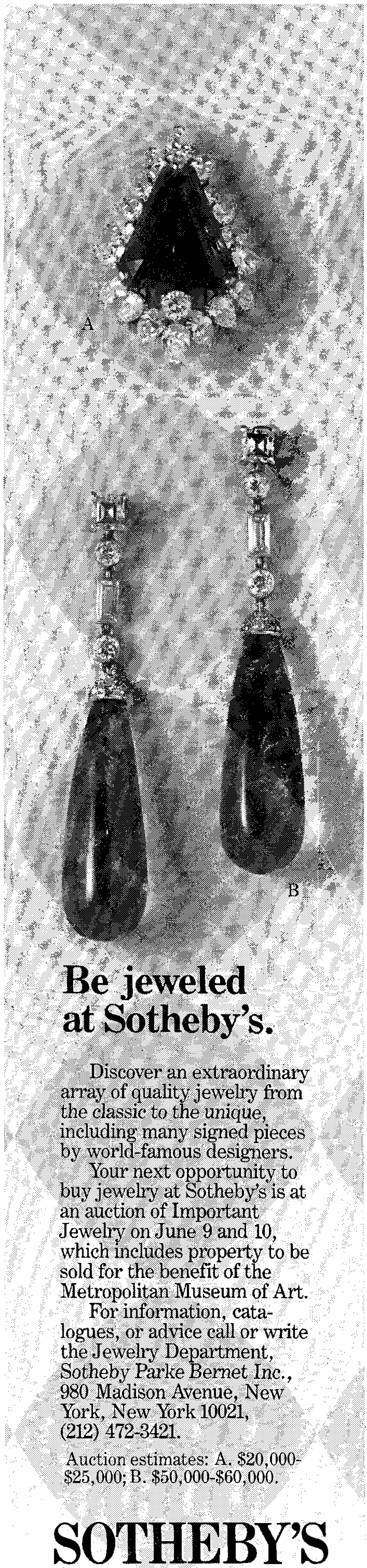

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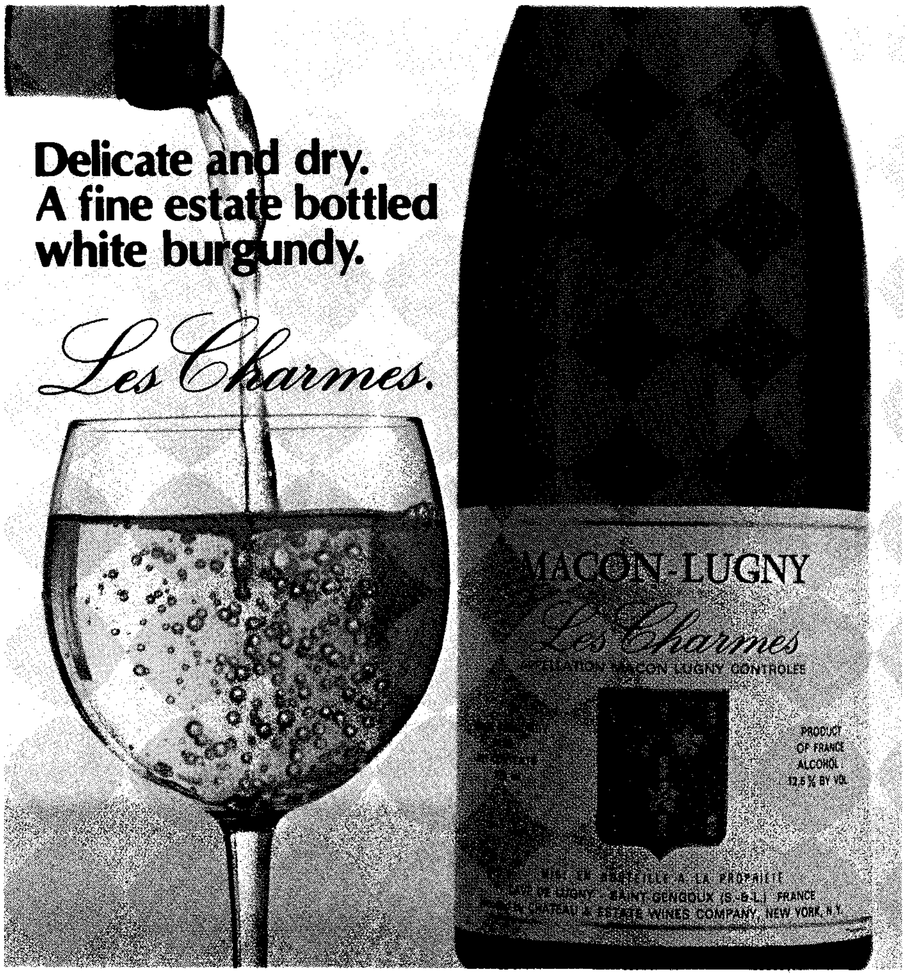
ball out of good lies, bad lies, and buried lies with an efficiency far beyond that of the niblick, the club traditionally used in bunkers. The new club was the first sand wedge. It soon became a standard club in every golfer's bag. It was in Sarazen's bag in 1932 when he reclaimed his position at the forefront of golf by winning both the British Open and our Open in the same year—an exploit that only Jones had brought off before him.

For pure human interest, few stories in the history of the sport can compare with Sarazen's victory in the British Open. It is almost too good to be true. It pulls at your heartstrings like an old Hollywood melodrama, and the main character, aside from Sarazen, is straight out of Central Casting. This was Skip Daniels. A professional caddie all his life, Daniels was a thin man with soulful eyes and a solemn manner. He was then in his sixties, and his mustache was turning gray. He always wore the same outfit: a soiled cap, a rumpled dark-gray suit, a shirt with a worn celluloid collar, and an old tie. He spoke softly, in measured phrases, but he had enormous enthusiasm for his work and he knew how to inspire a golfer. Daniels caddied at only three courses in Kent: Royal St. George's Golf Club, in Sandwich; Prince's Golf Club, which abuts it; and Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, close by in Deal. During the First World War, he had patrolled these three linksland courses against a possible invasion by the Germans, and he knew every inch of them. When Hagen won the 1922 British Open at Royal St. George's, Daniels had caddied for him, and when the Open returned to Royal St. George's in 1928, Hagen had arranged for Daniels to caddie for him again. That year, Hagen and Sarazen made the Atlantic crossing together. One night at dinner, after Sarazen had confided that his greatest ambition in golf was to win the British Open, Hagen made what was much more than a gracious gesture. Long convinced that a foreign golfer needed one of the top caddies in order to win the British Open, he offered to let Sarazen have Daniels in the upcoming championship. By that time, Daniels was in his sixties. He limped a bit, and his eyesight wasn't as good as it had been, but he was still an exceptional caddie. From the outset, he and Sarazen got along extremely well. On the first round, Sarazen had a splendid 72, one of the lowest scores. He was purring along nicely on the second day until he came to the fourteenth, a 508-yard par 5, which is called the Suez Canal, after the stream that runs across the fairway about seventy-five yards from the green. Here Sarazen hooked his drive into fairly tall rough. Angry with himself and intent on carrying the Suez Canal with his second shot, he shook off Daniels' advice to play short of the hazard with a mashie, the equivalent of the modern 5-iron. Instead, he reached into his bag and took out his spoon. He threw everything he had into the shot and succeeded in advancing it barely twenty yards, still in the rough. By then, Sarazen was out of control. Playing the spoon again, he managed this time to at least get the ball onto the fairway. The price of his impetuousness was a 7 on the hole. It cost him the championship. He finished two strokes behind the winner, Hagen—the two strokes he had thrown away on the fourteenth on the second round. When he said goodbye to Daniels, he admitted how stupid he had been not to listen to him on that critical hole. "We'll try it again, sir, won't we?" Daniels said. "Before I die, I'm going to win an Open championship for you."

The 1932 British Open was scheduled for Prince's. Sarazen had lined up Daniels to caddie for him. Before checking in at Prince's, however, Sarazen played a round with friends at the Stoke Poges course, outside London. His golf was just about flawless. At the conclusion of the round, the young man who had caddied for him suggested that he caddie for him in the Open. They couldn't miss, he said. He went on to say that Sarazen could never win with Daniels. Daniels, he had heard, had been ill, and his eyesight was gone. After thinking things over, Sarazen told the young caddie to meet him at Prince's. On his arrival at Prince's, Sarazen went through the terribly difficult business of telling Daniels (who indeed showed signs of the passing years) that he thought he was too old to caddie for him in the gruelling championship. On Sarazen's practice rounds, it soon became apparent that he and the young caddie from Stoke Poges were not getting along. The young caddie was much too bossy, and acted as if his mind never entertained error. Sarazen's shotmaking grew increasingly uncertain. His friends noticed this with dismay, and one of them, Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, took it upon himself to call on Sarazen and suggest that Daniels was still available, if he should wish to change caddies. The next morning—two days before the opening round—Sarazen and Daniels were reunited. Sarazen's game and his assurance picked up immediately. On their final practice round, Sarazen promised Daniels that there would be no Suez Canal fiasco this time—he would go along with Daniels' decisions on how to play each hole, each shot. When they reached the eighth hole on this round, Daniels emphasized that it could be the hole on which the championship would be won or lost. The principal problem the golfer faced on the eighth was a blind second shot over a bunkered ridge about thirty-five feet high that straddled the fairway eighty yards or so before the green. Most of the time, the second shot had to be played from a slightly downhill lie, but Daniels said he was confident that on a still day or with a following breeze Sarazen would have no trouble carrying the ridge. If the wind was against him, though, the intelligent play was to lay up short of the ridge. On the first round of the Open, Sarazen had an airtight 70, four strokes under par. He proceeded to run away with the tournament, adding rounds of 69, 70, and 74, and won by five strokes. In the process, he lowered the previous record total for the championship by two strokes. On the eighth, the hole he was most worried about, he had used a brassie for his second shot on the first two rounds, and, clearing the ridge with yards to spare, had made two pars. On the last two rounds, he had had a mild wind at his back, and Daniels had handed him his spoon both times. In the morning, he had been on the green with his second and holed for an eagle 3 from thirty feet. In the afternoon, he had played an even better second. It had stopped only eight feet from the pin, and again he had made the putt for an eagle. Sarazen had lived up to his promise: he had let Daniels select the club for each shot and had never questioned his judgment. Daniels, for his part, had been as good as his word: by keeping Sarazen on an even keel over the seventy-two holes—there wasn't a 6 on Sarazen's card—he had won the British Open for him. A few months later, Daniels died, after a short illness.

Sarazen returned home from Britain about a week before the U.S. Open got under way, at the Fresh Meadow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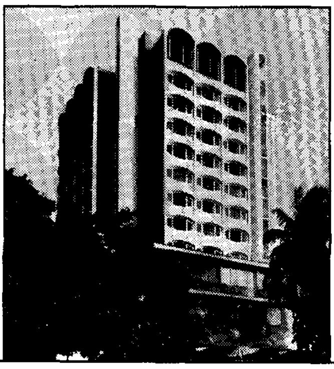

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Country Club, on Long Island. The course, which had been designed by A. W. Tillinghast, was very familiar to him; he had been the professional there from 1925 until 1931, when he moved to the Lakeville Country Club on Long Island. He appreciated only too keenly that, as on many other Tillinghast layouts, a golfer had to play his approach shots carefully, since the pear-shaped greens, narrow at the entrance and wide at the back, were flanked by severe bunkers. On his first and second rounds, Sarazen was overcareful. A 74 and a 76 put him five shots off the pace. On the third day—the day of the last two rounds—this same diffidence hampered his play until he holed a sizable putt for a birdie on the short ninth. From there on, he played forceful, assertive golf. Six pars and three birdies gave him a 32 on the second nine and a 70 for the round, and placed him only a stroke behind the leader, Phil Perkins. In the afternoon, he was able to maintain his momentum. He reached the turn in 32: par, bogey, birdie, birdie, par, birdie, par, par, birdie. Victory was now in sight, and his golf on the second nine was a shade more prudent. He was back in 34: par, par, par, par, par, birdie, par, par, par. His 66 gave him a total of 286 and a winning margin of three strokes. Never before in an important championship had a golfer put on such a sustained finishing drive: beginning with his birdie 2 on the ninth in the morning, Sarazen had played the last twenty-eight holes in a hundred strokes. Jones, who was then writing fairly regularly for the *American Golfer*, summed up Sarazen's performance with his usual discernment: "Sarazen has ever been the impatient, headlong player who went for everything in the hope of feeling the timely touch of inspiration. When the wand touches him, he is likely to win in a great finish as he did at Fresh Meadow and Skokie, or in a parade as he did at Prince's, but if it touch him not throughout the four rounds, the boldness of his play leaves no middle ground. When he is in the right mood, he is probably the greatest scorer in the game, possibly, that the game has ever seen."

FOR all his flair for competition, Sarazen let several big events that he looked like winning get away from him. Armour beat him one up on the thirty-sixth green in the final of the 1930 P.G.A. championship at Fresh Meadow. In 1933, at St. Andrews,

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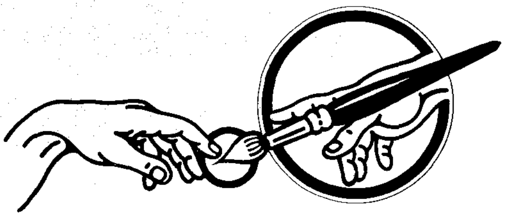

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Sarazen lost the British Open by a stroke when, playing the long fourteenth on the last round, he caught the face of Hell Bunker with his second shot, needed three shots to get out, and ended up with a triple-bogey 8. The following year, at the Merion Golf Club (then called the Merion Cricket Club), near Philadelphia, he lost our Open by one stroke in almost the same way: on the last round, he hooked his drive on the eleventh into Cobbs Creek and took a triple-bogey 7. The surest solace for defeats as searing as these is victory, and Sarazen, fortunately, continued to have his triumphs. He won his third P.G.A. championship in 1933, at the Blue Mound Country Club, in Milwaukee, even though he had been far off form during his practice rounds. He removed from his bag the clubs that were giving him trouble, and relied on the seven he was most comfortable with: his driver, 4-wood, jigger, 5-iron, 7-iron, sand wedge, and putter. He leaned most heavily on the 4-wood and the jigger. The jigger, which became obsolete with the coming of matched sets, was a shallow-faced club with a distinctively shaped blade that was about halfway between the 3-iron and the 4-iron in loft. Sarazen loved to play the jigger, because at address he could see the ball riding above the clubface, much as he did when he played the 4-wood, a small-headed spoon with a shallow face and a good deal of loft. With either of these clubs, he felt he could get the ball up in the air with no difficulty. His command of the 4-wood figured large in his last major victory, the 1935 Masters. On the final round of that tournament, as Sarazen was walking down the fairway after his drive on the fifteenth, a roar went up in the distance from the gallery crowded around the last green to watch Craig Wood, the leader, finish his round. Wood had holed for a birdie. To gain a tie with him now, Sarazen would have to birdie three of the last four holes. His drive on the fifteenth, a par 5 that measured 485 yards, was out about two hundred and fifty yards, not far from the point where the fairway begins to slope gently downhill to a small pond that lies just in front of a slightly elevated green. Sarazen had planned to use a 3-wood for his second shot to be sure of clearing the pond, but when he saw that his ball had ended up in a very close lie he decided to go with a 4-wood. His 4-wood had a hollow-backed sole, and he would be able to go

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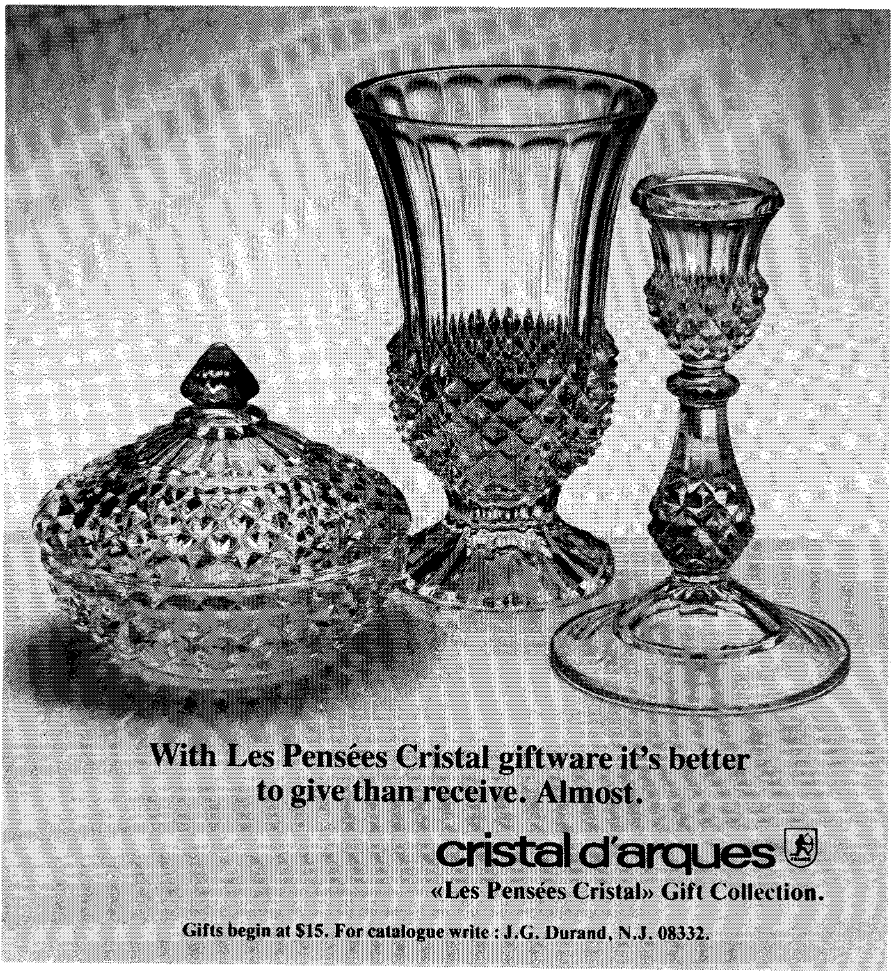

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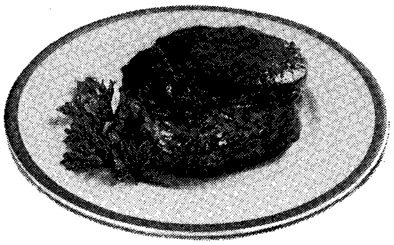

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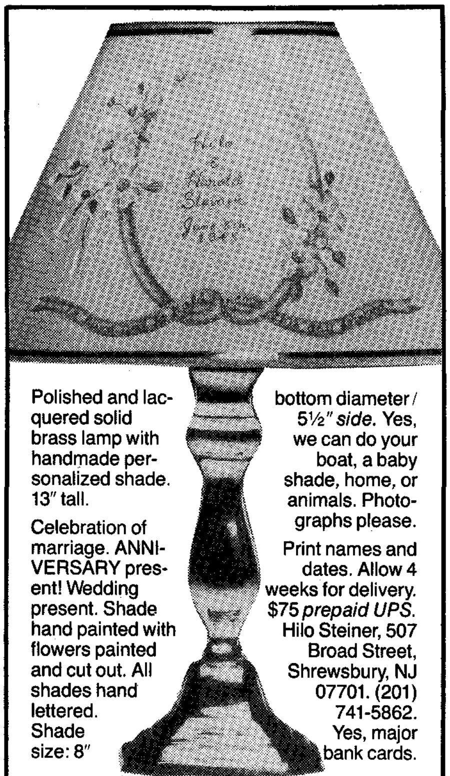
down after the ball with it. He hit a fine-looking shot that carried the pond with yards to spare. The ball bounced a little to the left after landing on the front edge of the green, rolled straight for the pin thirty feet away, and disappeared into the cup. That changed everything. Sarazen then needed only pars on the last three holes to tie, and he got them. The one on the eighteenth, a par 4 that is all uphill after the drive, took some doing. Ordinarily, the approach shot required no more than a 5-iron or a 6-iron. However, a strong wind had suddenly sprung up, and on the eighteenth it was blowing against the golfer and a shade from left to right. Rather than play a long iron, Sarazen opted for his trusty 4-wood. He played for the left edge of the green and let the wind bring the ball onto the green. He was down in two putts, and had tied Wood. There had never before been a shot in an important tournament as sensational as that double eagle, and one can understand how nearly everything else about that Masters has been forgotten—Sarazen's three closing pars, for one thing, and the playoff, for another. (A widespread misapprehension persists that Sarazen won the tournament outright with the double eagle.) The playoff was necessarily anticlimactic, but Sarazen feels that he produced some of the most consistent golf of his career in defeating Wood by five strokes over thirty-six holes on an unseasonably cold day. He was in the rough only four times. He was never in a bunker. And from the eleventh hole through the thirty-fourth he ran off twenty-four consecutive pars.

Sarazen's double eagle popularized the 4-wood, and in a short time it replaced the brassie—the 2-wood—as one of the three wooden clubs most golfers carried. No one played the 4-wood better than Sarazen. He could do anything with it—hit the ball high or low, draw it or fade it, float it or rip it, dig it out of the rough. In crucial situations, if he had a chance to use the 4-wood, he did. For instance, in the 1940 U.S. Open, at Canterbury, in which he tied Little, who was already in, it came down to Sarazen's second shot on the seventy-second hole, a 441-yard par 4. He was about two hundred yards from the pin, which was on the left side of the green rather close to a bunker. It didn't take him long to decide to go with his 4-wood in preference to a long iron. His first concern was to make sure of his par, so he played the percentage shot, starting



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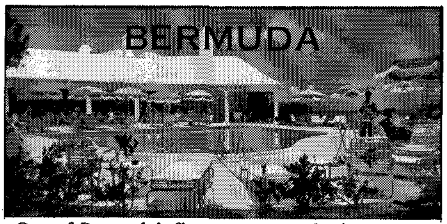

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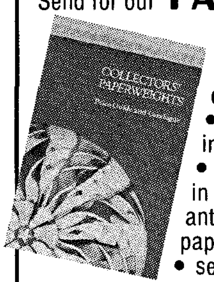

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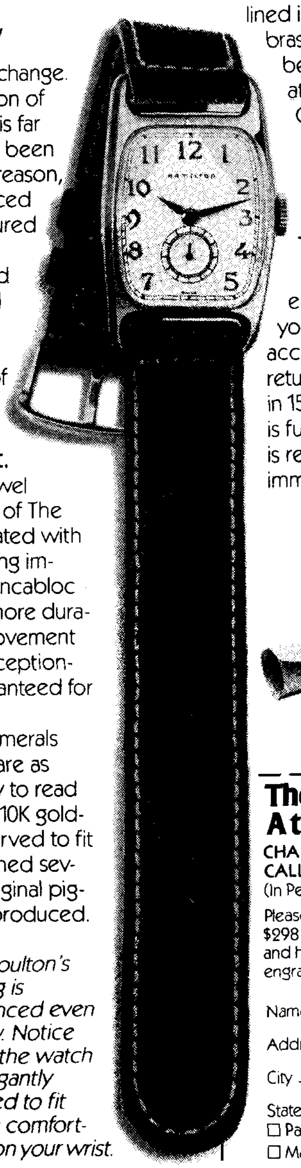
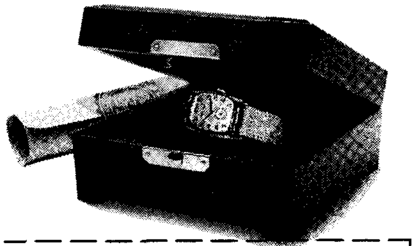
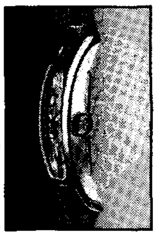
the ball for the right fringe of the green and drawing it onto the green, thirty feet from the pin. One day during my visit with Sarazen this winter, I found myself thinking of the many consummate wood shots from the fairway he had hit under pressure in the championships, beginning with the full driver on the last hole at Skokie, and ending with the 4-wood on the last hole at Canterbury, eighteen years later. I concluded that he was probably the best fairway-wood player of all time. When I later told him this, he shook his head. "No, I think that Jones, with his brassie and spoon, was the greatest I've ever seen," he said, in his direct, emphatic way. "Jones was a wonderful driver, too, so I'd have to say he was the best wooden-club player ever. He won most of his tournaments on the long holes. And we can't overlook Hogan. He was a strong, accurate driver, and in his later years his 3- and 4-woods were deadly."

Realistic and resilient, Sarazen has always lived in the present, but in certain respects he is typical of his generation. He objects to the current passion for overwatered greens. While he admires a number of today's champions, he is of the opinion that a good many of the promising young golfers would play better shots if they had better hand action. This decline in hand action he attributes to the passing of the age of the caddie: "When kids started to caddie at ten or eleven, at every chance they got they'd pull a club out of the bag and swing it, and in time they developed beautiful hand action." He enjoys recalling the youngsters and the old-timers who caddied for him: Dominico, who urged him to go for a birdie on the last hole at Skokie; Daniels, who guided him so surely at Prince's; Stovepipe (he got his name because he always wore a tall, beat-up silk hat), who caddied for him in the Masters the year he made his double eagle; and many others. One of his favorite stories is about Bill Cushing, who used to caddie for him in the Florida tournaments in the nineteen-twenties. One winter, Sarazen had a good chance of winning the Miami Open if he could break par on the final round. That afternoon, his wife Mary came out to the course to watch him play the final holes, but by the time she arrived he had finished. In the hubbub around the clubhouse, she couldn't find her husband, but she found Bill Cushing, and asked him how things had gone. "We didn't quite make it, Mrs. Sarazen,"







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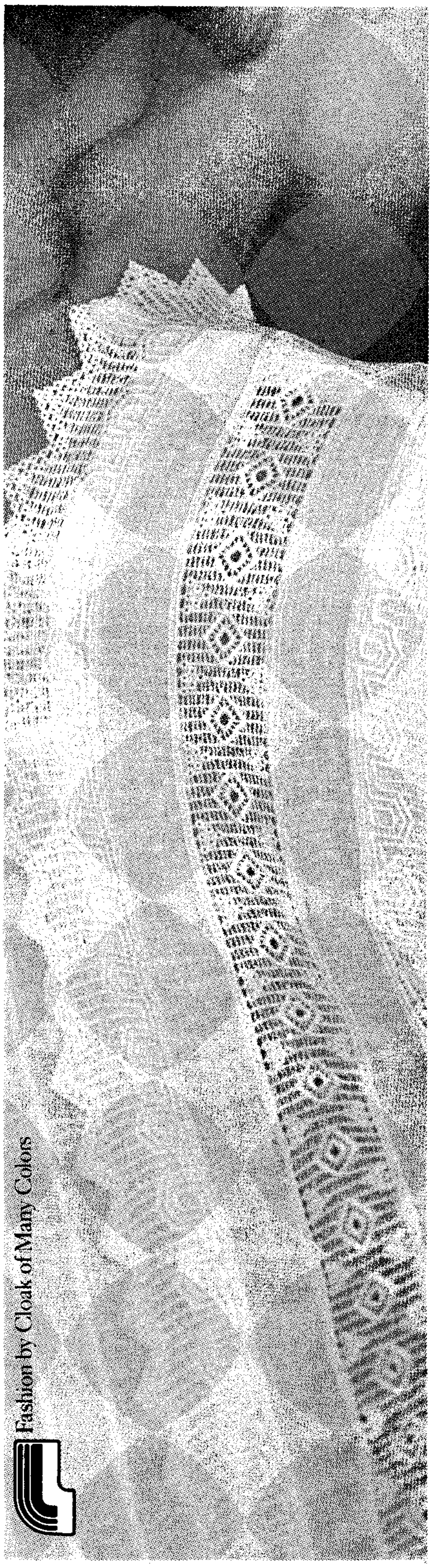

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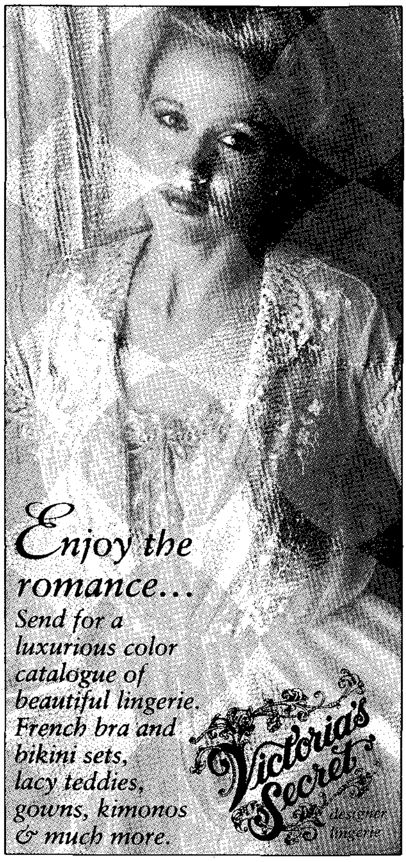
he explained. "We gave it a shot, though. We birdied the thirteenth, and we got our birdie 2 on the fourteenth, but then on the fifteenth Mr. Sarazen went and took a 7."

THE weather on Thursday, April 8th, the opening day of the 1982 Masters—which Craig Stadler won on the first hole of a playoff with Dan Pohl—was appreciably less balmy than it generally is in Augusta in early April. When Sarazen and Nelson walked onto the first tee a few minutes before nine-fifteen, their starting time, the temperature was a little below fifty degrees and there was the feeling of rain in the air. Sarazen was dressed in blue knickers and stockings and a blue sweater, Nelson in gray flannels and a lavender sweater. Both were in a perky mood as they chatted with each other and with old friends gathered around the first tee. Usually, only a couple of hundred spectators are on hand to watch the first twosome go off, but this year, in addition to a crowd at the first tee, spectators were lined along the fairway ropes all the way to the green, some four hundred yards away. At nine-fifteen, Hord Hardin introduced Nelson and Sarazen with a few graceful words and indicated to Sarazen that he should tee off first. "Age, or what?" Sarazen asked, with a wide smile. He hit a good drive down the left side of the fairway, and Nelson followed with a beauty right down the middle.

Sarazen and Nelson played nine holes, the last five in a light drizzle. About five hundred spectators accompanied them all the way, and on each hole at least a thousand more were spread along the perimeter of the tee, the fairway, and the green. Sarazen and Nelson had not expected anything like such a large and exuberant gallery, and they responded with some first-class shots and some cheerful banter. Nelson, for example, birdied the second by holing a thirty-foot putt. He misread the speed of the third green, however, and took three putts. "How are those greens, Byron?" a fan in the gallery at the tee of the par-3 fourth asked him. "Fastest I've ever seen the greens here," Nelson replied. "I had no idea they'd be this slick." On the fourth, which is 205 yards long, Nelson's tee shot finished short of the green and to the right, about eighty feet from the pin, whereupon he holed his wedge chip for another birdie. On the fifth tee, he caught the ball a little thin, and the result was a low, skim-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ming drive that did not reach the brow of the rising fairway but slid slowly back down the slope toward the tee. Nelson shook his head as he watched the ball. "My, even the fairways are fast!" he exclaimed. Some of the fans watching Nelson and Sarazen were on the young side, but the bulk of the spectators, as one would expect, were people who were contemporaries of the two stars or had seen them in their prime and obviously cherished happy memories of them. Whenever either man played a fine shot, the faces of the gallery lit up, and there was applause and spontaneous shouts of "Perfect, Gene," or "Great hit, Byron." It is only on nostalgic occasions, such as old-timers' games in baseball and tennis tournaments restricted to players forty-five or over, that one runs into galleries of this type. Theirs is a special mood, engendered partly by the delight and pride they take in watching the heroes of their youth still performing so creditably, and partly by the pleasure of recalling that earlier time when the spirit of the game was predominant in golf, baseball, tennis, and most other sports. Today, there is so much money at stake in golf tournaments, for instance, that it overpowers all other considerations. It is the rare player now who seems to enjoy his sport and to regard it as something more than a means to an end. In any event, walking the front nine with Nelson and Sarazen was a treat. Nelson, in excellent form, had a 40, four over par. Sarazen had a 45, which could have been several strokes lower if he had putted better, but he hit some elegant shots: on the short fourth, a full drive that split the narrow opening to the green; on the long eighth, a running chip that had just enough speed to make the crest of a sharp ridge and slip down close to the cup; and on the ninth, where he was bunkered before the green, that familiar Sarazen calling card, an explosion

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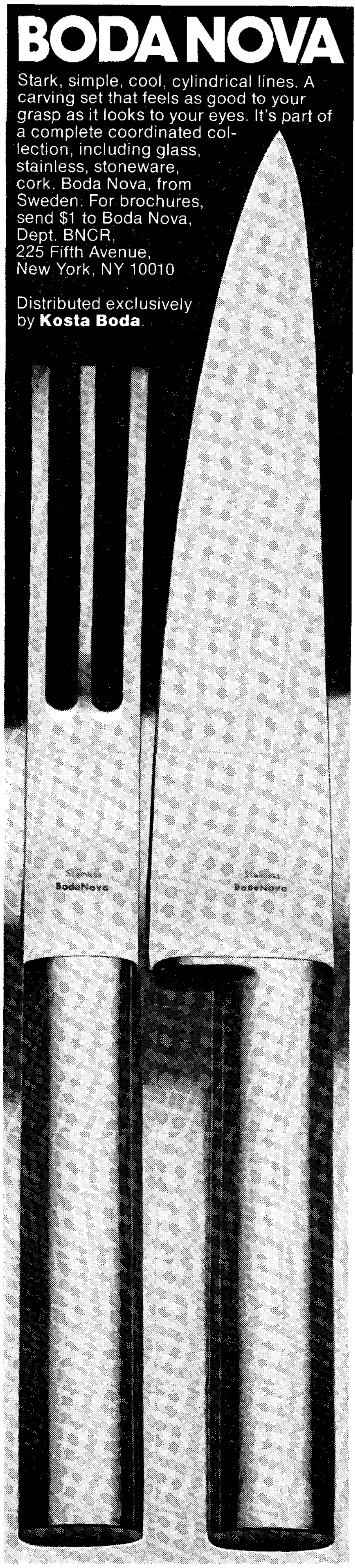

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shot that spun dead two feet from the cup.

The drizzle that fell on Sarazen and Nelson soon turned into a cold, steady, heavy rain. By midafternoon, the course was drenched, and at four-twenty-nine, by which time several greens were under water, the tournament committee suspended play. Only forty players in the field of seventy-six had been able to complete their rounds. Scores were high, the lowest one posted for the full eighteen being a 72, even par, by Fuzzy Zoeller. The weather forecast for Friday was *not* encouraging—a thirty-per-cent chance of rain in the morning, partial clearing in the afternoon—but the committee, anxious to get the tournament back on the tracks, set up a tight provisional schedule. At 7:30 A.M., the thirty-six players who had not finished their opening round would resume play at the point where they had had to stop. Then, at 11:30 A.M., after new pairings had been made and the pins had been reset in new positions, the second round would begin. The field would go out in threesomes, half of the players starting at the first tee, and the other half at the tenth. (The last time that threesomes were played in the Masters was in 1962, when there was an exceptionally large number of entrants—over a hundred. The last time it was necessary to start the field at both the first and the tenth tees was on Sunday in the 1973 Masters, after heavy rains had washed out the third round. That year, the final round was played on Monday.)

The tournament was fortunate: it got the day of good weather it so desperately needed. The rain stopped before dawn. The course drained with almost magical swiftness, and at seven-thirty play was again under way. A strong northwest wind was gusting up to twenty miles an hour, and though it served to dry off the course, it made scoring difficult. Take the case of Tom Watson, the defending champion. When play was suspended on Thursday, he had just completed the first nine holes and stood one stroke under par. On Friday morning, he bogeyed the eleventh but encountered no real trouble after that until, misjudging the wind on the par-3 sixteenth, he plopped his tee shot into the pond before the green and ended up with a triple-bogey 6. Disturbed by this, he failed to par the seventeenth and the eighteenth. This gave him a 42 on the second nine, a 77 for the round, and very little time

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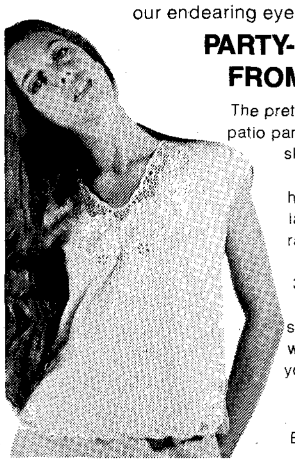

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to pull himself together before the second round commenced. The only golfer who made appreciable headway against par as he completed his first round that windy Friday morning was Jack Nicklaus. When play ceased the previous afternoon, Nicklaus, even par for ten holes, had been preparing to play his second shot on the eleventh, a 455-yard par 4 that tumbles downhill to a cape-type green, the left side of which bulges out into a small pond that adjoins Rae's Creek. The approach on the eleventh is perhaps the meanest, most unnerving shot on the Augusta National. Because of the drastic penalty a player incurs if he hooks or pulls the ball into the water hazard, Ben Hogan made it a practice never to go for the green on his second but to aim instead for the right-hand fringe of the green, content to get down in a chip and a putt from there for his par. "If you ever see me on the eleventh in two, you'll know I mis-hit my approach shot," Hogan used to say, in his dry, uninflected way. Anyhow, the approach to the eleventh was the first shot that Nicklaus faced on Friday morning. He had a full 2-iron left. He played it exactly as Hogan used to, onto the right fringe of the green, and made his par with no sweat. From there on in, he cut loose with some extraordinary shotmaking. He birdied the short twelfth from ten feet after a well-hit 6-iron. He missed makable birdie putts on the two par 5s on the second nine—the thirteenth and the fifteenth—but he picked up a birdie on the sixteenth after planting a 6-iron two feet from the pin, and on the eighteenth he added a final birdie, holing from seven feet after yet another majestic approach shot, this one with his 5-iron. With this burst he went three under par for the second nine, and his 69 put him in the lead, three shots ahead of the nearest man. (Among other things, Nicklaus had gained nine strokes on Watson on those last eight holes.) At this point, I thought there was a very good possibility that Nicklaus would win this Masters. In the next-to-last week of March, after he failed to make the thirty-six-hole cut two straight weeks, first in the Inverrary Classic and then in the Tournament Players Championship—this had never happened to him before in his twenty years on the professional tour—he had driven over to Frenchman's Creek Golf Club, a few miles from his home in North Palm Beach, to consult Jack Grout, the only teacher he has had since he

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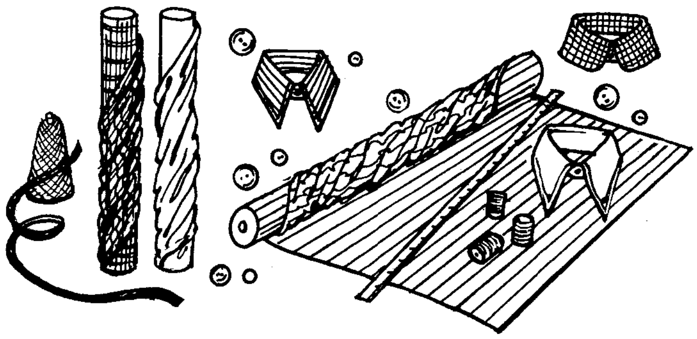

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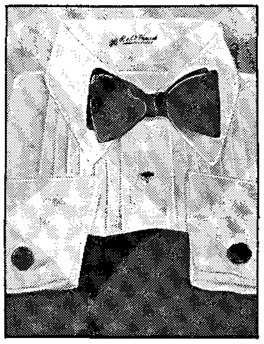

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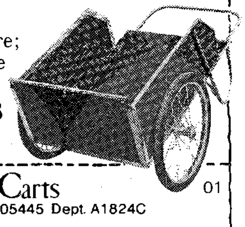

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started golf, in 1950, as a boy of ten. Grout's diagnosis was that Nicklaus was taking the club back on too upright a plane, and this slight deviation was preventing him from bringing the club down properly and making solid contact with the ball. Once Nicklaus had adjusted to a flatter plane—his usual plane—he found himself in a perfect hitting position and began to strike the ball with his customary authority. We had witnessed this on Friday morning.

WHEN the Masters was inaugurated, by Bob Jones, in 1934, as a modest invitational event, it was the first significant tournament anywhere, as far as I know, in which the field played only eighteen holes each day. Jones had adopted this schedule because he viewed the Masters as a gathering of old friends and he wanted the players to approach their golf in a leisurely manner, which would give them time to breathe in the azaleas, the dogwood, the wisteria, and the other glories of the Southern spring. At noon on Friday this year, what with threesomes setting out simultaneously on both nines, the Masters didn't seem quite like the Masters, but the important thing was to get the second round in, and that was achieved. There were two arresting developments on this round: Nicklaus soared to a 77, and Watson got back into the tournament with a 69. From tee to green, Nicklaus played rather well, but he did not put his approaches as close to the pin as he had when he pushed his way through the dew early that morning. This made a difference, for some of the pin placements for the second round were perilous, owing to the speed of the new bentgrass greens that had been put in during the summer of 1980 and had matured very quickly. On a number of the greens, unless a golfer put his approach fairly close to the pin and could play his first putt cautiously, he ran the risk of taking three putts, for the greens were exceedingly slippery, and putts that looked as if they would die at the cup ghosted four or five feet past. Nicklaus three-putted five greens, and that was the principal reason for his high score. Watson, on the other hand, played a sure, steady round—he didn't have a bogey on his card. It took him a few holes to settle down. On the first, after underestimating the force of the wind and leaving his approach fifty-five feet short of the pin, he made a good first putt and holed a five-footer for his par.

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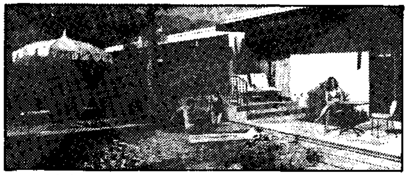

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He was off the edge of the green in two on the par-5 second, and after a so-so chip five feet past the cup he made the first of three birdies by dropping the putt. One of the best putters in the game, Watson can often be too bold, and he was on the third. There he rapped an eighteen-foot birdie putt six feet beyond the hole, and had to make the testing putt coming back to save his par. From then on, Watson's golf had a nice, stable quality. One of his few errors came on the eighth, a 535-yard par 5 that plays longer than its yardage, because, after the drive, the fairway climbs a high, abrupt hillside. There Watson hooked his second, a fairway wood, into a stretch of rough some seventy yards from the green, which is edged by mounds. A clump of pines about fifty feet high was directly in his line only thirty yards or so away. Since his lie was snug, it seemed almost certain that he would elect to play a low shot under the limbs of the pines and bounce the ball off the mounds onto the putting surface. Watson studied the situation thoroughly, and then, to my surprise, he asked for his wedge—he had decided to try to go over the trees. He played a terrific shot. Despite his poor lie, he got the ball up in such a steep arc that it cleared the trees with yards to spare and plunked itself down on the green. Just before he played this shot, Watson, having walked back to his ball after his reconnaissance of the green area, had turned to the spectators standing to his left, close to the line he had chosen, and said to them softly, as if he knew all of them well, "I think we can move back a little, can't we?" He is a valuable anachronism.

At the end of the first thirty-six holes, both Nicklaus and Watson, with totals of 146, were two strokes behind the leaders, Curtis Strange and Craig Stadler, who as amateurs were members of our 1975 Walker Cup team, and who have since established themselves firmly on the P.G.A. tour. On Saturday, the day of the third round, the scores ran much lower. This was to be expected, for playing conditions were considerably easier. The winds had softened to a breeze. The greens continued to hold approach shots very well. But, most important, while the greens were still putting fast, they were far less fearsome, because the pins had been placed in more lenient positions than on the first two days. Since 1975, the setting of the pins at the Masters has been determined by three extremely capable

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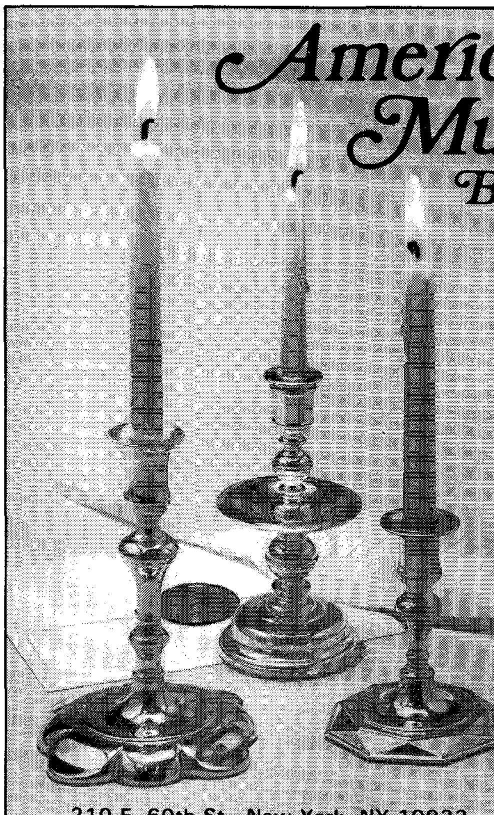

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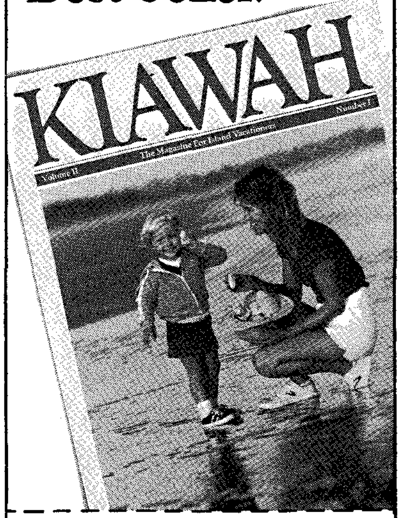

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men who go out on the course early each morning: Johnny Fischer, the U.S. Amateur champion in 1936; Jay Hebert, our P.G.A. champion in 1960; and Julian Roberts, one of the most knowledgeable members of the Augusta National. When they went out to place the pins early Saturday morning, they realized very well that the new bentgrass greens had proved to be so fast that many pin positions they had been using for years would have to be abandoned—they were just too difficult. The new positions they selected were situated at a safe distance from the more precarious contours of the large, rolling greens. It followed that the players were able to place more of their approach shots close to the pins and to make a higher proportion of their birdie putts. Whereas on the first two rounds there had been only four scores below 70, and none below 69, on Saturday there were ten scores in the 60s, including a 66 by Bob Gilder. Through most of the afternoon, it seemed that we would have a logjam, with the top dozen players clustered within a stroke or two of each other. At the very end of the day, this suddenly changed. Paired with Strange in the last twosome, Stadler, who has played consistently good golf all year—coming into the Masters, he had finished in the top ten in seven of the ten tournaments he entered—was two under par through fifteen holes and tied for the lead when he knocked in three sizable birdie putts. On the sixteenth, he holed from fifteen feet; on the seventeenth, from forty feet; and on the eighteenth, from thirty-five feet, the ball toppling into the cup on its last half turn. Stadler's 67 gave him a total of 211 and a three-shot lead with a round to go. A thickset man—he is five feet ten and weighs about two hundred and ten pounds—Stadler has been hampered for some time by a short-fused temper. After a wayward shot, he has been known to slam the head of an iron into the turf as convincingly as anyone. He has a rather unorthodox style, but he hits the ball a long way, and he is a capable putter, particularly on fast greens. He was going to be hard to beat if he held his poise. If he faltered, though, some of the most formidable golfers in the world were bunched behind him and could quickly take advantage of the situation. Severiano Ballesteros, the smooth Spanish stylist, who won the Masters in 1980, stood at 214, and so did Jerry Pate, who had had an outstanding winter on the tour. Two vet-

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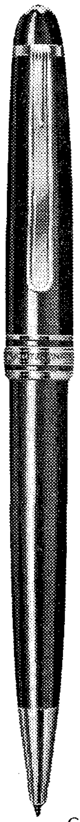

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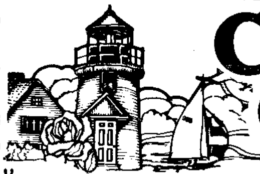

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erans, Tom Weiskopf and Raymond Floyd, were at 215. Watson was at 216, along with Gilder. A stroke farther back, at 217, but still in the hunt were Nicklaus and Strange, and, along with them, Dan Pohl, the longest hitter on the tour, whose tee shots last year averaged over two hundred and eighty yards. (On the third round, Pohl shot a 67, which depended on a fantastic sequence: back-to-back eagles on the thirteenth and the fourteenth, followed by back-to-back birdies on the fifteenth and the sixteenth.) I couldn't remember a time when so many first-class players had been packed so close behind the leader in a major championship, and I looked forward to a day of continuous excitement, when wild shouts and fervent applause would be erupting all over the course, and when one would be saying to himself, as he tried to figure out where the salvos had come from and what holes the various players were on, "Sounds like Ballesteros's gallery," "Watson must have made a long one," "That has to be Nicklaus," and the like.

The final round didn't turn out that way at all. Once again, the conditions were ideal for scoring—very little wind, and the pins in relatively undemanding positions—but none of the illustrious names mounted a rush at the leader on the first nine holes, and most of them never did. The man playing conspicuously the best golf was Stadler. Out in 33, with six pars and three birdies, he had widened his lead to six strokes over the nearest contender, Pohl. He made his first bogey on the short twelfth, when it took him three to get down from the edge of the green. Nothing to be bothered about. He looked a trifle jittery when he three-putted the fourteenth, for another bogey. Some cause for worry now: Pohl, playing three twosomes in front of him, birdied the short sixteenth to draw within two strokes. Stadler lost one of them on the sixteenth, where he was bunkered off the tee and again needed three to get down. Nevertheless, he seemed to be holding himself together quite well. On the seventeenth, he had a comfortable par. On the eighteenth, a 405-yard par 4 uphill, he was on with a 5-iron thirty feet below the pin, which was set in the back right-hand corner of the two-level green. Almost safely home, he then made two lamentable errors. First, he misread the speed of the green on his approach putt, and left it seven feet short. Then, faced with a tricky putt that broke to the

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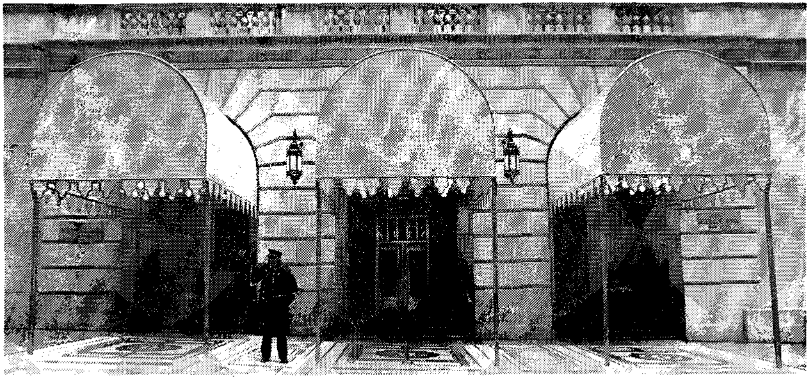

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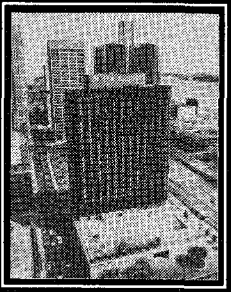

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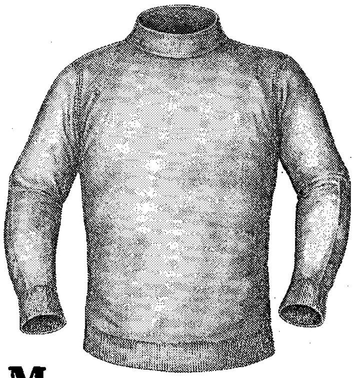

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right, he failed to allow sufficiently for the break, and the ball slid wide of the cup. With his fourth bogey in seven holes, he had dropped the last stroke of his once seemingly secure lead. At the end of the seventy-two holes, he was tied with Pohl.

If the Masters requires extra holes to find a winner, it is the practice to start the sudden-death playoff not on the first or the fifteenth hole but on the tenth. Perhaps the most beautiful inland par-4 hole in the world, the tenth, which measures 485 yards, swings to the left as it falls gradually, then precipitously for well over three hundred yards before it begins to rise to an elevated green that is bunkered at the right and is framed at the rear by lordly pines ninety or a hundred feet tall. Apparently unruffled by what had befallen him, Stadler played the tenth faultlessly: an accurate drive, a 6-iron onto the green forty feet from the pin, an approach putt close to the cup, the tap-in for the par. Pohl was far down the fairway with his drive, but there was a certain looseness to his subsequent shots: his approach ended up on the right fringe of the green; his chip died six feet short of the cup; and the putt he needed for his par was pulled to the left. That was it.

DAN POHL is a straightforward, mannerly fellow, who is easy to root for, but nearly everyone at the Masters was happy and relieved that Stadler had won the playoff. It is a most unpleasant experience to watch a man who has clearly outplayed the field and is in sight of victory stumble down the stretch and throw a tournament away. (As I watched Stadler on the last nine, my thoughts went back to the torments that Ken Venturi suffered in the 1956 Masters, when he dropped nine strokes to Jack Burke on the final round through minor but costly errors, and, in the end, lost by a stroke.) Stadler is not your average tall, slim, comely, blond matinée idol—the prototypical young man who over the last decade has shrewdly prepared for a career as a touring pro from the moment he hit his teens. Stadler is one of a kind. He is known as the Walrus, because of his bulky build and his bushy light-brown mustache, which droops over his upper lip. A Californian, he grew up in La Jolla, where his father has an interest in three pharmacies. He is an essentially self-taught golfer, but Jack Bell, the professional at the La Jolla Country Club, worked with him—mainly on

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helping him to develop a more assertive attitude—in the years before he won the 1973 U.S. Amateur. Stadler was attending the University of Southern California at that time on a golf scholarship, and he continued to do so until he turned professional, in 1975. He went on the tour in 1976 and has won more prize money each year. As far as his technique is concerned, his position at address is more or less standard, but from there on his swing doesn't exactly remind you of Macdonald Smith's. On the backswing, his right elbow folds in fast and low, and he makes a pretty effective shoulder turn, although it is rushed and unsmooth. He makes only the faintest of hip turns. Nevertheless, when he starts his downswing he is in a position where his club is on the correct inside path. Then his massive arms and hands take over. They bring the club head into the ball with a tremendous whoosh and send it great distances. Stadler makes one basic move as well as anyone in the game: he really hits *through* the ball. He is not averse to registering discontent and umbrage after a poor shot, but he seems to have got past his club-slamming period. Off the golf course, he is a surprise. Amiable and intelligent, he is very pleasant to chat with. Above all, Stadler is an independent cuss. He and his wife and their young son make their home in Lake Tahoe, Nevada, for that is the sort of country he enjoys. His hobbies are skiing, fishing, hunting, and playing the stock market. He has a business manager, but he has refused to have an agent, and he may persist in shaping his own career, even though this is almost sure to become a good deal more difficult now that he has won his first major championship as a professional.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

President Reagan, taking a critical look at his former profession, charged yesterday that current movies are too sexually explicit, and said television should "stand up and fight back" against films being produced for family audiences.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Hear! Hear!

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From a WQED, Pittsburgh, press release*]

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THE THEATRE

B.C. to A.D.

WE are in the presence this week of almost twenty-five hundred years of playwriting; let us be brisk. It is famously the case with Euripides that he comes the closest of the three great Greek dramatists to sharing our contemporary view of right and wrong, to say nothing of those more subtly debatable propositions good and evil. We glimpse in Euripides hints of Ibsen and Shaw, and of Pinter as well (see below), and to our dismay the bloodiest of the deeds that his tragedies are concerned with prove to be among the commonplaces of our daily journalism. An "ethnic"—the label we crudely affix to late arrivals in our midst—finds herself put aside by a husband who has fallen in love with a younger woman of native birth, high social position, and wealth; mad with jealousy and bent upon spiting her husband and his new companion, the wife murders the two small children she has had by him. This story—Medea's story—was being told with relish along the Mediterranean many centuries before Christ; it is repeated in sorry fact today in any of a score of American communities where differing cultures collide and the oldest and most primitive of our emotions are given free rein.

Euripides' "Medea" is playing a limited engagement in an admirable new production at the Cort, in a translation by Robinson Jeffers that only on occasion strikes a note too self-consciously poetical for its own good. In the title role, Zoe Caldwell makes our hair stand on end by the fierce animal vigor with which she embodies her needs and dire intentions. Medea is a royal personage in exile; long ago, she made the mistake of falling in love with Jason, a calculating social climber, and she is still sexually in thrall to him. The sacrifice of their sons is the inescapable burden that his unworthiness has placed upon her; undiminished in sensuality and implacably determined, she strips Jason not only of his heirs but of every prospect of a happy future. She has turned him into a cipher at the cost of turning herself into a monster; hard as the bargain is, she could have made no other. Under the direction of Robert Whitehead, Miss Caldwell's assorted colleagues discharge their duties creditably. Jason is played by Mitchell Ryan, King Creon by Paul Sparer, the children's tutor by Don McHenry, and their nurse by Judith Anderson, who played Medea in the celebrated production of 1947, and who, at the age of eighty-four, is as strong-voiced and commanding a stage presence as ever. The intentionally gloomy set is by Ben Edwards, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, and the lighting is by Martin Aronstein.

"'MASTER HAROLD' . . . AND THE BOYS" is the latest play by Athol Fugard (at the Lyceum). It has been almost universally hailed as a masterpiece, perhaps in part because its subject is a meritorious one—the turpitude of South Africa's continued policy of apartheid and, on a deeper level, the heartbreak implicit in every failure of respect and affection that takes place between human beings of whatever color, gender, age, and social position. To my mind, the play has a tendentious neatness of design that we often see and distrust in an overly literary short story. Mr. Fugard's Harold is a schoolboy who, like young Stephen Dedalus, is going to grow up to be a writer; at present, he is a miserable loner with a drunken father, an inattentive mother, and but two friends

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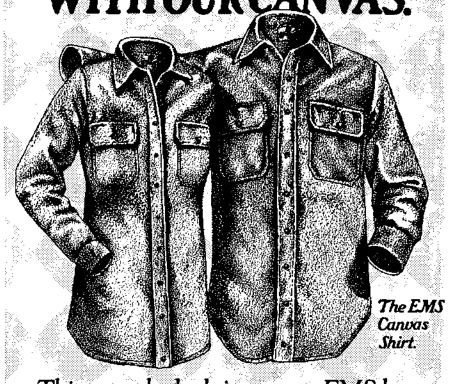
in the world—the black "boys" of the title, who make up the staff of his mother's not very prosperous-seeming tearoom. The play is short, and could have been shorter: the opening dialogue between the two blacks, which has to do with a forthcoming dance contest (and which also provides the means for a pleasantly sentimental final curtain), covers more time than ground, though it is amusing enough, and the climax of the plot, which amounts to a truly shocking coup de théâtre, is so thoroughly prepared for that one anticipates it rather as if it were an automobile accident that one observes approaching and yet can do nothing to prevent. Twerpish, miserable Harold—who, we are invited to perceive, will eventually turn out to be every bit as good a writer and as virtuous a man as Fugard himself—is well played by Lonny Price; the boys are played to perfection by Danny Glover and Zakes Mokae. I especially admired Mr. Mokae, because he manages to play a near-saint without inducing feelings of revulsion among the non-near-saints who make up his audience. The skimpy, dowdy setting of " 'Master Harold' " is by Jane Clark, the costumes are by Sheila McLamb, and the lighting is by David Noling. The playwright directed.

"THE HOTHOUSE," at the Playhouse, is an early comedy by Harold Pinter—he wrote it back in 1958, between "The Birthday Party" and "The Caretaker"—which the author unaccountably considered to be unworthy of production until 1980, when it was put on in London under his direction and enjoyed an immediate success. The Trinity Square Repertory Company, of Providence, staged the play this spring and is now co-producing it here, along with Arthur Cantor and Dorothy Cullman. And not a moment too soon, for the good news is that "The Hothouse" is an extremely funny play; if it lacks the eerie hints that lurk in so many later Pinter works of mankind's implication in some vast primordial family catastrophe, it manifests his accustomed close interest in the succession of misunderstandings that, beginning with a single carelessly uttered wrong word at the wrong time, so often end in mayhem, and even in death. Pinter's characters are constantly being taught hard lessons about conduct, but the lessons are certain to come too late, and it is from their perverse tardiness that Pinter's humor uncannily emerg-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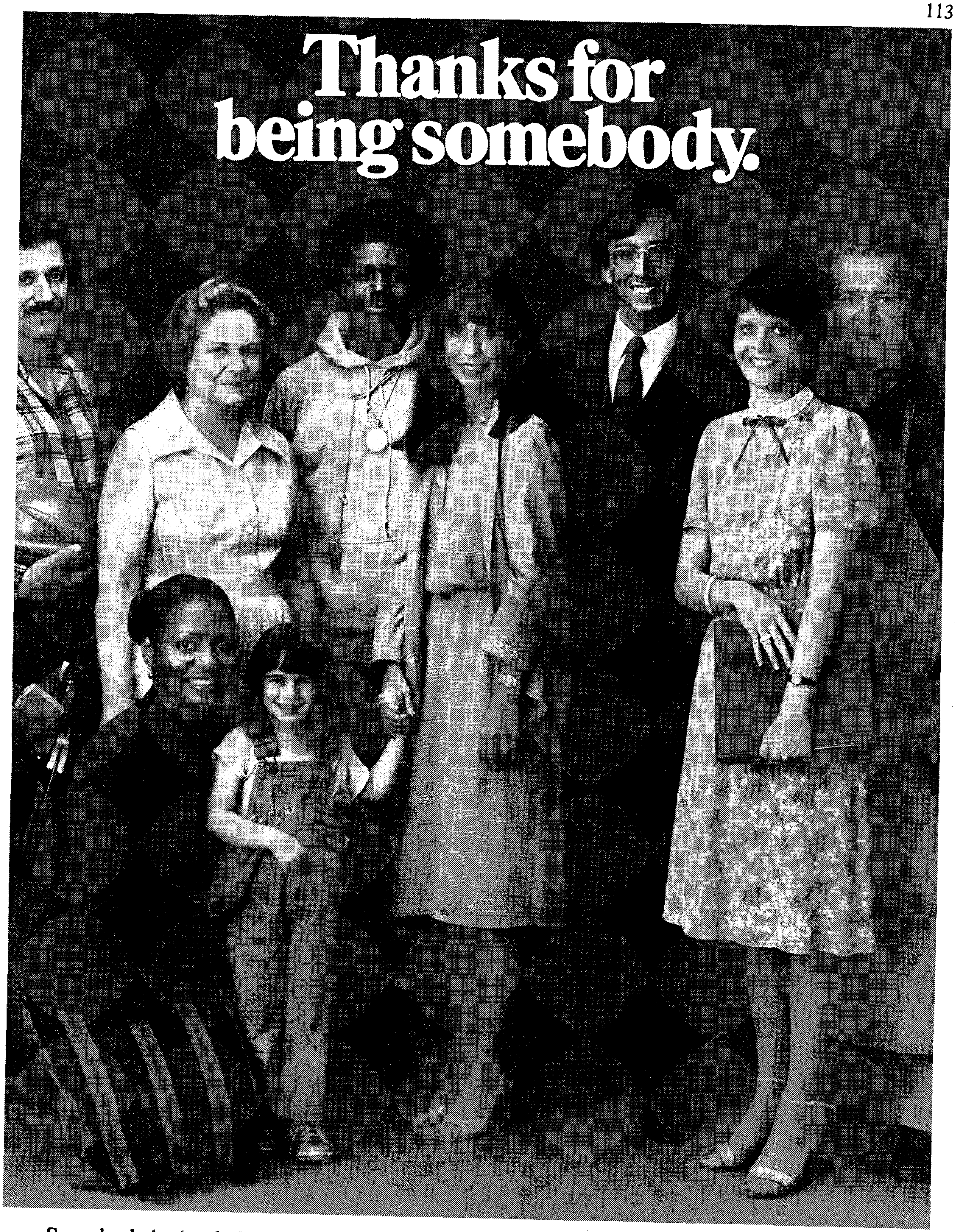
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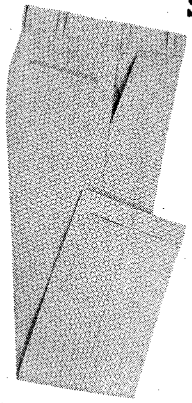

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es. His characters are trapped, whether by their own actions or by the actions of others, but little can be done about it: Pinter appears to accept Mondrian's chilling dictum to the effect that life is unfair and is also right.

The setting of "The Hothouse" is a sort of institutional "home," somewhere in the English countryside. The unidentified inmates are confined behind locked doors and floor-to-ceiling grilles, and their keepers are an unsavory collection of misfits, either actively murderous or murderous in their ice-cold hearts. (The pertinence of the title of the play is never revealed to us; like so many of Pinter's other titles—"The Room," "The Dumb Waiter," "The Caretaker," "The Homecoming," and even "The Birthday Party"—it is related to family shelter, though never with any certainty that comfort and reassurance can be looked for there.) The superintendent of the institution is a retired Army officer named Roote, who is bigoted, headstrong, ignorant, lecherous, and hard-drinking. Like Roote, everyone connected with the institution possesses a monosyllabic patronymic: Gibbs, Lamb, Lush, Tubb, Lobb, and Cutts. (Six of the seven names in the play exist in English as nouns and verbs, and anyone who wishes to write a learned paper on that possibly portentous fact is welcome to do so.) Roote dominates the action of "The Hothouse" by the sheer force of his dithering; he is played with masterly comic timing by George Martin. The other members of the cast are Richard Kavanaugh, Dan Butler, Amy Van Nostrand, Peter Gerety, Howard London, and David C. Jones. The ingenious setting and lighting are by Eugene Lee, the costumes are by William Lane, and the able direction is by Adrian Hall, the presiding genius of Trinity Square. How lucky we are to have this new/old play before us at last! Pinter is an incandescence; he glows in the dark, and the glow and the dark are equally of his making.

I'D as lief strangle a budgerigar with my bare hands as utter a harsh word against "Is There Life After High School?," a feverishly animated and yet oddly wistful little musical, newly installed at the Barrymore. Its title is an honest one; the question asked is answered several times over, seemingly in the affirmative but never with very much conviction. We are permitted to share two high-school reunions, one taking place ten years

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after graduation and the other twenty years after graduation. In neither case are there any surprises in store for us, though a number of wan revelations have been made possible by the passage of time. Many another play and musical has dealt with this subject matter, and in the present instance the book, which is by Jeffrey Kindley, and the music and lyrics, which are by Craig Carnelia, serve to evoke memories not so much of one's own past as of the host of similar musicals that one has sat through in the course of a lifetime of theatregoing. Those rites of passage by means of which we contrive to outwit the ignominy of adolescence change curiously little over the generations; though the language of "Is There Life" purports to be that of the past couple of decades, the emotions conveyed are downright Tarkingtonian. No harm in that, of course, but no good, either, and the valor of nine young performers cannot bring to the overly familiar characters they impersonate—the bepimpled Don Juan, the late-blooming, as yet undated girl—their personal freshness and, in one or two cases, their charm. Certain topics, though universal as experiences, exhaust their aesthetic value for a time through overexploitation; surely the prolonged woes and ephemeral joys of teen-aging have come to deserve a period of enforced retirement, at least from Broadway.

For the archives, the setting—a grim high-school interior, again Tarkingtonian—is by John Lee Beatty, the costumes are by Carol Oditz, the lighting is by Beverly Emmons, and the direction is by Robert Nigro.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

LONDON (AP)—A surrealist work by Salvador Dali that has hung over the patient's couch of a Zurich psychoanalyst for 36 years sold for $807,408 here Monday night.

Christie's, the London fine-art auctioneers, said the price for "Ma Mere" (French for "My Mother") was a world record auction figure for a living artist.

The previous record was established a year ago at Christie's for another Dali painting called "Le Sommeil" (Sleep), which brought $881,496, press officer Mark Wrey said.—*Toledo Blade.*

Someone is trying to pull our *jambe* (leg).

•

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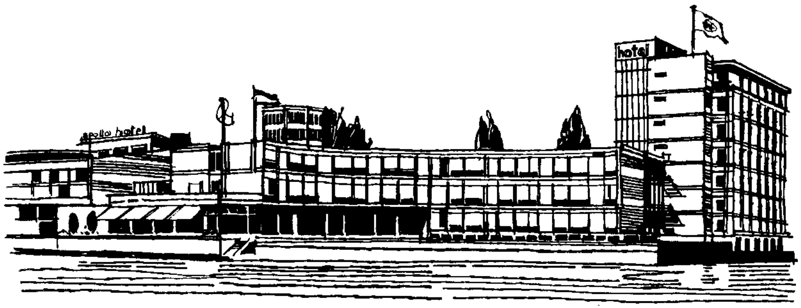

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Monument

TEN years ago, the British composer and critic G. W. Hopkins remarked that Jean Barraqué's Piano Sonata had "in the twenty years of its existence . . . acquired a special and formidable reputation as a modern classic, a work standing on a plane apart from the avant-garde productions of the Fifties and Sixties." Barraqué himself became a kind of legend. He was born in 1928 and died in 1973, leaving incomplete an immense composition founded on Hermann Broch's "The Death of Virgil"—a composition that, according to Barraqué's champion André Hodeir, was planned to be much longer than the "Matthew" Passion and "Parsifal" combined. (Individual sections of it have appeared.) Hodeir's championship, most ardent in his book "Since Debussy" (1961), brought Barraqué notoriety—as "that French composer who has been called the new Beethoven." The advocacy was indeed strong: Schoenberg, Webern, Messiaen, and the young Boulez had fine, rare musical minds, but

> the real descendant of the great masters of the past is the artist who, taking stock of his own powers, feels strong enough to discard the relics of a dead language and sets about re-creating the stuff that masterpieces are made of. There has been only one great twentieth-century disciple of Beethoven, and his name is Jean Barraqué.

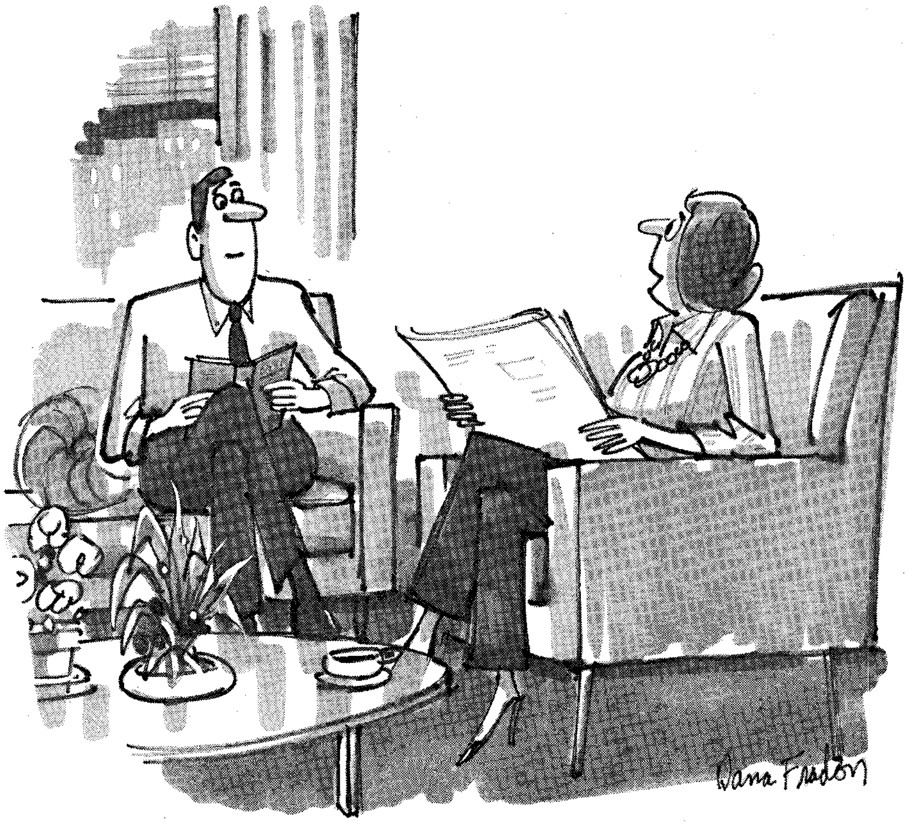
And Barraqué himself did not exactly reject the proffered mantle, in such a statement as

> Whether I am the musician that some think, and I think, will be revealed half a century hence. In my opinion, my Concerto [first performed in London in 1968] goes beyond the Late Quartets. . . . I know there is room now for only one great musician. . . . Whether I am he, I do not know. But I know well that there cannot be two. The rest will crumble away, I am sure. But I cannot say: he will be I.

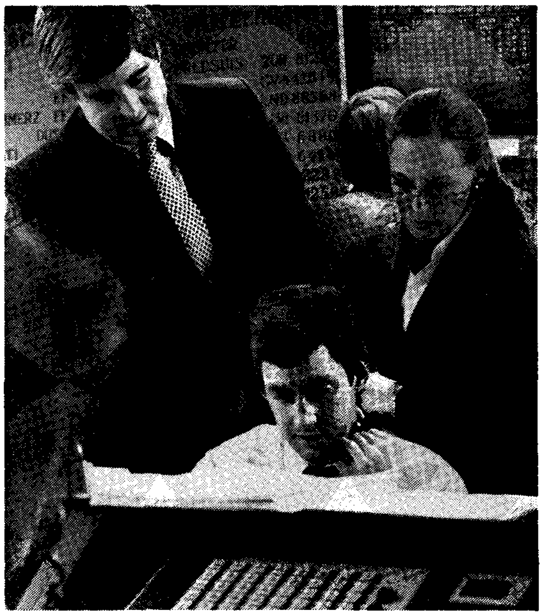
Hodeir, like Stockhausen, Boulez, and Barraqué, studied with Messiaen, and his "Since Debussy" (which has been reprinted by the Da Capo Press), an unbalanced but fascinating book, gives a vivid picture of the intellectual excitement generated in those first heady days of postwar serialism. Boulez's Second Piano Sonata was published in 1950. Barraqué's Piano Sonata, composed in 1950-52, was published only in 1965. (The score is distributed in this country by Margun Music.) There have been at least two recordings of it—an early one by Yvonne Loriod, and one by Roger Woodward on Unicorn. What was billed as the American première formed the second half of Robert Black's recital in Merkin Hall in March.

The Barraqué sonata, like the Boulez, is a mid-century monument and a twenty-three-year-old genius's ambitious, assured attempt to create, as it were, a new "Hammerklavier" for our times. Boulez's amazing score was by intention the more iconoclastic: "It was probably the attempt of the [Second] Viennese School to revive older forms that made me try to destroy them completely." Barraqué's is some forty minutes of extremely demanding, sustainedly intense music. Essentially, it is a long fast movement followed without break by a long slow movement, each of them containing alternations of four basic tempi and many gradations between them. There is no regular, perceptible metre or pulse but, rather, an observable growth and development—now slow, now rapid—of rhythmic "cells." The rhythmic complexity is great. The sonic, or linear, textures are generally spare, but the lines span the keyboard as boldly as if its whole range lay at once under a giant pair of hands. Technical writing about this composition I have found of little help toward entering it. Its emotional power cannot be missed. Hodeir likened it to a mortal struggle between Music and Silence. An active, exultant celebration of sound in action is invaded by silences—missing notes, phrases abruptly cut short, and then irrational, alarming cracks in the music, as if the world were falling apart. "The finale attains a summit of agonizing grandeur. . . . Whole slabs of sound crumble and vanish beneath the all-engulfing ocean of silence, until only the twelve notes of the row remain, and even these are plucked off, one by one."

Mr. Black is a pianist who unites good fingers with a warmth of musical personality and an eagerness to communicate that are missing in some capable but chiller exponents of the modern repertory. I don't know the sonata nearly well enough to appraise his performance (rough impressions: less "lucid" and expository than Miss Loriod's recorded version; more emotional, if also a shade less rhythmically accurate, than Mr. Woodward's), but I do know that it provided an immense, extraordinary adventure. Dane Rudhyar's neo-Lisztian "Epic Poem"



"Is there any candidate for anything who isn't a centrist?"



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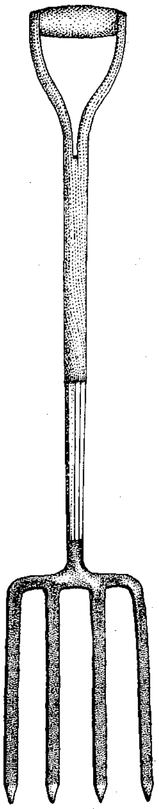

(1979), in its New York première, and Miriam Gideon's carefully fashioned Piano Sonata (1977), in its world première, were dwarfed by it.

SIMILAR qualities of warmth and communicativeness inform the playing of the New York New Music Ensemble, founded and conducted by Mr. Black. Its Carnegie Recital Hall concert last week closed with a moving performance of Peter Maxwell Davies' "Ave Maris Stella." This radiant, readily approachable work, written seven years ago, is perhaps the easiest pathway into Davies' later instrumental style. (There is a fine, welcome recording now available, made by the Fires of London, for whom the piece was written, on Unicorn-Kanchana; the score is published by Boosey & Hawkes.) Technical writing about "Ave Maris Stella" *can* help the listener to hear more and more in it. A chapter of Paul Griffiths' skillful, perceptive monograph on the composer (just published by Robson Books, London) discusses the nine-by-nine magic square that yields the work's pitches and note values; Stephen Pruslin's study in the Boosey & Hawkes collection of essays on Davies discusses its form in relation to Beethoven's late quartets. The analyses help because the procedures and the structures are audible: the magic square, Davies has said, "gives very, very simple results which you can learn and work with—like triads—and very simple rhythmic values, too," and "the harmonic movement, from the beginning right through to the end, is very clear." Yet, at the last, both analysts turn from facts to metaphor: Griffiths writes of "frozen violence" and "intense luminosity," Pruslin of a "spiritual programme" and of progress from "a luminous dawn" to "the Hour of the Wolf—the symbolic time between night and day when nocturnal sounds have ceased and the sounds of dawn have not yet started." Perhaps one can also sense a seasonal progress from brave, strong stirrings of spring to a piercing midwinter cry—of death, of birth?—that holds the promise of a new spring. That cry, Mr. Pruslin says, "has never yet failed to leave players and listeners drained and silent." New York is a city where it is easy to spend a whole day, even days on end, without once setting foot on naked, living earth. "Ave Maris Stella" is comforting, in the old, fortifying sense of that word, and inspiring. Techniques of great subtlety and refinement have not

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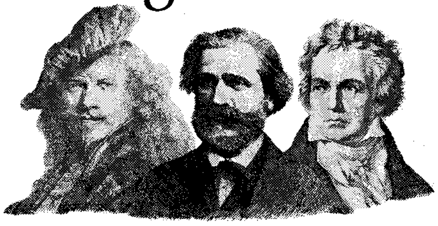

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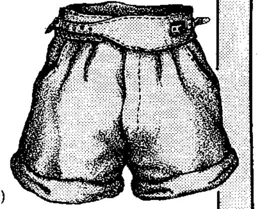

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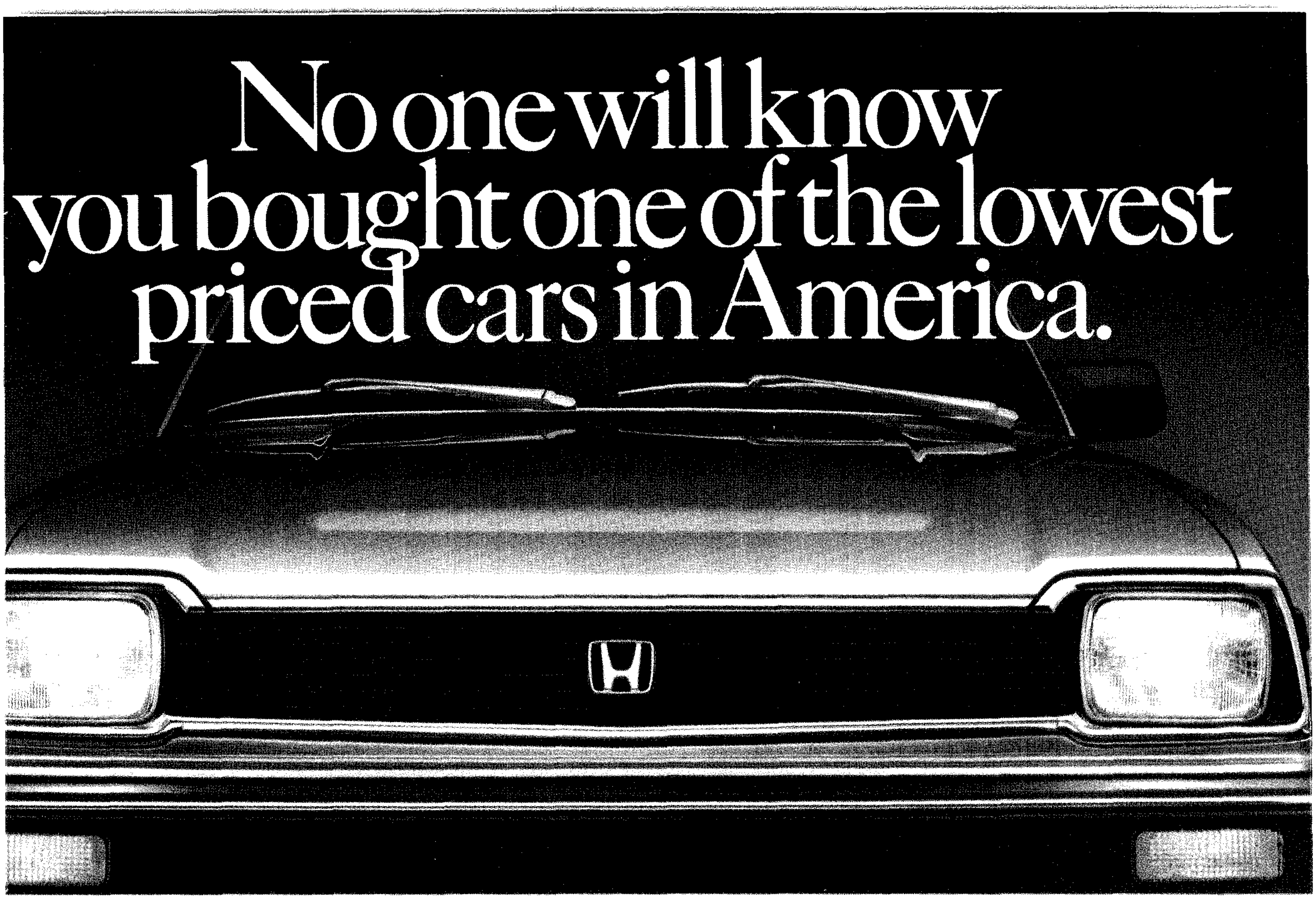

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lost touch with the natural rhythms of life.

The program included two premières: Tobias Picker's "The Blue Hula" and Milton Babbitt's "Playing for Time." "The Blue Hula," a ten-minute sextet for the same forces as those of "Ave Maris Stella" (the "Pierrot Lunaire" quintet—flute, clarinet, violin/viola, cello, and piano—plus percussion), left the impression of a fluent young composer with nothing urgent to say. After his richly promising start, Picker seems to have lost his way for a while. I hope something important to him soon engages his attention and focusses his skills. "Playing for Time," a piano piece, brief and brilliant, was followed by one even briefer and equally brilliant—the "Minute Waltz" that Babbitt composed in 1977 for Roger Sessions' eightieth birthday. Davies, in conversation with Mr. Griffiths, remarked that he found Babbitt's language "very hard to penetrate," but these taut, witty miniatures are hard only for the player. Alan Feinberg gave exhilarating performances.

Davies' Brass Quintet, composed for the Empire Brass Quintet, was given its first performance at an Empire recital in Town Hall in March. It is a substantial work—lasting thirty-two minutes—and serene, strong, and beautiful. A nine-note melody, played at the start by the horn while a soft C from the second trumpet provides a horizon against which the contours rise and fall, runs through the three movements, inspiring a fugato in the last of them. In the adagio of the first, two-tempo movement, the three lower instruments sing lyrically while the two trumpets, muted, touch in a soft, poetic commentary, often trilled. A cadence is reached on C and F; the trumpets take off their mutes and take on a fiery, impetuous character in the volatile allegro that follows. The middle movement is an adagio; a soft-swelling, richly harmonized introduction leads to a set of variations with long accompanied solos for horn, trombone, and tuba. The finale is an allegro vivace of incisive rhythms, closed by some grave paragraphs in which the note values grow long, and an exuberant final cadence springing from a wild horn flourish. C and F are recurrent fixed points, oft sounded, but D becomes insistent, too, and the quintet ends on C and D at once.

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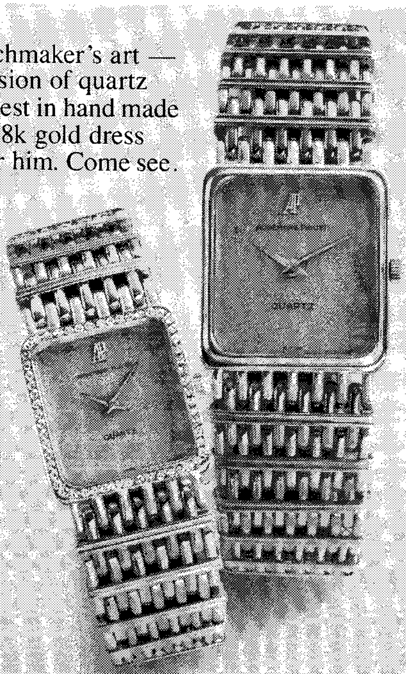

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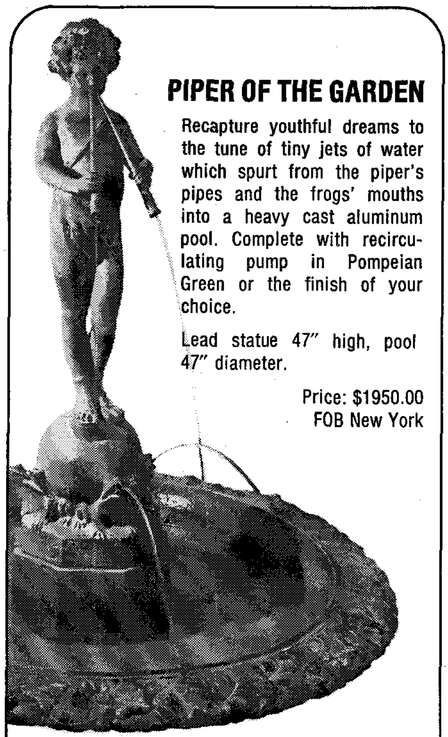

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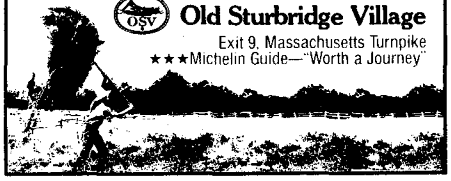

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many brass quintets during his career. Davies has poured into this one a wealth of sounds specific to the medium: cantabile melodies, ceremonial intradas, bright signals, romantic echoes as if from the distance. The textures are varied, and there are sonorities I had never before heard from a brass quintet—finespun traceries, mistily "atmospheric" effects. The two trumpets are usually treated as if they were brothers, handled in duo. The horn is the principal singer. The music is not "top line and bass" but shows, more easily than the rich, complicated pages of Davies' two symphonies do, his increasing command of a harmony growing both upward and downward around a central "tenor." Sometimes the instruments are five very distinct characters; in one beautiful episode they cluster close, as if trying to match their voices. Rolf Smedvig, the Empire's first trumpet, and David Ohanian, its horn, were in the Boston Symphony when it created Davies' Second Symphony, early last year, and there the composer must have learned their virtuosity of technique and quickness of temperament. The performance was brilliantly accomplished. Once or twice, the balance of lines in the slow movement was perhaps not quite ideal, but the poetry, the power, and the shapeliness of the work were all apparent. The Empire must record it soon.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Mysteries

A CHALLENGING violin recital—challenging for the performer as well as for the listener—took place on the Sunday after Easter in the Church of the Transfiguration, on East Twenty-ninth Street. Evan Johnson played a complete set of fifteen sonatas for violin and continuo, and the Passacaglia for violin solo, by Heinrich von Biber. They are known as the "Mystery" or "Rosary" Sonatas, since the one source in which they survive prefaces each sonata with a woodcut representing one of the events that in Catholic devotional tradition are meditated upon as the Rosary is recited. The composition of the sonatas, which were completed in about 1676, has been persuasively linked to the annual public celebration of the Rosary, during the month of October, at Salzburg Cathedral, where Biber was a musician. The function of the great solo Passacaglia for violin that com-

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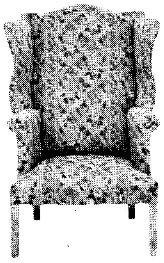

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pletes the set is less certain, since its illustration (which seems to be that of a guardian angel guiding a child) does not belong to the Rosary; but the Feast of the Guardian Angel, also in October, was instituted in 1677, which may have brought about its addition to the set. The fame of these works in the violin literature derives from the fact that all of them except the first and the Passacaglia use unusual tunings for the violin strings; *scordatura* tuning was popular among some seventeenth-century composers for strings, but Biber used it with greater skill than anyone else.

To avoid constant retuning, Mr. Johnson played seven different violins. He provided program notes "to prevent boredom while the violins are being retuned," but the wealth of musical material was such that there was little danger of boredom; indeed, I wish Mr. Johnson had taken longer to retune, since perfect harmoniousness, so difficult to achieve in tunings to which the instrument is not accustomed, was not always achieved. Biber's fantastic, fiery inspiration is surely at its height in these works. Throughout the Passion scenes, furiously intense figurations alternate with simple, eloquent laments. The Resurrection is hailed by a chorale, "Surrexit Christus hodie." At the Ascension, the violin resounds with the C-major fanfares of a trumpet, and at Pentecost the dove descending breaks the air in bright major thirds.

Mr. Johnson, concentrating (not surprisingly) on the acute technical problems of the pieces, did not always capture Biber's fantasy to the full. But he made an admirable attempt to play in seventeenth-century fashion, avoiding vibrato for much of the time, and wielding his slightly anachronistic bow more stylishly than many period-instrument players wield their old bows. He was given firm and imaginative support by Gerald Ranck (harpsichord and organ) and Maureen Hynes (viola da gamba). At the end, after all the drama, the unaccompanied Passacaglia made a quite unearthly effect, suggesting a world of spirituality very close to that of Bach's D-Minor Chaconne.

AT Symphony Space last month, the ensemble Music for a While presented an ambitious re-creation of the spiritual and secular world of St. John of the Cross. Described as a "visionary opera," the drama attempted to piece together excerpts from St. John's

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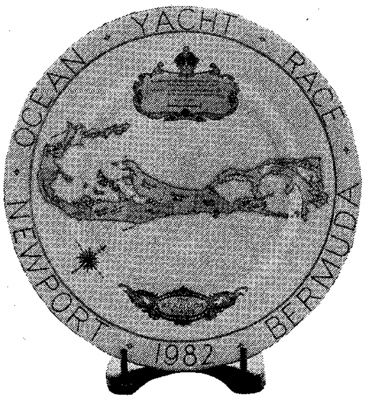

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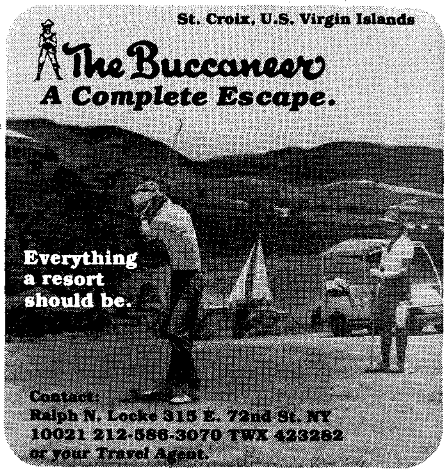
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writings, Spanish Renaissance music, and visual images taken from paintings of the period. A procession made its way through the gloomy auditorium, banners were unfurled onstage, and a counterpoint of music, declamation, and dancing began. I attended the last of three performances—the only one in which St. John's words were spoken in the original Spanish. Raul Davila gave a taut, impassioned account of the texts. In the desire to draw strongly the contrasts between St. John's intense mysticism and the normality of his daily contact with the world, Music for a While juxtaposed sacred and secular music very freely. From a "Salve Regina" by Francesco Guerrero that ended the first group of pieces we were whisked by the soprano Sheila Schonbrun into a colorful and touching rendering of the folk song "De los alamos vengo, madre," whose relevance was not clear. This sequence turned into a perfectly ordinary scene of Renaissance rejoicing, with St. John joining in a friendly little dance to the strains of the anonymous "Fa la la lan." Another sudden wrench back to the tortured world of his dark night of the soul, and the section ended with a piece of ritual plainsong for Easter (sung in a version preserved in tenth-century Laon rather than sixteenth-century Spain). The program might have had more coherence if the musical performances had been better, but in the midst of complex movements (even the viola-da-gamba players had to dance at one point) elementary points of ensemble and tuning were neglected. The singers—Patrick Mason, a firm, expressive baritone, and Miss Schonbrun—made the best impression.

At the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, this season, the Smithsonian Chamber Players gave an enterprising series of concerts reconstructing the musical life of four important cities in the late eighteenth century. Each concert was preceded by a lecture: London was introduced by Neal Zaslaw, Vienna by H. C. Robbins Landon, Paris by David Fuller, and Philadelphia by William Brooks. The programs did not reproduce actual concerts of two hundred years ago, though Mr. Fuller's for Paris came closest to doing so, with part of a Concert Spirituel program that Thomas Jefferson attended in November, 1786. The London program recreated a Sunday musical gathering at the house of Dr. Charles Burney; the

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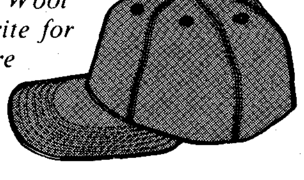

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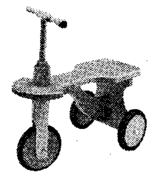

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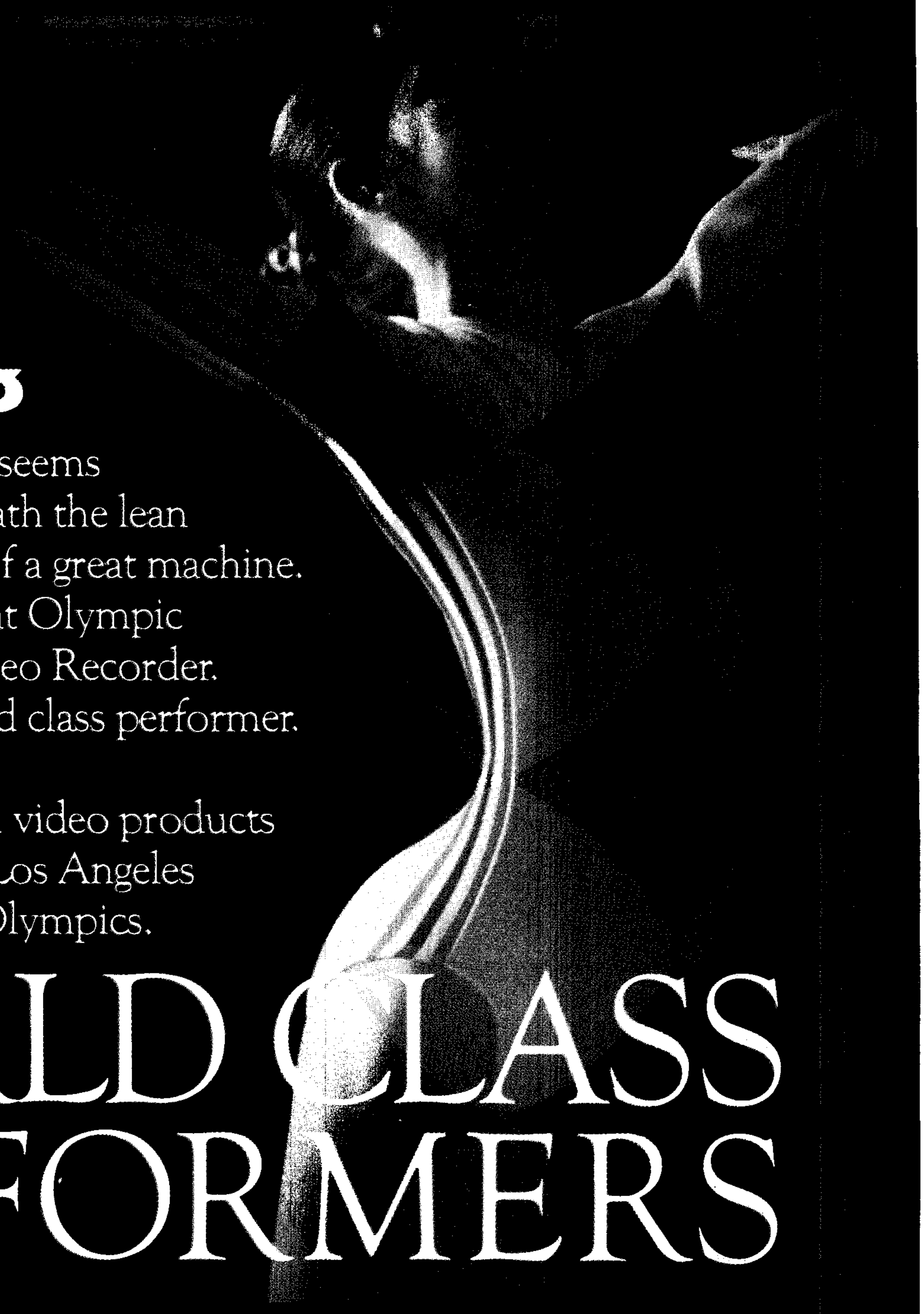

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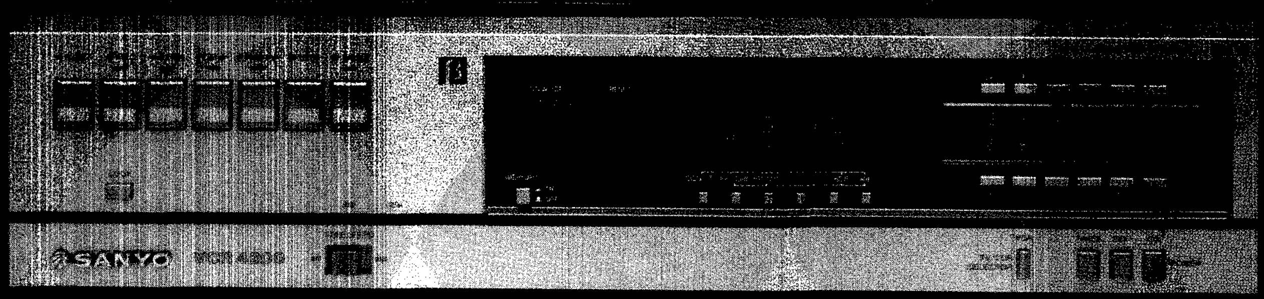

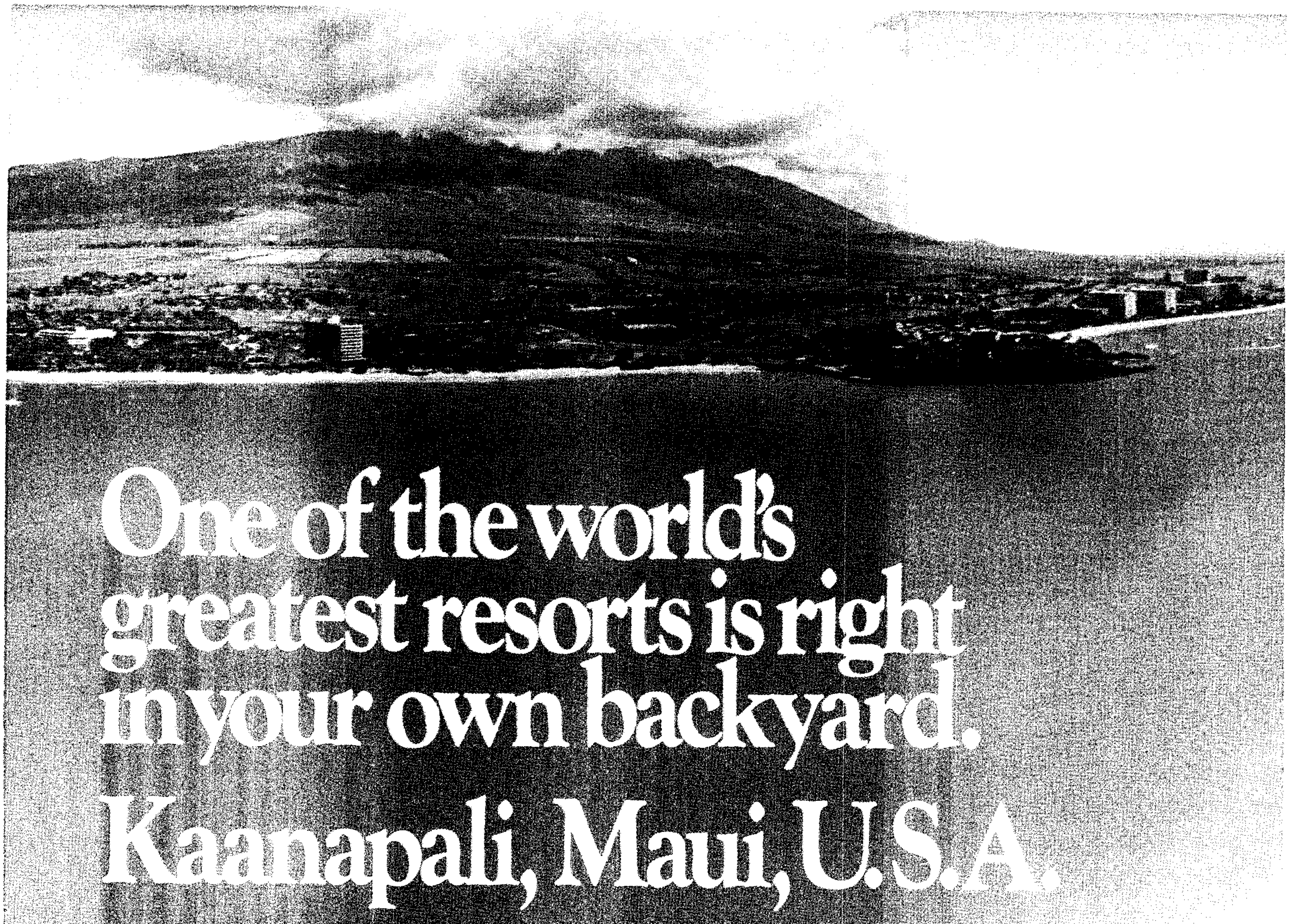

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Philadelphia program was similar to a series given by Alexander Reinagle in hat city (but included some works written after the series ended); the Vienna program simply traced the development of the classical style in a sequence of piano and string trios.

At the end of last month, the lecurers (with the exception of Mr. Robbins Landon, who was replaced by Kenneth Slowik, of the Smithsonian) and some of the artists returned for an overview of the series, a discussion of the possibilities of historical reconstructions, and a short concert. In the discussion, Mr. Fuller stressed the social conditions under which the Concert Spirituel took place: tradesmen worked nearby, the audience came and went, and the program lasted for some three hours (excluding intermissions). Mr. Zaslaw described some unusual orchestral seating plans in the eighteenth century, and suggested that they could help us to hear the music with new clarity. A question from the audience prompted Mr. Brooks to formulate a view of the eighteenth-century composer which emphasized his difference from the Romantic artist: his aim was not always to create music that was highly individual and distinct but, rather, to make a striking effect within an agreed idiom. It was suggested that faithfulness to the instruments and the playing styles of the past was only part of the process of re-creation: such matters as acoustics, the social function of concertgoing, and the use to which the music was put (as a background or as an incidental part of other entertainment) also influenced the audience's response.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

•

Convicted international arms smuggler George "Gary" Korkala of Nutley was captured by police in Madrid last Thursday, ending a flight from this country that began in the fall of 1980.

The 41-year-old fugitive was arrested at an exhibition of security devices in the Casa el Campo Hotel at 2:30 Eastern Standard Time, 8:30 p.m. in Madrid. John Russel, a spokesman for the Justice Department in Washington, D.C., said Korkala was running an exhibit booth for International Air Radio Ltd. when he was arrested.

Korkala did not resist arrest, but he did deny his identity to police. The officers were not convinced by the angry denial, however, noting a conspicuous badge on his lapel that said, "Hi, I'm Gary Korkala," according to Nutley Det. Capt. Sal Centanni.—*Nutley (N.J.) Sun.*

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A Devil Without Fire

ISTVÁN SZABÓ's "Mephisto," the West German–Hungarian co-production that won the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film, is an indictment of a morally bankrupt actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power. At the start, in Hamburg, in the twenties, Höfgen is a provincial actor furiously banging his fists against his dressing-room wall because the applause he hears is not for him; it's for a pretty visiting operetta star from Berlin, who has just sung the "I'll give my heart" aria from Millöcker's "Dubarry"—which deals with a milliner's rise to power as the favorite of Louis XV. During the pre-Nazi period, Höfgen climbs out of his provincial status; he slips into the guise of a man in the throes of romantic ardor, courts and marries the daughter of an eminent cultural figure, and within a few years he has risen to stardom in Berlin. (Hendrik Höfgen is based on Gustav Gründgens, who was married during his early years to Thomas Mann's daughter Erika; the movie is loosely adapted from the 1936 novel "Mephisto," by her brother Klaus Mann, who is believed to have been Gründgens' lover.) Höfgen sometimes performs at left-wing cabarets, and he spouts idealistic "revolutionary" theories about workers' theatre, but when the Nazis come to power and his wife goes abroad he's afraid to uproot himself; he's afraid that he won't be able to act without the German language—that without it he'll be nothing.

We observe the stages in Höfgen's Nazification, as he offers to play supporting roles to the bovine, dimpled blond Valkyrie who is the mistress of the Nazi Prime Minister—the General, a Göring-like figure, played by Rolf Hoppe. (There's no Hitler in the film's Germany; the situation is meant to be allegorical, and so we don't hear "Heil Hitler!"—just "Heil!") Höfgen accommodates himself to the wishes of the General and becomes part of the Nazi spectacle while he tries to protect his own mistress, a dancer who is part black, and his left-wing and Jewish friends. But he is drawn further and further into the General's coterie, until he is finally the General's favorite actor and lapdog. He reinterprets classic plays in order to make them politically acceptable, and he becomes Germany's leading actor and the head of the State Theatre. (Only he and the General know how powerless he really is.) All these stages in the damnation of a man who we know from the start is an opportunist are fairly routine.

The picture has another theme, though, which has fresh possibilities, and it's this theme, I think, that makes the movie peculiarly gripping. Szabó sets up Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who has no substance, who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on. The theatre is his temple, and Nazism, with all its theatricality, is a larger stage. Höfgen lives to perform. A flamboyant actor-director-manager when he's so young that there's still a suggestion of baby fat in his cheeks, he's a whirlwind. There's an element of mystery in the subject of acting, and at the outset Brandauer, who has gleaming cat eyes and a seductive, impish smile, seems a startlingly right choice for the part, because he evokes so many other performers, dozens of them—such as Marius Goring, the young composer in "The Red Shoes." At times, when Brandauer's Höfgen smiles, there's a flash of a devilish

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Albert Finney. He appears to be an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Half undressed and dancing orgiastically with his black mistress, Höfgen seems self-hypnotized, admiring his own sensuousness and the flutter of his thigh muscles. He gives the impression of being homosexual, though he has no affairs with men. For his second wife he chooses an actress with no principles—one in good standing with the General. The only woman he really seems to care about is the black dancer (who is played to feline perfection by Karin Boyd, a German stage actress), and there is a strong suggestion of kinkiness in their relationship. The first time we see him visit her, she holds a whip behind her back, and they don't copulate—they dance, he twirls himself into a frenzy, and then she performs fellatio on him. (This film contains many "suggestions." Höfgen's first and second wives appear to have been lovers; at least, they smile very knowingly at each other. And there is also a prodigiously bad woman sculptor who's in high repute with the Nazis; she makes looming, uplifting statues that would have fitted right into a Cecil B. De Mille epic, and she, too, has that soft, carnal smile. Her name is Leni. If this is meant as an allusion to the great moviemaker Riefenstahl, Szabó is grotesquely wide of the mark.)

In the shoptalk of stage and screen directors, one frequently hears about a pure actor (or actress) type—a performer who doesn't exist without roles to play, a sort of neurotic vacuum. Directors (who are often jealous or angry about the power position of stars) say that this empty actor may give you a stunning performance but he's hell to work with, because you never know from one day to the next what attitudes he's trying on or what he'll blow up about. This is a fertile, almost unexplored movie subject, except for the slapstick satirical treatment that actors and actresses used to be given in comedies such as "The Royal Family of Broadway," "Twentieth Century," and "Bombshell." But Szabó goes at it with so much heavy moral condemnation, contrasting Höfgen with anti-Nazi actors who forfeit their lives, that it seems as if the only good actor is a dead actor.

"Mephisto" unintentionally raises a lot of questions that the director doesn't deal with. It isn't hard to come up with a guess about why he doesn't want his actor to be homosexual: he's

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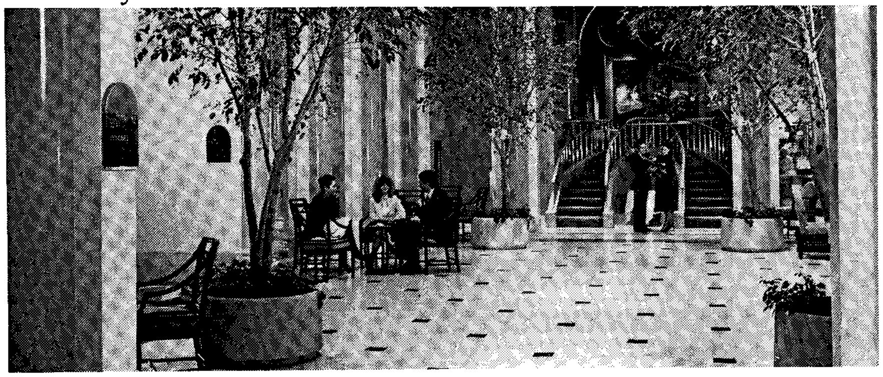

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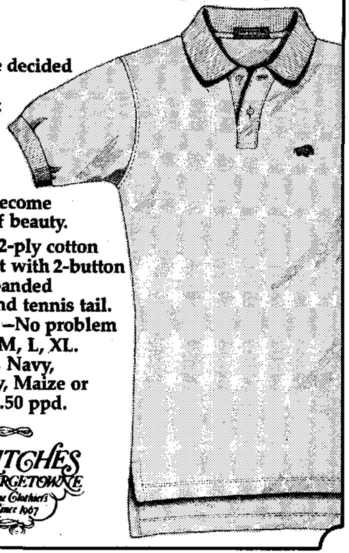

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probably hoping to make Höfgen a more universal representative of those who collaborate with evil. But he doesn't want to suggest that a collaborator could be "normal," either; the lesbian touches may be there to indicate that Höfgen has sexual problems—that he marries women who don't make much of a demand on him. But why are the glimpses of him as an actor so pedestrian? I never saw the actor that Höfgen is modelled on in a live performance, though I've heard accounts of him on the stage (Gründgens brought his "Faust" to City Center in 1961) and I've seen him in movies—most conspicuously as the black-gloved, leather-coated chief of the underworld in Fritz Lang's "M." With a bowler hat for a crown, he was cocky and almost comically frightening; he had a powerful presence. Höfgen doesn't; even when we see him onstage as Mephisto, he isn't demonic—he's a lightweight. And we never get to see any of his "reinterpreted" Hamlet. It's a key limitation in Szabó's approach that he fudges the issue of whether Höfgen is really a great actor. Is it because of lack of flair on Szabó's part that Höfgen, who has a meteoric rise in the theatre, shows nothing out of the ordinary in his onstage scenes and that the staging itself is conventional? I have a feeling that Szabó doesn't want Höfgen to be an inspired actor or director, because that might seem to justify his determination to go on working in the German theatre whatever the circumstances. But at the same time I doubt if Szabó does have much theatrical flair. He might be able to fuse this film's two themes if he had the emotional extravagance to evoke the crazed romanticism of a narcissistic star—to make us feel what theatre might mean to Höfgen. But in denying greatness, or even dedicated artistry, to Höfgen he prevents the movie from soaring. He's forever heading off his own subject at the pass.

The revelations of the character are all in the first half, and Brandauer shows his vivacity when Höfgen is being willful and unpredictable. But Höfgen doesn't have the chance to flower as an actor, or even to enjoy himself as an actor; he's never at ease—he knows he shouldn't be doing what he's doing. Midway, he tones down and the film dries up. And when Szabó reaches for a big symbolic effect—the actor dissolving in the glare of spotlights—it doesn't really work. We're too aware of the director's didactic intentions. (A friend told

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me that he found the last part of "Mephisto" incredibly impressive; he said that Höfgen's thoughts were almost tangible, and he felt as if he could reach out and grab them. Well, of course Höfgen's thoughts are tangible: he speaks them right to the camera, and the subtitles spell them out for us. He tells us how pathetically empty he is.)

This movie has a stern air of rectitude that produces discomfort. Other films by Szabó that I've seen dealt with contemporary experience in Communist Hungary, and in them he brought unusual intelligence (and craftsmanship) to the pickles his people were in. He knows how fuzzy and complicated moral decisions are in a Communist country, and how unexpected the results may be, but when he goes back in time to Nazi Germany (before his birth, in 1938) everything is suddenly black and white. The movie has no generosity. It doesn't ask if, perhaps, Höfgen the symbolic actor has something to give, or even if, possibly, he feels fully alive only when he's onstage singing or dancing or assuming a false identity that excites him. His desire to perform is treated as careerism, and he is presented as a tantrummy infant with an insatiable greed for attention. That's what the slapstick comedies said, too (though affectionately); Szabó's portentousness prepares us to expect something more revelatory. Szabó (who co-wrote the script, with Péter Dobai) probably means to be condemning a type that he thinks is rampant throughout civilization—the scale of the picture prepares us for a big subject. Originally two hours and forty minutes long, it's an epic, with a multinational cast (the soundtrack of the two-hour-and-sixteen-minute version showing here is in German, with considerable dubbing, though not in the two principal roles—Höfgen and the General). But Szabó builds his case on this one ambitious pipsqueak. Since Höfgen hasn't been allowed to be a great actor, he seems too small for the scale of the attack. It's like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center.

Actors tend to go on performing, whatever the changes in their country's government, just as most people in any society—Fascist, Communist, or capitalist—make adjustments. We don't condemn Szabó because he made movies in Budapest after the Soviet tanks rolled in. (We might condemn him if he made movies glorifying the

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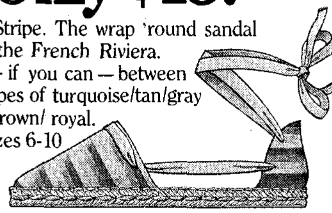

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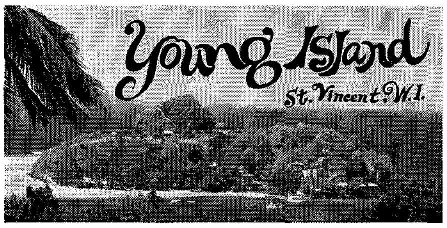

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Soviet Union for crushing the Hungarian Freedom Fighters.) An actor's wanting to please—wanting to have the pleasure of giving pleasure—is not necessarily as ugly as this movie makes it. Gründgens, who was in fact Göring's protégé, actually *was* able to save some people's lives, and he did not distort the plays he appeared in; he was cleared after the war and went on performing, as popular as he had been during the Nazi period.

To Szabó, actors are unformed—they lack backbone. But if they had it they might be hopeless as actors. Maybe they need a streak of the infantile and of undefined androgynous sexuality. Actors try things out; they don't know in advance what a role will demand of them. Szabó condemns them for it—essentially, he's condemning them for being actors. The picture is out to demonstrate, once again, that the man who compromises is doomed, that his art will suffer, that Fascism destroys the soul. Yet it starts with an actor who we are given to understand has no soul. Everything in the movie is pointed; it's all damning him. But when you leave the theatre you're not sure what the point is. Even when you might want to slap Höfgen, Szabó does all the slapping for you. Eventually, you feel for the guy.

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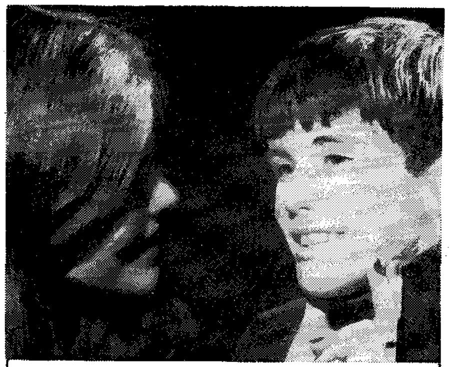

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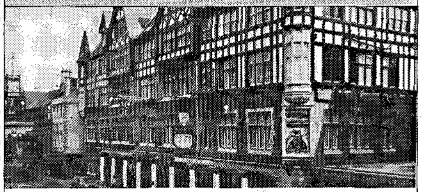

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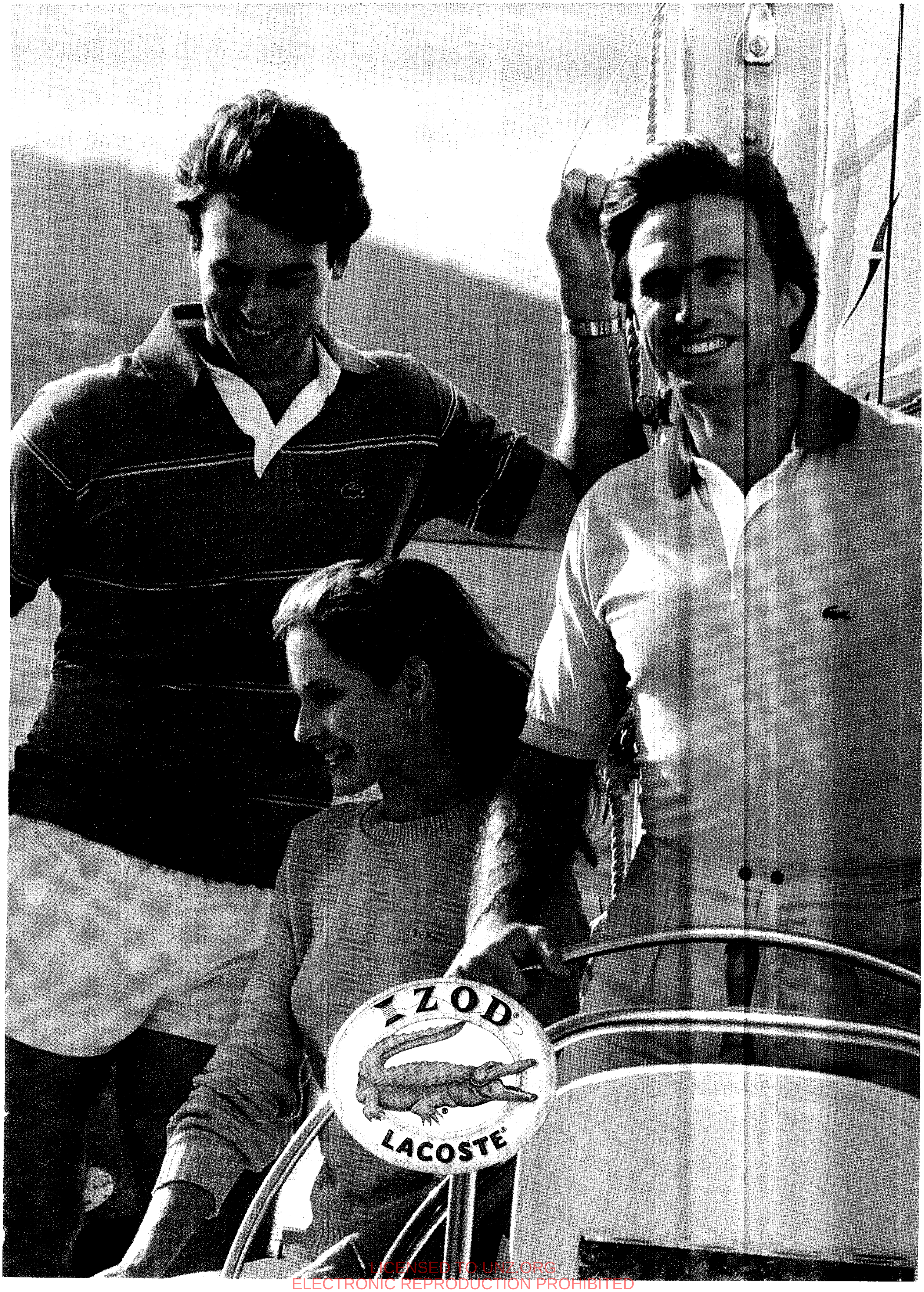
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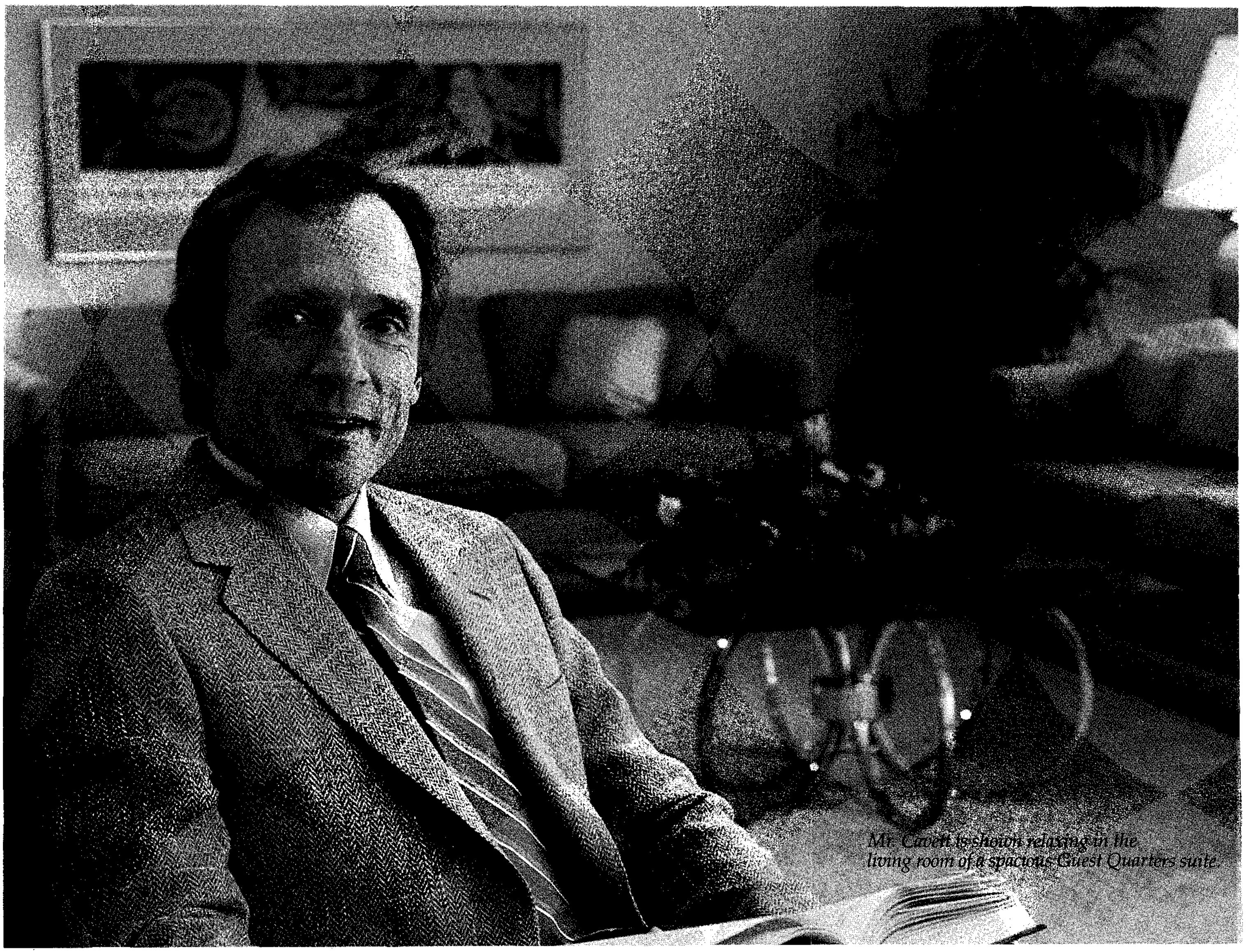

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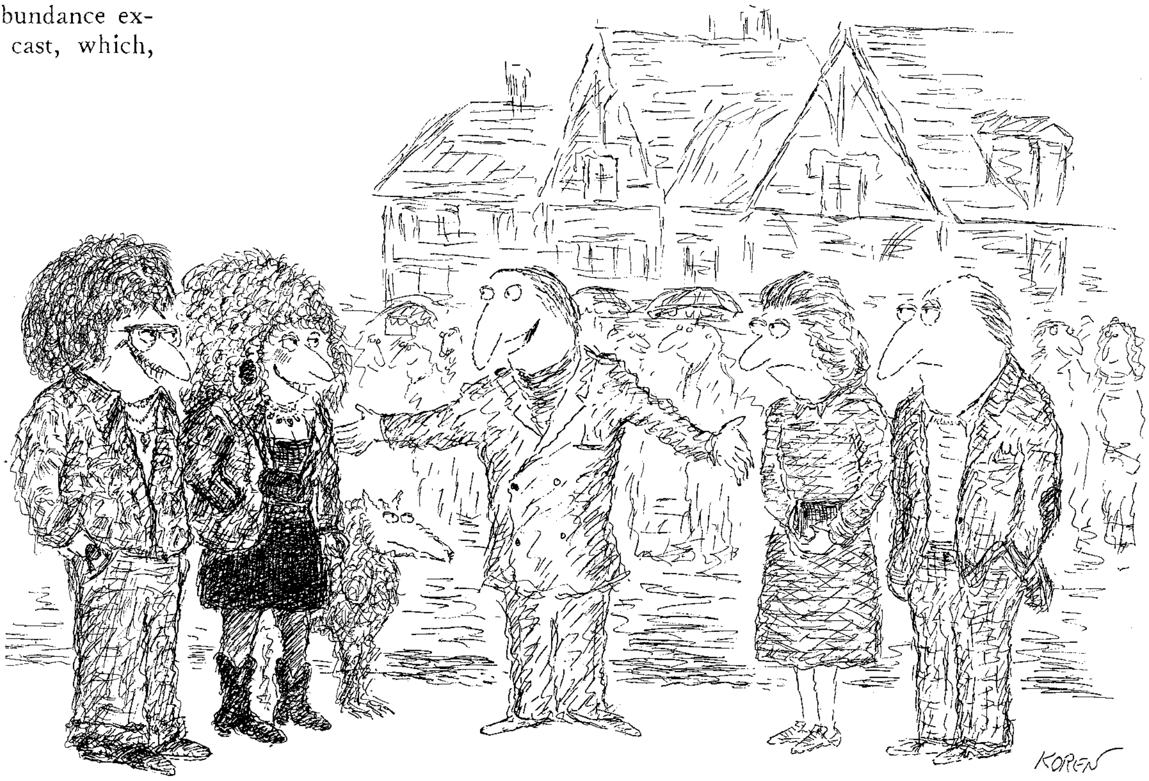
My Country, 'Tis of Thee

“The Vineyard of Liberty,” by James MacGregor Burns (Knopf; $22.95), is the first volume of a history of the United States, a prospective trilogy entitled “The American Experiment.” Lucid and eloquent, the opening installment goes from the Constitutional Convention to the Emancipation Proclamation—from 1787 to 1863. Its style and organization overcome the potential for dispersion and disorder which threatens any narrative of our past—a potential arising from the fact that, in its short life, the United States has had almost too much history. There are no peaceful places and no quiet times. From the moment the nation was founded, unprecedented political events, ranging in magnitude from the Whiskey Rebellion to the French Revolution, tumbled over each other here and abroad. At the same time, the Industrial Revolution bred invention, all the way from handiness to engineering. The circumstances in which Americans lived—their surroundings, equipment, and techniques, the size of their towns, the nature of their work—changed before they had time to understand their new institutions and while they were discovering that they needed yet more new institutions, such as political-party conventions and public schools. This superabundance extends to the American cast, which, diverse to begin with—Burns mentions that American Indians spoke at least two thousand languages, and that Europeans imported a dozen or so more—gained in diversity with the Louisiana Purchase, the Mexican Cession, and immigration. And from the start innumerable Americans were involved in day-to-day politics, manufacturing our history as they went along.

Burns' language heightens these realities in page after page of first-rate historical exposition. He writes of his crowded subject with grand artistic spaciousness. He astutely pays particular attention to what he calls the “third cadre” of political leadership. In 1787, the first cadre was the Framers, in Philadelphia. The second was influential men in the states. Burns thinks of the third cadre as “country politicians, circuit-riding lawyers, money-minded men of commerce, cracker-barrel philosophers,” whose decisions about accepting or rejecting the Constitution influenced their neighbors' votes. By 1800, congressional leaders are included in the second cadre, and local leaders both elected and “unofficial” in the third. The men of the third cadre composed, in Burns' useful word, a magnificent “followership,” but they did not simply accept the agenda set before them by the leaders in the first and second cadres. In each state, Burns thinks, the third cadre gradually evolved a two-party system to replace the competitions of great families and their followings which had dominated Colonial legislatures (and continued to dominate Parliament). The third cadre substituted a politics of participation for a politics of deference. Burns never loses track of the third cadre and its creativity: toward the end of this volume, he shows it assembling the Republican Party when the collage that had been the Whigs came unglued.

Burns makes his first cadre, the historic figures of whom we have all read, convincing individuals. His Jefferson somewhat resembles his Roosevelt. In “The Lion and the Fox,” Burns wrote of F.D.R., “He depended mainly on conferences with congressional leaders to put across his program,” and the statement applies equally to Jefferson's techniques of political management as Burns describes them. Burns reminds us of merit (John Quincy Adams, a poor President, was a superb Secretary of State), and his portraits are the more credible because they convey the effect of leaders on their contemporaries; his exceptional account of Jackson, the “tornado” from the West, is an instance. He is good, too, at blending political-science explanation with portraiture, as in his exposition of the ideas of Martin Van Buren, the first proponent of the American theory, or philosophy, of party government.

Like every other history, this book reflects its own time. To be sure, the deepest assumptions of one's own era are often hard to grasp, because they are so taken for granted. For example,



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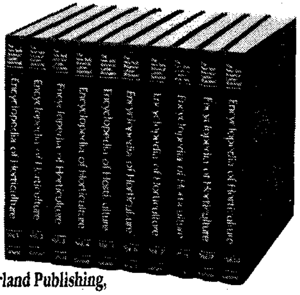

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I recall that in high school the War of 1812 was hurried through as a national embarrassment—a farce intruding on an epic. Burns, however, reports that its outcome gave Americans a new burst of self-confidence: as they entered 1816, they were convinced that they had won a "second war of independence." His observation suggests to me that between 1816 and the Korean War Americans did not consider the successful defense of a tolerable status quo a victory; our wars, being righteous or idealistic, usually entailed considerable changes in our defeated enemies' territories or institutions. I doubt whether my teachers and textbooks recognized that they were transmitting so radical a doctrine, but I imagine that it still contributes to our current uncertainties in formulating military and foreign policy. It is conceivable that Burns' temperate, realistic, and, above all, unapologetic account of the War of 1812 reflects the beginning of a change—that we are shifting to a less ambitious or revolutionary view of our nation's international role.

Burns' stress on our ethnic and racial diversity is a contemporary concern. His search for the sources of effective government reflects an anxiety of our day. Burns draws the Founders as men of immense political experience, wise enough to understand that they were not designing a utopia, and that conflict would continue throughout the life of the nation. They constructed the Constitution with damage-control devices—separation of powers, checks and balances—to limit the harm that future struggles could do, and to insure that no winner could take all, at the permanent expense of minorities, dissidents, or other losers. But, Burns thinks, the Constitution would not work well without the party system, which he calls the "people's Constitution." Without two strong parties, our politics risks diffuseness, as was true during the spiteful "Era of Good Feeling," or else extremism: the disarray of the Whigs during the eighteen-fifties gave the Democrats no incentive to control their fire-eaters in the hope of competing for the center; hence that party lent itself to the effort to legalize slavery nationally, against the will of the majority. Burns' account of the political confusions of the eighteen-fifties, by the way, is another of his little masterpieces: a concise, vivid, empathetic sketch of the trials of politicians attempting to survive in a politically tumultuous time, when the

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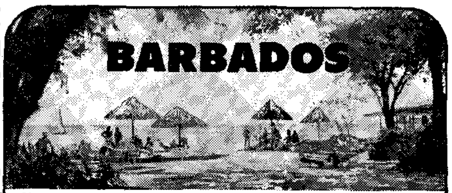

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bewildered electorate, not quite certain whom it was most angry at, was exceptionally volatile.

Like many people in the twentieth century, Burns is dismayed by the exclusion of various Americans from full citizenship throughout our past, and in this volume he tries to convey something of the lives of never-consulted outsiders, describing, for example, the ocean voyages of slaves, immigrants, and seamen aboard whalers. These passages are artistically successful, and his effort is significant in giving us a sense of the lives of those for whom the American dream proved a mirage. It is essential to remember that the past was a common effort and a common production of many Americans whose contributions are never memorialized individually. There are, of course, specialist studies of such people; Burns' deft blending of hitherto arcane matter into a general history is a great asset. Yet his compassion and honesty lead him slightly astray as a historian, particularly in a section apologizing for the absence of an American counterpart of the European revolutionary movements of the eighteen-thirties and forties. In this country, almost all white adult males were enfranchised, and Burns notes that the workingmen's parties of the eighteen-thirties faded after the Jacksonians accepted their more practical proposals. As for the immigrants, he tells us that the Irish were making their way into Tammany by the eighteen-forties. It is not sensible to call on men to rebel to win what they already have, and I am unhappy with a historian as a retroactive Stakhanovite, setting unattainable or unrealistic norms for people of the past, who had their imaginative limitations, as we have ours. I am also uneasy with Burns' acceptance of the currently fashionable association of material deprivation with psychological deprivation. We have no proof that the reason an overworked frontier farmer's wife (to use one of Burns' examples) did not seek the vote was that as a poor person she lacked self-esteem; she may have taken pride in accomplishments, attributes, or possessions of which history and psychology keep no record.

Amid the transformations of the nineteenth century, the persistence of slavery seems a failure quite different from the problems of women and of the poor, for these had counterparts elsewhere. The perpetuation of slavery in this country looks like a peculiar regress. Although Burns does not

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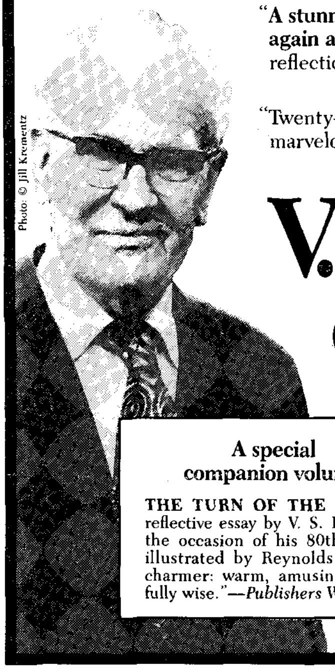
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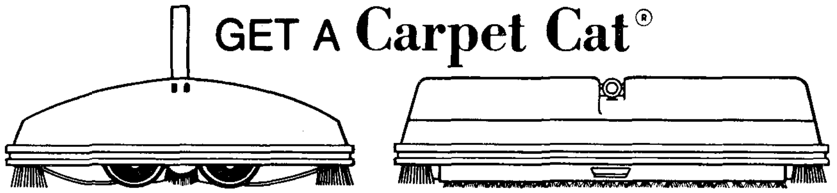

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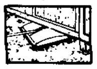
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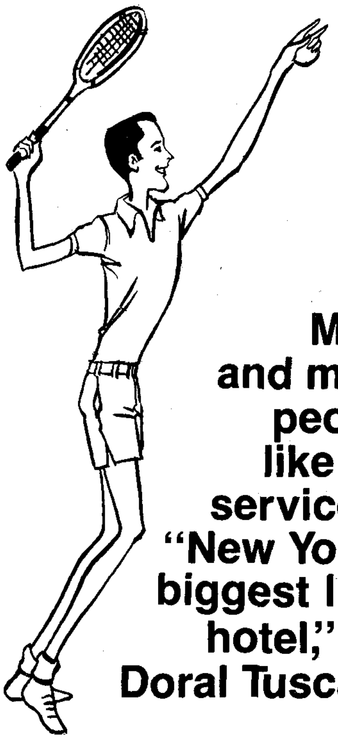

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mention the point, several slave-owning Founders had been aware of the anomaly of claiming liberty for themselves while denying it to others—among them Washington, who freed his slaves in his will. Burns discusses the disappearance of Virginia's once formidable political leadership from the national scene at the end of the second Monroe Administration, in 1824, and also notices a qualitative decline in South Carolina's élite by the eighteen-fifties. Other stratified societies in our historical parentage had refreshed themselves by recruitment, contriving or allowing ways up—freedmen might rise in ancient Rome, and rich commoners in Ancien Régime Europe might buy nobility or some of its privileges—but the South made its slave codes more and more stringent and did little for its poor whites. Burns' discussions give some weight to the deadening effect of caste, but he is more inclined to believe that all Americans' concept of liberty was too negative and too narrow. He feels we lacked any broader concept than the individual's right to be protected from his government. Yet the right, for example, of individuals to be "secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures" is narrowing or negative for tyrants only. The freedoms it protects are broad and positive. They are the foundations of political decency. We have indeed groped and stumbled on our way toward inclusiveness—toward the concept that such liberty and such rights belong equally to all. That degree of rationality will scarcely have been attained, I imagine, when Burns concludes this ambitious work, so auspiciously begun; but even by then the American experiment, one trusts, will not have ended.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A CHANGE OF SCENE, by Elizabeth Cullinan (Norton; $10.95). Like an illuminated page from the Book of Kells, this intricate, absorbing novel seems simple from a distance—it begins and ends on a recent afternoon in Manhattan, and the story at its center, set in Dublin, proceeds to its own conclusion without interruption—but its internal convolutions (geographical and emotional) require complete concentration. The narrator, a pretty and smart New York woman, on hearing that

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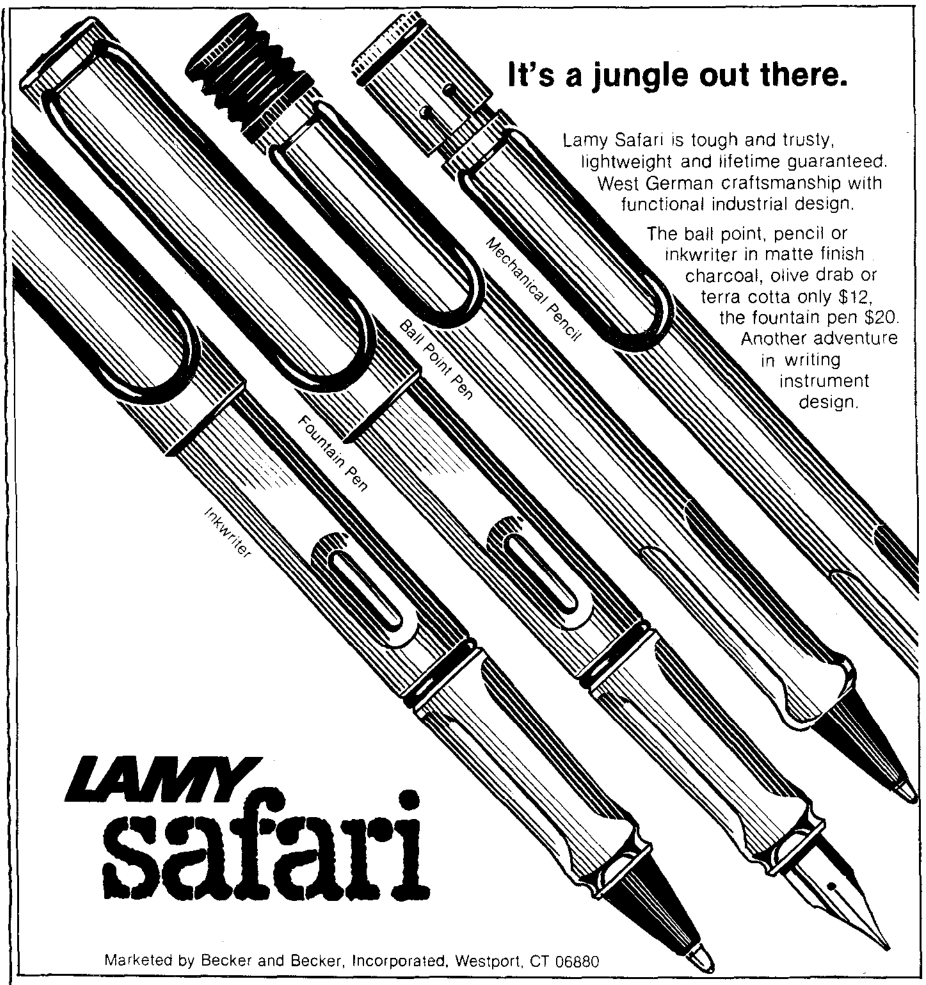
a sharp-tongued Irish journalist named Tomás O'Domhnaill is in town, recalls her ten-month stay in Dublin, where she fell in love with him a number of years before, when she was twenty-six; he was the first of several Dublin suitors, who introduced her to various overlapping social circles and liked to mock her Americanisms. At first, she had to have everything Irish explained (what "beer" means in Dublin, and what is shown at the Spring Show); then, about halfway into her stay, she was delighted to be told (by her sister, who had flown in for a tour of the West Country) that she had a touch of an Irish accent; and toward the end, at the Aer Lingus office on Grafton Street, when she was asked "Are you emigrating?" she started to laugh and then to cry. A nicely constructed book, and the story's elegant lines are reflected in an unusually handsome typeface and design.

TRAVELS TO THE ENU, by Jakov Lind (St. Martin's/Marek; $11.95). In imitation of Jonathan Swift (as is acknowledged at the front of this very slim volume), Jakov Lind shipwrecks his narrator on a remote island, where he is obliged to explain Western civilization to the natives and the natives' civilization to his civilized Western reader. He suggests that mankind's prospects are pretty dim. These islanders neither read nor write, but they have learned to speak every variety of English, including "a generous vocabulary of plain parade-ground obscenities," from a pair of English socialites who crash-landed in their midst in 1937 (and were eventually eaten). The narrator has a difficult time explaining to the islanders the power of the written word (that a scribble can trigger mass destruction



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boggles his own mind), while his account of the causes and effects of their chief affliction—boredom—seems unpleasantly familiar. The natives' treatment of the narrator, alternating between brutality and obeisance, and their own social rites (including the worship of birds, which roost in their coiffures, and the manufacture of edibles from excrement), as well as their earthy English, give Mr. Lind ample opportunity for sadistic and scatological digressions. Sometimes his narrator says something original and surprising—his description of a jet plane as a dangerous bird is good—but on the whole this is heavy-handed stuff.

GENERAL

Last Waltz in Vienna: The Rise and Destruction of a Family, 1842-1942, by George Clare (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $16.50). In limpid and affecting prose, the author recalls his family history. Born in Vienna in 1920 (the family name, Klaar, was Anglicized for the convenience of the British Army), he is the descendant of Jewish families who lived under the Habsburgs as far back as records go; they adored their emperor, their country, and their city, and they retained their loyalty after the first disappeared and the second shrank. Mr. Clare's paternal great-grandfather was among the first Jews commissioned in the Imperial Army, and his mother's family were business people—her father got his start as the Habsburg Empire agent for Quaker Oats. Mr. Clare's widowed grandmother's apartment remained totally unchanged from the eighteen-eighties, when she moved there as a young bride, to the nineteen-thirties, when she was deported to the Nazi ghetto of Theresienstadt. The Klaars, then, were wholly unprepared for their uprooting and scattering (if they were lucky) or their physical destruction (if they were not). The author and his parents escaped from Austria amid hair-raising uncertainties. He went to Ireland; they settled in France. He joined the Royal Artillery; they were deported to Auschwitz. Mr. Clare cannot come to terms with this unmerited disaster—no more can the reader. His book is a memorial, not an explanation.

Living by Fiction, by Annie Dillard (Harper & Row; $12.95). Short,

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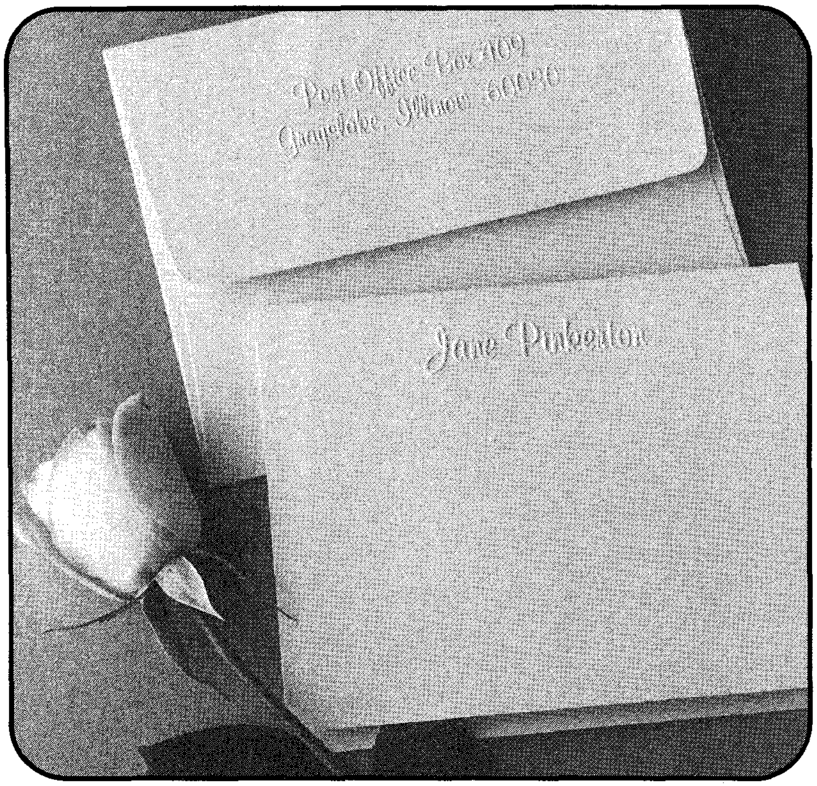
sharp, and simple, this critical study argues the unique importance of literature in the modern world. All the arts, the author notes, have reflected recent scientific and philosophical doubts about reality, and most serious work has renounced all subjects but itself: modern painting is about the techniques of painting, and in this century even music has devoted itself to destroying its own traditional structures. However, because words cannot help referring to things, she believes that literature is necessarily less hermetic than the other arts and more broadly involved in common human problems. Miss Dillard's examination of various styles of literary modernism is sprightly and witty, as if the pleasure she finds in fine literary art were sufficient compensation for the griefs and disharmonies it deals with.

NOVEMBER 1918, by Gordon Brook-Shepherd (Little, Brown; $19.95). This book's point is that the defeats on the fronts that military historians have regarded as "sideshows"—the Middle East, the Balkans, and northern Italy—contributed almost as greatly as the debacle on the Western Front to the downfall of the Central Powers in the First World War. Accordingly, Mr. Brook-Shepherd recounts the artful maneuvers by which Allenby threw back the Turks and their talented German leader, Liman von Sanders; the not very well-known over-the-mountains assault from Macedonia into Serbia, commanded by the French general Franchet d'Esperey, which knocked Bulgaria out of the war and opened the way into Austria-Hungary; and the disintegration of that Empire's forces before an Italian attack on the line of the Piave River. He ably coördinates these events with those on the war's main battlefields, in northern France, and argues that while Germany was no longer strong enough to win, it might have maintained a stouter defense in the West if its military leaders had not been panicked by their nightmare's coming true: the loss of allies, the possibility of attack from the East—in short, the encirclement that they had taught themselves to fear.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TWICE SHY, by Dick Francis (Putnam; $13.95). The best that can be said for this novel, Mr. Francis's



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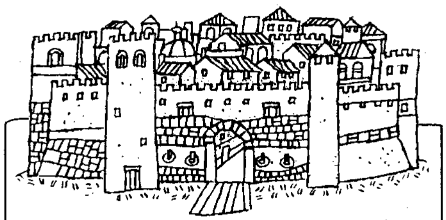

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twenty-third, is that it is set in his familiar world of horse racing. It has to do with a computerized scheme to beat the races and the efforts of an inordinately brutal young English thug to get hold of it. The method, recorded on three ordinary cassettes, falls into the hands of a teacher of physics, and he has one hell of a time, but he eventually gets the thug put away in prison. The teacher then moves safely away to California. But he has a younger brother, and when the thug is finally released the brother becomes the object of the brute's vicious attentions. There is no way of explaining this monster short of demoniac possession, but then Mr. Francis seems interested only in curdling our blood.

KAHAWA, by Donald E. Westlake (Viking; $15.95). "Kahawa" is Swahili for "coffee," and Mr. Westlake's new novel—long, intricately plotted, full of finger-lickin' violence—is about a scheme to hijack a trainload of coffee. The scene is East Africa—Kenya and Uganda—and the thieves include a Canadian-born mastermind, a couple of American mercenaries, an American woman airplane pilot, and assorted black Africans. Among the other characters are an honest titled Englishman, a Swiss financier, a beautiful Ugandan nymphomaniac, and Idi Amin himself. Mr. Westlake is, as always, a good storyteller, but he seems to be in a hurry here, and his writing is embarrassingly crude: "The source of her mad against Balim was her own business, but he wouldn't let her tar him with the same brush."

•

The diplomat believes Yuri Andropov, Politburo member who also is defense minister, may survive because whoever succeeds to power will need the KGB for his own security.

He also thinks Dmitriy Ustinov, Politburo member who also is defense minister, may survive because he has the backing of the military.

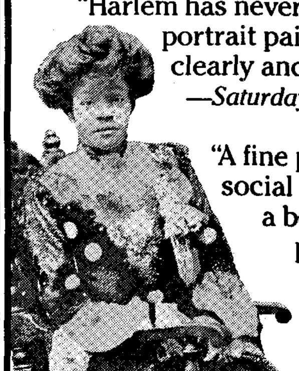
"Look for major arguments over policy in two areas," says the diplomat.—*Stuart (Fla.) News.*

Defense is one of them.

•

Paul attended Dike School from 1977 until it closed in 1980. Though old and small, the teachers and staff of Dike did a wonderful job meeting Paul's educational needs.—*Letter in the Brunswick (Maine) Times Record.*

The old and small ones are the best.



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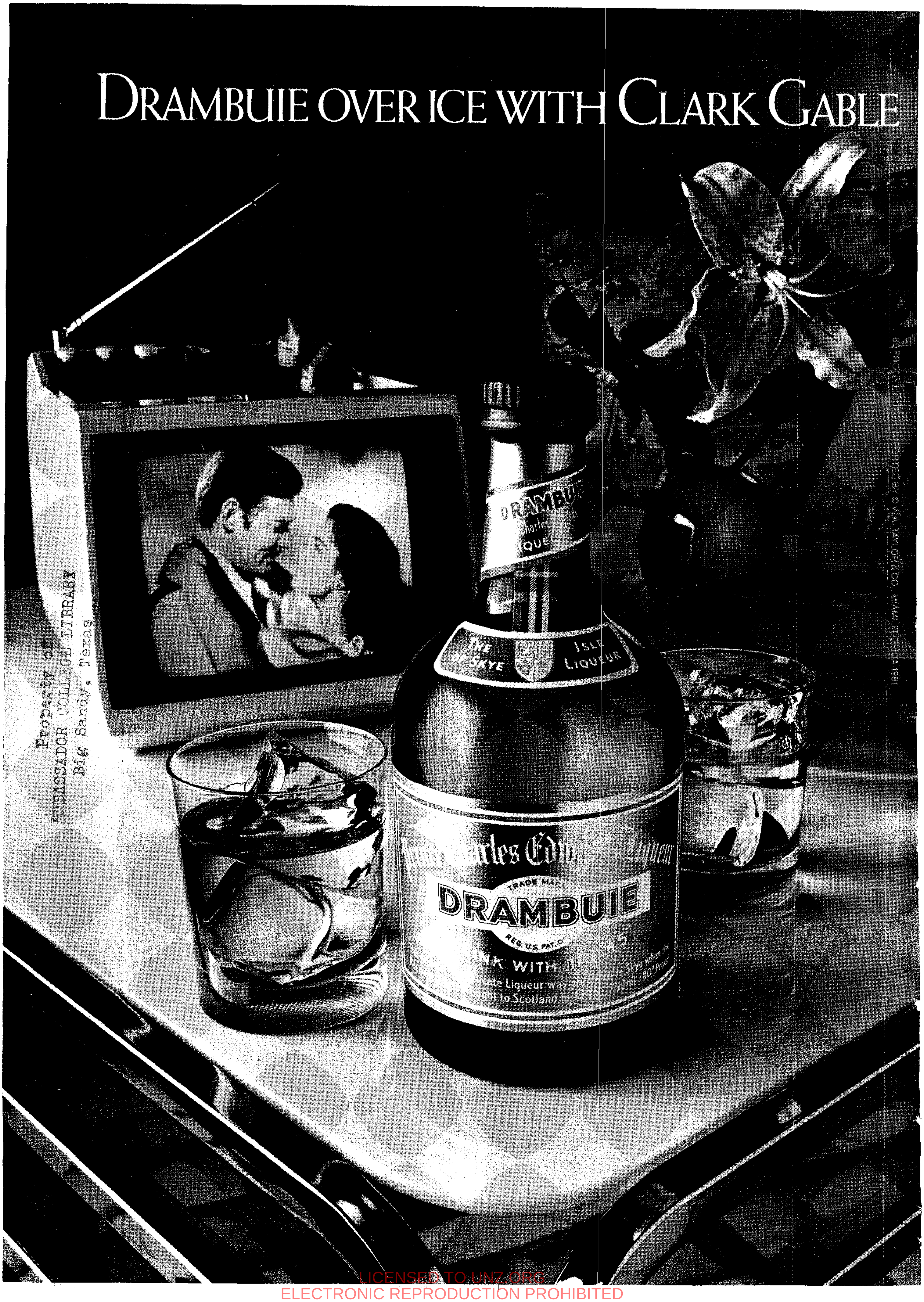
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